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MANDERVILLE;

OR,

The Hibernian Chiliarch.

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12
S.H. 1825
✓

MANDERVILLE;

OR,

The Hibernian Chiliarch:

A TALE.

By FRANCIS S. HIGGINSON, R.N.

LATE COMMANDER OF HIS MAJESTY'S CUTTER LYNX.

" Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's history."

SHAKSPEARE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THOMAS DOLBY, CATHERINE-STREET, STRAND.

1825.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS work having gone through the press under the superintendence of different gentlemen, it may be necessary, in some measure, to apologize for the very defective state of the first volume. One of the most obvious blunders it may be, however, necessary to particularise; namely, the insertion of the word *templar* for the *temporal artery:* this, together with *firey* for *fiery*, and others, equally erudite and elegant, are intended as specimens: we trust the reader will find fewer claims for his indulgence, on this score, in the second volume.

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PREFACE.

"I long ha' thought, my youthfu' friend,
A somthing to have sent you;
Tho' it should serve no other end
Than just a kind memento.
But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps—turn out a sermon!" BURNS.

THE above quotation I address to the youthful reader; should any "children of a larger growth" deign to bestow an instant's attention on the lucubrations (properly so called), of one entirely unknown to them—I say, that if, in the following pages, they recognise any attempt made to copy the style of the author of "Waverly," they are to ascribe it merely to a desire I entertain of pursuing that track, which experience has proved to be the best. This desire is, however, untinctured by any ridiculous idea

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of rivalling or even competing with the Master I allude to, who, it must be acknowledged, has paid dearly for his popularity, in witnessing the many barbarous inroads attempted on a province he has made peculiarly his own, by a Horde, who may aptly be described as the Vandals of Literature. Caitiffs, without one particle of either taste or genius, whose ignorance, superlative as it is, only equals their arrogance, from an union of which alone could have arisen that multiplicity of wretched abortions, which have emanated from the Press; the stagnation of whose stupidity was from the first prevented, either by the venial soothings of interested Reviewers, or (considering the materials of which such sculls are formed), the incautious application of the scalping knife of Criticism.

Without participating in the vanity which has urged so many to expose themselves to worse than contempt, by endeavouring to equal the above-mentioned author, whose power of delineating character is, perhaps, only surpassed by his knowledge of the

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human heart; I yet have considered it justifiable to avail myself of his method of conducting a narrative to as great an extent as my ability would admit. Even this, I am well aware, was an arduous undertaking, and consequently, my hopes of having succeeded, are any thing but sanguine. Were I disposed to trifle on this subject, I might cite an undoubted authority in support of my presumption; and by quoting a couplet of Butler's, put the reader at once into possession of the reasons that incited me to this attempt, and (if I may be allowed the expression) display to him the Doric on which my hopes are supported.

"Aim then at beauty, and at wit,
The fairest mark's—the easiest hit."

Something more than this, I am, however, aware, is necessary to excuse the intrusion of a perfect stranger, on the notice of the Public, particularly in a department of Literature, to the highest honours of which there already exist unnumbered pretenders. Without pausing, to define the qualifications requisite,

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to insure success, or attempting to discriminate the portions possessed by the aspirants alluded to, it will undoubtedly be admitted, that no man is by chance a Rhetorician; and that he, who, by study, familiarises himself with the most distinguished Authors, has the best prospect of succeeding, provided his intellect, in any measure, equals his experience. Of the ability I possess, I, of course, can be no judge; at the same time, I have no hesitation in saying, that this undertaking was not blindly rushed on, without a conviction that I had, in some measure, qualified myself for its accomplishment, by unremitted application and patient industry. This search after knowledge, and the acquaintance with Authors in general which resulted from it, far from encouraging me to embark in an attempt of this kind, has tended rather to deter me, by presenting me with specimens of excellence it were impossible to equal; consequently, even at this instant, when my labours may be said to have terminated, I dare not ask myself the question, "can it possibly succeed?" when I reflect, that even to myself

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little appears in the performance, save blemishes and errors; although I am, in all probability, blinded to its most obvious deficiencies, by that self-love, in which no man is wanting. All, therefore, I shall attempt to say at present, is, that however defective my execution may be found, the models I have kept within view, are of the very first order; and I trust it will appear, on a perusal of the following pages, that I have not, at least wilfully, neglected the suggestion of Aristotle, who observes, that

Χρη δε και εν τοισηθεσιν ωσπερ και εν τη των πραγματων συστασει, αει ζητειν, ἢ τε αναγκαιον, ἢ το εικος.

" Gentle Reader;" or, in the words of a noble, and recently departed Bard, " still gentler Purchaser," from what has been said above, it will be evident to you, that my hopes of conducing to your entertainment, are founded rather on my memory than my genius: to the former of which, I have considered it safest to trust, as I cannot be ignorant of the extent of the one, although, from obvious reasons, it would ill

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become me to attempt an estimation of the other Before I conclude, I will, however, venture to say, that, humble as is the opinion I unfeignedly entertain of the work now submitted to you, I have no fears of being accused of presumption, in entering the lists with the *Dear Joys*, who have hitherto selected Ireland as the scene of their narrations; neither can I persuade myself it is inferior, as a literary composition, to many performances, which, if necessary, I could particularise. This species of comparison, I am, however, conscious, can at best only be considered as one of the manifold devices which pride and self-love are for ever conjuring up, to assuage our mortifications; nay—is in fact, I feel assured, but a different impulse given to that feeling, which, when I have felt myself vexed, by reflecting on my deficiency of stature as a Man, has ever been ready to administer consolation, by suggesting, that I still am much larger than a Monkey.

Reader, I am perfectly aware it would now become me seriously to apologise for the extent to which this

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Preface has run; but as an attempt of the kind would only increase the evil I fain would excuse, no doubt remains on my mind that such an essay will be cheerfully dispensed with. In taking my leave of you, therefore, I shall merely trespass farther on your patience to observe, that with whatever feelings you may arise, from a perusal of the ensuing pages, mine, during their construction, were by no means of an enviable description; and consequently, whatever may be the portion of lassitude I unfortunately inflict, rest assured, you are already sufficiently revenged, by the weariness, the disgust, which attended the composition.

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MANDERVILLE;

OR,

THE HIBERNIAN CHILIARCH.

CHAPTER I.

"One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy hath no balm, and affliction no sting."

MOORE.

BETWEEN the towns of Belfast and Carrickfergus, on the brow of a hill commanding a fine view of the surrounding wild and romantic scenery, stood, in the year 1700, the remains of an ancient Castle, which even in its then dilapidated state, retained sufficient evidences of its former importance, to awaken, even in the casual passer-by, a desire to investigate it more closely. Surrounded by a

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wood on one side, and rendered inaccessible on the other by the abrupt termination of the hill on which the ruins stood, in a perpendicular precipice of limestone, which had possibly been excavated for the purpose of obtaining the materials with which the Castle was built; it presented, altogether, a prospect more than commonly attractive; not only from its situation, but also its apparent antiquity.

The descendants, however, of the Lordly possessors of this extensive domain, had, for a series of Ages, been gradually dwindling into a state of comparative poverty: and the representative of the family, at the period we are speaking of (Sir Henry Mortimer, of Castleward), had, on his arrival at that age, when, according to our laws, he was entitled to the sole management of his affairs, found himself heir to an extensive, but heavily-encumbered estate; together with all the virtues, and all the vices, of his ancestors.—Proud, thoughtless, and extravagant; brave, generous, and revengeful; he united in himself many quali-

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ties to be admired, some to be revered, but few that could be loved. Want of opportunity had, however, prevented the display of any of the better or greater points in his character, save that of generosity: and his naturally irascible disposition was soon rendered furious, by the embarassment attending on the disorganised state of his affairs at the time he succeeded to his estate, together with his subsequent extravagance; so that, in short, he became an object of dislike, if not of dread, to those classes of society, who ought to have been his associates; not only from his promptitude to insult, but his inflexibility in extorting what he termed satisfaction, for the most trivial, nay, in some instances, unintentional offences.

In his thirty-second year, after he had been for some time married, and was the father of two children, a Boy and a Girl, he unfortunately quarrelled with the Colonel of a Regiment, named Conway, with whom he had been for some time previously acquainted; and a meeting being the result, at the first

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fire his antagonist fell, mortally wounded. The shock sustained by Sir Henry, on ascertaining he had indeed deprived his adversary of life, was severe in the extreme; neither was the impression made on him at that moment ever afterwards obliterated.

Some little time elapsed after the occurrence of this unfortunate affair; when, one evening as Sir Henry Mortimer was returning alone, and on foot, from a visit which he had made in the neighbourhood, he was encountered in the avenue leading to his house, by a stranger, who rushed suddenly forward and stabbed him before he had an opportunity of defending himself. The wound, though dangerous to appearance, did not prove mortal; and whoever the assassin might have been, he succeeded in making his escape. Various were the conjectures formed on this subject; and, as the father of Colonel Conway was reputed to be a man of a violent and vindictive disposition, it may readily be supposed he did not escape without some portion of suspicion, either as having incited, or been the

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perpetrator of, the outrage. However that might be, as he was an entire stranger to Sir Henry, and besides, resided at a very considerable distance, no attempt was ever made to elucidate the affair; the person most interested treating the report as an idle and malicious fabrication, which it were folly to attend to, and injustice to believe. One disastrous consequence, however, resulted from this event; namely, that the wife of Sir Henry Mortimer, who was naturally of a delicate constitution, owing to the shock she received, together with the fatigue she underwent during his convalescence, was suddenly taken ill, and after languishing some time, fell a victim to the influence of her disease; leaving him, in the truest sense of the word, disconsolate; and, if possible, more morose, vindictive, and intractable than formerly.

It is also probable that a sense of the crime of bloodshed might have pressed heavily on the spirits of Mortimer; but, if so, it was known only to himself, as mention of the circumstance, or any thing relating to it,

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never, by any chance, escaped him. Still it was observable, that from thenceforth, a certain gloom hung about him, which was increased ten-fold at the death of his wife; from which period he had altogether absented himself from society; unregretted, it must be owned, but still remembered as a Man whose virtues might have adorned that station, which his vices had led him to relinquish. Years had passed away since the unfortunate incidents above alluded to had taken place, and even the memory of them dwelt but in remembrance, "as a tale that has been told:" for few having any curiosity, and none any interest (save his children), in the fate of Sir Henry, inquiries respecting it, at first but few, had latterly been discontinued altogether. In fact, he was known to be in existence only, as no other guardian was appointed for his children; and by his name still appearing as the Commandant of a Volunteer Regiment of Cavalry, raised at some former period by the loyalty, or vanity of his ancestors.

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The children of Mortimer were, after a few years had elapsed, sent either to school, or to some relative in England; and the Mansion which had been erected by his Grandfather, on part of the site of the majestic ruins, described in a preceding paragraph, from long neglect and apparent disuse, was rapidly falling to decay. A middle-aged man and his wife formed the whole domestic establishment of its once extravagant owner; and all that could be learned from the surrounding peasantry (even on inquiry) was, that they believed his honour still lived at the Hall; but either from disease or inclination, seldom quitted his chamber. Generally twice in the course of the year, a stranger, known however to be Sir Henry's agent; visited Castleward (by which name the seat of Mortimer was distinguished,) for a few days only: to every other person all access to the mansion was denied. If the party had business, they were directed by the male Cerberus, to the agent who resided in Dublin, and curiosity was quickly repressed, by the shrill accents and unceremonious denial given by

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the female, to any attempts made, either at information or admission.

Manifold were the suppositions as to the motive which had induced Mortimer, when he dismissed his former servants, to retain only two entire strangers to attend on him; yet such had certainly been the case. Some days previous to the reduction in his establishment, the Man and Woman spoken of, had arrived from England, and been retained, instead of many who considered they had a right to the preference. This alone caused a coolness and dislike in the surrounding peasantry generally, towards the strangers, which the distance they ever continued to preserve by no means diminished, until at length Castleward became entirely deserted, except by its inmates; and the silence which consequently pervaded it, rendered that situation still more gloomy, which the immediate vicinity of magnificent, but frowning ruins, would at any time have prevented from being cheerful.

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CHAPTER II.

"Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm."
ADDISON.

Such had, for a series of years, been the only circumstances that transpired, respecting the situation of Sir Henry Mortimer; who never having been seen during that time was entirely forgotten; as to personal appearance, by all except the elder part of the Peasantry, of whom but few remained who had been his cotemporaries, either from emigration, (at that period very prevalent) or the still more fatal influence of time; which saps the very foundation of our memory and our joys. In short, above twenty years had elapsed, since the seclusion of Mortimer had commenced, when, in the month of December, 1724, after a night of terrific violence, a ship, apparently a Man of War, was observed by the inhabitants standing into Carrickfergus Bay, under

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a close-reefed foresail, and maintop-sail. The gale still continuing with unabated fury, it was observed as she approached the anchorage, that either from bad management, or want of hands, the ship was not properly under command. This was shortly proved beyond a doubt; for on arriving in the roadstead, at all times dangerous, (but particularly so with the wind right in) on letting go an anchor, the sails having been clewed up, but not furled, she immediately brought it home; parted from a second; but at the instant the spectators considered her fate inevitable, she being within a few cable's length of the land, they were astonished at seeing her brought to the wind, sail made on her in the most masterly manner, and the anchorage regained, in a space of time, that told equally the fast sailing of the vessel, and the skill of the Mariners, by whom she was conducted.

Scarcely however had the anxiety of the inhabitants subsided, ere they had cause for its renewal; as the ship, on regaining her former station, instead of attempting to anchor, fired

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a gun and hoisted a signal of distress. It was shortly ascertained by the aid of glasses, that her Sheet and Spare Anchors were also gone; and from the number of shot-holes, visible on closer inspection, in her topsides and bulwarks, it appeared evident she had lately been in action; although she carried no Pendant to distinguish her, as a regular Vessel of War. Various were the opinions as to what she might be, and manifold the attempts made to supply her with anchors from Carrickfergus, which the violence of the gale rendered fruitless. At length, after a delay of some hours, as night approached, the ship suddenly stood in close to the Land; and fortunately succeeded in taking an Anchor and Cable out of a boat, which was about to relinquish the attempt to supply her as hopeless; stood out once more, and shortly afterwards brought up with apparent safety, in the very best part of the roadstead.

As evening drew near, it became evident that the Gale increased rather than diminished, and the sea-faring part of the spectators

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entertained considerable doubts, as to whether it was possible the ship could ride the night through at single anchor. Their attention was however shortly divided, by seeing another Vessel making for the Bay; which (to the astonishment of all) was no sooner descried by the ship so recently anchored, than she cut or slipped her cable, and made all possible sail by the wind. The vessel approaching the Harbour, on perceiving this, hauled up, evidently for the purpose of closing, and fired a shot, which was immediately returned. Intense anxiety now pervaded the assembled multitude on shore; as the ship standing in, and evidently in chase of the first, had, by displaying an Ensign and Pendant, proved herself to be an English Man of War; whilst the other, (much inferior in force to the frigate) had as yet shewn no National Colours whatever.

The vessels now closed each other rapidly; and the firing on both sides was excellently sustained, considering the state of the weather, which amounted at this time to a perfect hurricane. At length, after various

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attempts to weather the Frigate, the chase bore up, and a close action commenced. Night shut in, and hid the opponents from view; save when casual glances caught by the spectators from the vivid flash of the guns, or the still more terrific gleam of the lightning, shewed them to be closely engaged. The noise of the cannon, united to the thunder's roar, burst at intervals with frightful sublimity on the ear; and after giving proof of the awful extent to which even Sound might be carried, died gradually away in indistinct mutterings, amidst the howlings of the tempest.

Short however was the contest; after a continued firing, of from fifteen to eighteen minutes, a sudden cessation took place for a few seconds on both sides: a gleam such as is caused by burning a blue-light, spread a momentary glare, that rendered every surrounding object distinctly visible, succeeded by one bright flash of inconceivable radiance; and all was darkness. The tempest seemed hushed for a moment: a crash surpassing description

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made the surrounding mountains trembled as with an earthquake; and the succeeding clap of thunder seemed divested of its grandeur, on being compared with the explosion that so immediately preceded it.

Silent and horror-struck, the inhabitants, who, notwithstanding the state of the weather, had lined every part of the surrounding shores, shortly afterwards withdrew; convinced that every soul must have perished belonging to both vessels: not only from the explosion they had witnessed, and which had evidently been caused by the blowing up of one or both; but also as they felt perfectly assured, from the time the ships had been running before the wind, directly for the land; that each must have stranded beneath some Clifts in the bay, that formed part of the possessions of Mortimer.

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CHAPTER III.

The blight rankled deep, in the bloom of his heart.
F. H.

Scarcely had day broken on the succeeding morning, when immense multitudes assembled on the high lands at the top of the Bay, to ascertain the fate of the sufferers. Owing to the haziness of the atmosphere, nothing could be distinguished at any distance from the shore, and as none were sufficiently hardy in the present state of the weather, to venture to the foot of the clift, whose base was at all times washed by the tide at high water; the greater part at length dispersed, with the intention of returning whenever the gale subsided. Some few, however, still remained; amongst whom was a young man, an entire stranger, but whose dress and demeanour alike bespoke him to be a gentleman. The cloak in which he

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was enveloped was soaked with the rain, to which it had evidently been exposed for a considerable time: whilst his pallid countenance, and sunken eyes, told at once the fatigue and anxiety he had undergone.

The appearance of this youth had for some time attracted the attention of an elderly gentleman of the name of Summers, who resided in the neighbourhood; and whose humanity in this instance, as well as many others, had led him to relinquish the indulgence of his customary morning's nap, which his years rendered not only excusable, but necessary. Approaching the stranger, Captain Summers, after apologising for intruding on his attention, requested him to walk as far as his residence, at no great distance, and refresh himself: adding, that it was unlikely any thing farther would be learned, for some hours, respecting the wrecks: until the tide, by retiring, gave them an opportunity of investigating the beach beneath the precipice. Politely thanking him for his hospitality, the stranger frankly accepted the invitation; and

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the old gentleman drawing his arm within his own, immediately proceeded towards his cottage, which was visible from the spot whereon they met.

On their arrival at the residence of Captain Summers, when the stranger laid aside his cloak, the former was surprised at seeing the whole of his clothes completely drenched: so much so, as to lead to an inquiry, if he did not find himself inconvenienced by the wet or cold. The stranger replied in the negative, and added, that in climbing among the rocks, during the night, he had unfortunately slipped into a pond, formed in a chasm; but that, being accustomed to be wet, he regarded it as an incident of little consequence: however, if he might trespass so far, he would venture to request his entertainer, to oblige him with a piece of linen, as he conceived he had slightly cut one of his arms in falling. With this application, Captain Summers not only immediately complied, but likewise insisted on his retiring and changing his apparel; as a suit of his

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Son's, (the old man's lips trembled as he spoke) he was convinced, would fit him; and a proper regard for his own health, he felt assured, would place a denial out of the question. The stranger bowed and retired: but the heart of the Father, awakened at the mention of his Son, throbbed tumultuously for an instant—a tear filled the furrow in his cheek—but the remembrance of his virtues, soothed the pang that passed o'er him, with an influence as healthful as the Dew-drop's to the Rose!

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CHAPTER IV.

"The hand to do, the soul to dare."
WALTER SCOTT.

The early hour of eight in the morning, saw the family of Captain Summers, consisting of his wife and two daughters, assembled round the breakfast table: and they, on being informed that a stranger was to join them, cheerfully awaited his coming. He at length entered the parlour, and the eyes of all were immediately directed towards him, with an earnestness that caused him some little embarrassment: however, speedily recovering himself, he advanced towards the table, with the self possession of a man accustomed to society; and having thanked Captain Summers for his attention, he took a seat at the table, after receiving, with suitable acknowledgments, a friendly introduction to the ladies surrounding it.

The stranger appeared to be about twenty-

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three years of age, of middle stature and robust form, with a countenance rather strikingly expressive, than regularly beautiful. Dark hair, a full forehead, strongly marked eyebrows, large hazle eyes, possessing an uncommon proportion of vivacity and fire; a Grecian nose; and a mouth and chin of *resolute* beauty; formed the outlines of a face, such as is seldom seen; but which, once beheld, could never be forgotten. His complexion was either naturally dark, or had been rendered so by exposure to a warmer sun than that in these latitudes; and this, together with the hair which had been permitted to grow on his upper lip, not only made him look somewhat older than he might be; but gave him the appearance of a foreigner; although his pronunciation of the language left no doubt as to his being a native of one of the British Islands.

The repast was scarcely ended, when the stranger requested permission to retire, as he found himself so fatigued as to render repose absolutely necessary; observing to Captain

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Summers, that he believed he must trespass on his hospitality for a few hours, until the *tide* fell, when he purposed renewing his investigation respecting the situation of the wrecks. With characteristic kindness, he was requested to consider himself at home; and his manner of acknowledging the obligation, added to the prepossession in his favour already entertained by the family of his host.

After he had retired, the conversation naturally turned on him; Captain Summers remarking, that he distinguished in the stranger a likeness to some one he had formerly known, but could not distinctly remember. The old gentleman, who had himself served in the army, declared, from his appearance, that he knew him to be a soldier, although he could by no means account for the growth of his mustachios, or the want of a queue; two things which, in his opinion, were important evidences of the present melancholy laxity of discipline. At length the Veteran concluded in nearly the following words: "After all, I am convinced he is a lad that has

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seen some service; and I am greatly mistaken if his abilities, even in that case, do not infinitely surpass his experience." This said, Captain Summers retired to make his toilet, an undertaking of no little importance at the period alluded to.

A better opportunity may not occur than that which now presents itself, of making the Reader somewhat acquainted with the family to whom we have introduced him. It consisted, at the time this narrative commences, of Captain Summers, a retired officer; and, as before stated, his wife and two daughters; the eldest, Sarah, a blooming girl of eighteen; the other, Jane, nearly three years younger. There had been a son, senior to both girls; but he unfortunately perished, about two years prior to the period alluded to, in a gallant attempt to save the life of an individual, who fell overboard from a Frigate, to which he had himself belonged.

Possessed of a decent competency, Captain Summers, after passing a series of years, amidst all the dangers and vicissitudes at-

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tending on the life of a Soldier, had at length retired from the service, with the rank of a Captain only: unenvious of those competitors with whom he had commenced life, who had, by interest, or other means, obtained superior rank; and with a happy consciousness, of having faithfully discharged his duty in that station, to which it had pleased Providence to call him. Sunk in the bosom of his family, his latter days passed on in uninterrupted peace, allayed only by the remembrance of the loss he had sustained in his son, which, however, he had long taught himself to bear with resignation. Respected by his equals, and beloved by his dependants, this venerable soldier united in himself many inestimable qualities, which were duly appreciated by every other person; but that innate modesty, which generally accompanies merit of any kind, prevented his recognizing in himself those virtues, which he was universally acknowledged to possess, by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

His honour unsullied—unblemish'd his name!

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CHAPTER V.

"Th' attempt is vain—e'en sleep denies its balm!
Too partial power, how softly dost thou glide
Thy popied fingers o'er the eye of pleasure;
And yet the wretch, bereft of other joys,
May vainly ask forgetfulness from thee!"

F. H.

Some hours after the stranger had retired, Captain Summers, on being informed by a domestic that the tide had retired from the foot of the clift, and that a number of the peasantry had already assembled on the beach; resolved on making known to his guest that the time for further investigation had arrived; if he was either able or willing to continue it; the former of which he greatly doubted, from his debilitated appearance in the morning. However, as he had observed considerable anxiety in the countenance of the stranger, when speaking of the events of the preceding evening, he conceived it his duty to mention the fact, determining, at the same

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time, to strenuously recommend his deferring his curiosity, until the following day.

On his arrival in the chamber of his guest, he was astonished at finding him already arisen and dressed, his countenance exhibiting still greater symptoms of debility than it had done in the morning. To the friendly inquiries of Captain Summers, he replied, that his anxiety for the sufferers had altogether prevented his sleeping; but that he felt himself so much refreshed by the time he had been in bed, as to be perfectly able to undergo any fatigue, attendant on the search he was desirous of commencing. The Veteran, although he doubted the assertion, forbore making any further remark, resolving to accompany the stranger, for whom he felt himself considerably interested; notwithstanding he conceived he was, in this instance, carrying his humanity to excess.

They immediately set out, and shortly arrived on the verge of those precipices beneath which the ships were supposed to have stranded, whose iron fronts

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Frown'd o'er the deep, and brav'd the wint'ry surge.

Nothing, however, could yet be distinguished, as the haziness still continued; and although the gale had somewhat subsided, (as frequently happens with a retiring tide), the experienced, or weatherwise, were by no means of opinion, according to their own phrase, "That the heart of it was broken." To descend from their present situation to the beach beneath, was immediately proposed by the stranger; an undertaking fraught with no trivial proportion of either difficulty or danger, in the present state of the rocks; at all times slippery, but now rendered doubly so, by the incessant rain and the dashing of the sprey. Instantly, however, recollecting the years and infirmities of his companion, the stranger requested Captain Summers to remain where he was; promising to return at as early a period as possible, with any intelligence that might result, from his closer investigation. This proposition was declined by the Veteran, whose curiosity (or perhaps a better feeling), had been strongly excited by the shouting of

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the multitude beneath, as if on making some important discovery; therefore, merely requesting the assistance of his youthful companion, the old soldier commenced his descent, with an agility, that caused no little surprise on the part of his conductor.

They had not, however, accomplished above half their journey downwards, and were just arrived at a turning in a narrow path, or ledge, which beetled fearfully over a precipice, of considerable height; when they saw two men advancing upwards. As the path was barely sufficient to admit two abreast, it became evident, that one or other of the parties must return, in order to insure the safe passage of the other. This, the stranger said, he had no doubt the approaching persons would do; on perceiving the age of Captain Summers; but the latter informed him, that he questioned whether such would be the case; as he knew one of the men to be a very troublesome character; a riding officer on the coast, universally hated; for his continued assumption, of that contemptible

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insolence, which ever distinguishes, what is vulgarly called, a Jack-in-office. Captain Summers, therefore, strenuously recommended their immediate return, rather than risk any altercation, with a character such as he described: which proposition was resisted by the stranger, on a plea, that it would be time enough to do so, on the refusal of the other party to turn, concluding that even at the worst, the Veteran, by placing himself against the clift, might make sufficient room for the strangers to pass one at a time. . . . . .

They had just concluded arrangements for this purpose, as the parties approached; and the guest of Captain Summers was at no loss to distinguish which of the two had been alluded to by his host. The foremost to the countenance of a ruffian appeared to unite the power of an Hercules, and the stature of a giant, being considerably above six feet in height; whilst his face, which was greatly disfigured by the small pox, still retained the feverish flush; and his small sunken eyes, the heaviness of recent, and habitual intoxication.

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His forehead was low, and wrinkled by a continual contraction of the eyebrows, the long grey hairs of which, being but thinly scattered, served barely to mark their outline: a turned-up nose, together with a large straight mouth, and the nearly total want of a beard, gave an air of vulgar insolence to a countenance, rendered still more disagreeable, by the dash of effeminacy, by which it was pervaded. His companion appeared contrasted to him in every respect; young, slightly formed, and seemingly timid, he followed at some distance; and notwithstanding the exhortations of the Exciseman to advance, had remained stationary at the point, from whence he had first perceived the approach of Captain Summers and his companion.

It soon became evident to the latter, that the Exciseman would be very far from trying to accommodate them, in an attempt at passing. On reaching the spot where the Veteran stood with his back against the rock, instead of making an effort to go outside, he at first made a pause, and then attempted to ad-

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vance, at the same time laying his hand rudely on the collar of that gentleman, as with an intention of removing him from the place he occupied. A momentary flush of indignation passed the features of Captain Summers; he was, however, preparing silently to give place to the ruffian; when, to his astonishment, his seemingly debilitated guest sprang past him with the activity of a Roebuck; unceremoniously struck the Exciseman's hand from his collar, and having divested himself of his cloak, he in an instant stood between them, confronted to his gigantic opponent.

Abashed for a second, the Exciseman appeared irresolute how to proceed; but having surveyed the person of the stranger from "top, to toe," he almost immediately advanced; and asking him, if he meant to interrupt an officer, in the execution of his duty; thrust his hand into his pocket, as with the intention of drawing forth a weapon. The stranger, whose flushed countenance was greatly at variance with the calm tone of voice he replied in, civilly desired him to pass on the

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outside; this the Exciseman refused to do, ——again advanced——was resisted; drew forth a pistol; and deliberately fired it at the person of the stranger.

Captain Summers, who, with feelings of intense anxiety, had witnessed the foregoing scene, was surprised at seeing the youth, instead of falling, immediately spring forward and grapple with his assailant; and that too with such vigour, as to put him under the necessity of throwing aside his discharged weapon, in order to defend himself. Fierce was the contest, and strenuous the endeavours made by each, to hurl the other over the rock. Now struggling on the very brink of the path, every tendon appeared strained to the utmost; whilst their breath, drawn by sobs, told the force of their exertions. At length, however, the knees of the Exciseman appeared to give; a slight tremour passed through his frame; he repeatedly lost his foot-hold, for a second, then regained it: lost it once more; tottered for an instant on the extreme verge of

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the footway——received one tremendous blow, and, with a yell of mingled horror and despair, disappeared from the edge of the precipice.

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CHAPTER VI.

To direst hate, will pity oft succeed.
F. H.

The first care of the stranger, on getting *rid of* his formidable opponent, was, to turn towards Captain Summers, and make an anxious inquiry respecting his safety. Satisfied in that particular, he then directed his attention towards the state of the youthful companion of his late opponent, who, although at some distance beneath, appeared to be so far overcome by the scene he had just witnessed, as to be incapable of moving from the place where he stood. Taking hold of the Veteran's arm, with a coolness that surprised him, his guest led him onward, with as much circumspection as he had used previous to his rencontre; and, except the flush in his countenance, the effect of exertion, Captain Summers could perceive no apparent discomposure in his features; a circumstance that

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struck him as extraordinary at the time, particularly in a person of the stranger's years, but which, in cooler moments, he afterwards reflected on with astonishment.

On their arrival at the spot whereon stood the companion of the Exciseman, they found him pale, breathless, and exhausted, supporting himself with difficulty against the rock, as he appeared to be on the point of fainting. Such indeed proved to be the case, for, on their approach, he suddenly fell forward, and must inevitably have perished, but for the opportune assistance rendered him by the guest of the Veteran, whose exclusive attention became thenceforth necessary for his preservation; as his weight alone formed a very dangerous incumbrance in the perilous situation in which they stood. Captain Summers was indeed so far from objecting, that he not only led the way, to point out the track to the stranger, but, from time to time, rendered him essential assistance in the conveyance of the body; which was to all appearance lifeless. After an infinity of escapes

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from dangerous, not to say terrific positions, they succeeded in reaching the foot of the precipice; the difficulties attending which, it appeared extraordinary, they had surmounted, considering the years of the one, and the load by which the other was encumbered.

A pool of water, at the foot of the Clift, supplied the stranger with the means of reviving his charge, for having taken a quantity of it in his hat, he poured it over the face of the sufferer, who immediately gave signs of returning animation. Requesting Captain Summers to remain by the youth for an instant; and adding, he would return within a very brief period: the stranger departed for the purpose of determining the fate of the Exciseman, which, however, appeared inevitable; leaving the Veteran at a loss which most to admire; his humanity, his coolness, or undaunted resolution.

Scarcely had the stranger turned a projecting angle of the precipice, before he perceived the body of his antagonist laying on the beach, surrounded by a vast concourse of peo-

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ple. They, however, far from commiserating, appeared rather to triumph at the accident that had befallen him; and the national traits, of vindictive, and gratified revenge, were strongly depicted in the countenances of the surrounding multitude. On the approach of the stranger, the concourse made way for him; and he, on viewing the body, became at once aware, that the left arm, and both the legs, were broken. In fact, life appeared to be totally extinct to the spectators, who, notwithstanding their hatred to him, they supposed dead; began to manifest considerable signs of dissatisfaction, on seeing the stranger first attempt to bleed him in the arm with a penknife, and afterwards lay bare the templar artery, and divide it with the same instrument. Their astonishment was, however, very great, on perceiving the body directly afterwards move; and that disposition to applaud, inherent in man, on witnessing any thing he considers either wonderful or praiseworthy, burst forth on the instant, simultaneously from the assembled multitudes.

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The request of the stranger for assistance, to remove the body from where it lay, was immediately complied with; and the sufferer was shortly borne away by a circuitous rout towards his residence, with signs of restored animation, but still totally insensible. After promising a reward to the persons who had charge of him, and giving strict injunctions, to summon a surgeon to his assistance, the stranger departed to rejoin Captain Summers, at whose house he informed them he might be found; amidst the blessings of the assembly, a part of which, undoubtedly, took their rise, in hopes they might entertain, of participating in his bounty.

On the stranger's arrival at the place where he had left Captain Summers in charge of the youth, he found the latter had previously departed on his return home, escorted by some of the persons who accompanied the Exciseman. The old gentleman having also declared himself to be considerably indisposed, owing to the fatigue and agitation he had undergone, it was finally agreed to re-

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turn to his house, particularly as they were informed the tide was on the turn; that nothing had been discovered with respect to the situation of the wrecks, or any thing of consequence drifted on shore, except a large chest, which had been secured, and sent off to the Custom House by the Exciseman. That functionary, after having done so, probably to get rid of the murmurings of the populace, had chosen the shortest cut up from the beach; and by the brutality of his behaviour, (though probably labouring under the influence of recent irritation) gave rise to the incident related heretofore; which terminated so much to his disadvantage.

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CHAPTER VII.

The night had closed around the gathering clouds,
In sombre majesty march'd o'er the Heavens;
Hiding at times, the Moon's imperfect light,
But which, tho' shrouded by the denser parts,
Seem'd yet desirous to display its beam;
And edg'd the sable, with a silv'ry gauze.

F. H.

On their return to the house, they found the family of Captain Summers in a state of considerable alarm, owing to some vague intelligence having reached them, respecting the occurrences that had taken place; but on being satisfied they were safe, by their appearance, tranquillity was speedily restored. The curiosity of the ladies was however again awakened, by hearing Captain Summers congratulate his guest, on his success in a contest with an adversary, apparently so much superior in strength; and his provi-

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dential escape from the effects of his fire, which, he added, was the more extraordinary, from the very short distance they were apart at the time; particularly as the Exciseman was considered the very best shot in the country.

The stranger replied, he had indeed been fortunate: although he had not altogether escaped unhurt, for he felt convinced the ball had either lodged in, or passed through, the muscels of his breast, as he now felt a stiffness in his left arm, and was rather faint with the loss of blood he had sustained. This intelligence was received with unrepressed symptoms of alarm, by the auditors; and Captain Summers, after recommending the stranger to retire to bed, immediately dispatched a servant, to summon a medical practitioner to his assistance.

From the time the stranger retired, until the arrival of the surgeon, Captain Summers was fully employed in detailing to his family the occurrences of the day: and their admiration of the gallantry displayed by their guest, was considerably heightened, by a sense of gra-

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titude which they entertained for the preservation of the life of their protector. With sentiments such as these, it is not surprising that they waited with intense anxiety, for the opinion of the surgeon, who had some time since arrived, and was then (accompanied by the Veteran) examining the nature of the wound, that had been inflicted on the Stranger.

Their anxiety was speedily relieved by information that his wound was so far from being dangerous, that it would not even confine him for any length of time to his room. His medical attendant, however, strongly recommended his remaining quiet for some days, at least until the danger of fever, which commonly attends on gun-shot wounds, should be passed over. This advice they found was entirely disregarded by their guest, who joined them at supper, informing them, that he intended to prosecute his researches with respect to the situation of the wrecks, at low water, during the night. He added, that as his going out of the house, at

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such an hour, must necessarily disturb the family, he would only request his host, to allow him to leave a small mahogany case there, (which he had under his arm when the Veteran first saw him) until the following morning; as he purposed spending the few intervening hours, at a small inn, or rather alehouse in a village, that stood but a very short distance from the beach.

The bare mention of such an intention, Captain Summers informed him, he considered improper, and should he attempt to carry it into execution, would hold to be an insult; recommending him, indeed, most strenuously, to have a greater regard to his own health, than to attempt a renewal of such an undertaking; but adding, if such was his determination, he could have either egress from, or access to, the house, at any time that might suit his convenience. "For," continued the Veteran, "although we are entire strangers to each other, the obligations you have laid me under are such, as to make it my duty to insist that you have no other home during the

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time you may think proper to remain in the vicinity." Without any of the multiplied acknowledgments common on occasions of this kind, the stranger accepted his offer, and shortly afterwards retired, for the purpose of snatching a few hours repose, previous to his departure for the beach; in which excursion, it was agreed, he should be accompanied by a servant of the Veteran's, he being himself, from indisposition, unable to attend him.

Pursuant to his own directions, the stranger (who, in the course of the evening, had given his name as Marmaduke Manderville,) was called at twelve o'clock precisely, it being then rather more than half-ebb, and rising immediately, proceeded towards the shore, accompanied by an athletic young man, who acted as gardener in the family of Captain Summers. The gale had by this time almost entirely subsided, but violent gusts of wind, at intervals, recalled at once to remembrance the fury with which it had previously raged. The night air passed with an icy chill over the feverish brow of Manderville, and the

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moaning which it made among the leafless branches of the trees, might have sounded, in the ear of superstition, as the harbinger of misfortune. Thick heavy clouds still encumbered the verge of the horizon, or rolled slowly, at intervals, along the blue expanse, obstructing the imperfect light of the Moon; the disk of which, owing to the density of the atmosphere, retained a brass-like and angry appearance. The distant roar of the waters, still violently agitated, echoed hoarsely by the surrounding mountains, smote heavily on the ear; the whole rendered disagreeably distinct by the death-like silence and repose, which would otherwise have pervaded the surrounding landscape.

Drawing his cloak in closer folds around him, Manderville accelerated his pace, and shortly arrived, under the direction of his companion, by a circuitous rout, at the foot of that precipice, which had nearly proved so fatal to him in the morning. When there; feelings that spite of himself agitated his soul, at sight of a spot, whereon he had

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probably deprived a fellow-creature of life; gave an expression of that which might almost be termed terror, to a countenance capable (although under inconceivable command) of depicting, in the strongest possible manner, the whole range of passions, to which our nature is subject. The time of night; the solitary situation in which they stood; the remembrance of the Shipwrecks, that had so recently taken place; and a glance at the face of Manderville, pale with the loss of blood, and rendered even ghastly by the Moon beam which played o'er it; filled the superstitious mind of his attendant with dread; indeed, might have had some influence, even on one of a much stronger description. Drawing up therefore closer to Manderville, than his respect had hitherto permitted him, he inquired, in a half suppressed tone, "If his honour meant now to return;" and the Stranger guessing from his tremulous accents at his agitation, and likewise the cause of it; ashamed also, at the extent to which he had permitted his own feelings to run, replied in

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the negative; adding, that he intended to proceed along the beach, until he had determined the situation of the wrecks.

They accordingly moved slowly onwards; Manderville inquiring, from time to time, the names of the headlands within sight, in order to divert the attention of his companion from his fears, (which had by that time arrived at a very painful height) when he was suddenly interrupted by an exclamation of "Holy Virgin! your honour, who's that?" The Stranger himself, startled by the terror-struck tone of his attendant, turned immediately round; and beheld standing within a very short distance, a tall slender figure, of whose approach he had been perfectly unconscious. Back to his heart rushed his blood like an ice-bolt, as the object raised its arm, for a moment; but instantly recovering himself, he threw open his cloak, and drawing his sword from beneath it in one hand, a pistol in the other, he resolutely advanced towards the cause of his alarm.

Standing on a small fragment of rock,

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embedded in the smooth sand of the beach, and thereby considerably raised above its level; the figure appeared almost supernaturally tall, whilst the full disk of the Moon, being exactly behind it, gave an ærial and unearthly appearance to a form slender beyond belief, or proportion. The long thin shadow, which it cast along the strand, was, however, a sufficient evidence of its materiality, and dissipated the idea of a supernatural appearance, which, spite of his reason, his experience and education, had, on the first sight of the object, impressed itself forcibly on the imagination of Manderville.

To his interrogation of who or what it might be? A shrill harsh voice replied, "A woman!" "Your business here at this unseasonable hour," demanded Manderville? "Even such as your own," replied the voice. "Answer me more to the purpose, at your peril," proceeded the Stranger, presenting his pistol at the object. A deriding laugh was the only answer: and, before he could proceed, in a trembling and nearly inarticu-

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late tone, his attendant whispered; "Hist your honour, speak gently, for GOD's sake, I know her now, 'tis Norah!" "Norah who?" inquired Manderville. "Norah, the—the—" his attendant paused, and cast a timid glance towards the woman. "Norah the what?" vociferated the Stranger impatiently, "The cunning woman;" replied the boor, his face literally convulsed with apprehension. "Ideot," muttered Manderville; and immediately replacing his weapons beneath his cloak, he turned for the purpose of proceeding on his way.

His attention was, however, immediately recalled to the female, by the peculiar manner in which she repeated the following rhymes:

"Vain is the search you are making for those
Who 'neath the green billow for ever repose;
Friends of your leisure; companions in arms;
Sharers alike of your joys and alarms,
Naught can recal them. The tear that is shed,
Unheeded still falls on the bier by the dead:
Like the dew drop of morning, congeal'd by the frost,
Retaining its brilliance, its virtues are lost.

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But aught of their fates, that escap'd, would you know,
Mark you, yon Mountain top cover'd with snow,
There where the first rays of morning alight;
There where the Eagle prepares for his flight;
Where the fervor of Summer redundantly glows,
And Winter first spreads his hoar banner of snows;
There shall you search:—but be cautiously brave,
Await you an heritage—prison—or grave!"

The last words were scarcely pronounced, when the object disappeared with a celerity that astonished even Manderville, and was instantly lost in the lengthened shadow of a neighbouring headland. To the fear perverted eyes of his attendant, she seemed to vanish from the spot where she had been standing; and the Stranger himself passed his hand across his brow, for the purpose of determining with accuracy, whether the object, that had so recently intervened between the Moon and himself, was in reality removed.

Whatever might be the cause, the rhymes of Norah appeared to make a greater impression on the Stranger, than they either

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deserved or could be reconciled to the strength of mind he had hitherto displayed. After remaining some seconds absorbed in thought, he turned to his attendant, and desired him to return, by the shortest rout, to the residence of his master: where, on their arrival, instantly retiring to his chamber, he divested himself of his cloak, and his arms; and that bitter species of tear, whose quarry is the heart, soon saturated the pillow on which Manderville reposed.

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CHAPTER VIII.

"A thread of candour, and a web of lies."

BYRON.

On the following morning, as Captain Summers had anticipated, his guest was unable to rise, from the combined effects of fatigue, agitation, and fever; indeed so greatly was the Veteran alarmed at the state in which he found him, on making a visit to his chamber, that he immediately sent a servant to Carrickfergus, for superior medical advice; considering it too serious a case to be trusted wholly in the hands of the practitioner, in the immediate vicinity.

The servant who had accompanied Manderville on the preceding evening; having, as is customary in cases of the kind, the moment he awoke, related their perilous encounter with Norah, to his fellow-servants,

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with all the exaggeration that might be expected, as well from his ignorance as his fears. The story, by the time it reached the family through that magnifying medium, (if such she might be called) the female attendant, on the daughters of Captain Summers, was nearly divested of every particle of truth, or probability; being not only considerably improved, but likewise splendidly embellished, by the fervid imagination of the loquacious Abigail: viz.

"That as his honour the strange gentleman above stairs, GOD bless him! was walking along the beach, discoursing elegantly with Paddy Flack, to be sure; just as the clock struck one, who should appear to them but Norah Ne'erdowell, the Wicklow Witch, as she was called, without any thing on her, at all at all, taller than twenty giants, and sitting in a fiery car, terrible to behold. After fore-speaking his honour, and Paddy, bad luck to her; she vanished away from their sight: saying, that a prison for one, and a grave for the other, was all

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they might expect. But Paddy knew she was mistaken as to the prison, if she meant about the Turkeys, he had made free with a while ago: as he could give his oath he had taken nothing of any consequence since; and every body knew that his honour the Captain had forgiven him for that. But wait awhile, until Paddy met her in daylight, and the devil burn him, but he'd make her wish she had kept her breath, to cool her porridge with." This, and various other versions of the above, having at length been communicated to Captain Summers; he immediately determined on questioning the person in whom the story originated; willing at once to learn the truth, and avoid any disagreeable consequences that might arise from his carrying his threats into execution.

The result of the inquiry proved, that his guest had on the preceding night seen Norah, a character well known in the neighbourhood, during his excursion on the beach. This Captain Summers would have regarded as an incident of little importance;

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but as she was a woman of most extraordinary appearance, he conceived that his previous agitation and debility might have been wrought on, by a character of her description: she having long since by eccentricity, and an affected mysteriousness of manner, acquired amongst the surrounding peasantry, the name of the Wicklow Witch, (from which County it was said she originally came) together with all the outward respect, and inward detestation, which the ignorant and superstitious ever bestow on such a character.

For a considerable time after this occurrence, the recovery of Manderville was considered very doubtful; it having been discovered by the Surgeon, that he had another very severe wound, besides the one inflicted by the Exciseman, in the upper part of his left arm. Even after some weeks had elapsed, and he was in a measure convalescent; so great was the depression of spirits, and debility he laboured under, that the hopes of the family of his entertainer,

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were by no means sanguine, respecting his final restoration to health. Rumour with its hundred tongues, in the mean time, spread a report, that government had, in the first instance, offered a very large reward, for the apprehension of any of the crew belonging to the vessel destroyed by the frigate in the Bay; but it having been ascertained beyond contradiction, that the whole of both ships companies had perished, it was finally withdrawn. No particle of either wreck being ever afterwards discovered, the story gradually died away; and, except a few bodies that were washed on shore at different periods, no traces whatever remained of that disastrous event.

The anxiety of Captain Summers was, however, kept alive respecting his guest, by intelligence that the Exciseman, after some months, had so far recovered, as to be enabled to proceed to Dublin; where he had lodged an information against the Stranger, for having obstructed, and assaulted him, in the execution of his duty. This Captain Sum-

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mers cautiously forbore mentioning, during his illness, to Manderville; and had forwarded to the Board of Customs an affidavit, stating truly the particulars of the affair, to which he had been an eye-witness. Since that time, however, he had not been favoured with any answer whatever, and, consequently, the Veteran still remained in doubt, as to the manner in which they intended ultimately to proceed.

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CHAPTER IX.

"On her white neck, a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore."

POPE.

Manderville, after some time had elapsed, was able, with the assistance of one or other of the family, to take occasional walks, which were strictly enjoined by the Doctor, as highly necessary, in his present state; nay, represented as the only chance that remained of permanently restoring his health. By degrees, these excursions increased in length, until they had successively visited most of the surrounding stations, from which advantageous views of the country could be gained; and indeed every object in the vicinity worthy contemplation, except the ruins of the Castle and Mansion of Mortimer. A distant view of these picturesque objects having at length

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attracted the attention of Manderville; Captain Summers, his wife and eldest daughter, promised to accompany him on the following morning, to view the exterior of both: informing him at the same time, that any attempt to see the interior, would be entirely fruitless. This being finally arranged, and preparations duly made; they commenced their walk at about noon, on the day ensuing, which proved remarkably fine, considering the season of the year.

Arrived on the summit of a hill, on which the ruins stood, they were equally surprised, and delighted, with the extent and beauty of the prospect it commanded. Before them lay the Bay, the bosom of its waters barely ruffled by a gentle breeze, that played along its surface, ending in a wide expanse of Ocean, along whose verge the clear blue line of the horizon was distinctly defined. To the left, the circular and oft indented shore terminated, in a view of Carrickfergus; to the right, though at considerable distance, stood Belfast; a bold and

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thickly wooded land, ending in a sharp point, that shot out far into the Bay; whilst an *Isl*and, or rather a clump of rocks at its entrance, served to diversify the scene, their evident sterility being strongly contrasted to the verdure of the other parts of the landscape.

After satisfying themselves with the beauty of the prospect, the party approached the ruins, and their attention was shortly occupied in endeavours to decypher the mottos placed beneath the worn and mutilated escutcheons, on various parts of the edifice. Decayed, and ivy-grown arches; half demolished, and in some instances o'erhanging turrets; dilapidated, nay, ruinous walls, over the remains of which the luxuriant verdure had crept, in "many a grassy heap;" proved the extent and former importance of the Castle: whilst the stillness that reigned around, and the impress of desolation that was stamped upon the whole, might have humbled the proud into a consciousness of imbecility; and pointed out to the presumptuous, the vanity

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of their wishes; the instability of art; the "end and aim of every earthly undertaking."

They had not, however, long contemplated the scene before them, when the sound of a Harp at some distance, among the ruins, aroused them to an inquiry, as to whence it might proceed. Having ascertained the direction, they cautiously advanced; and beheld, seated at the foot of one of the ruinous turrets, a female figure of uncommon beauty. Her dark hair fell in ringlets, considerably below her waist; a low dress of black silk, modestly displaying a neck of unrivalled whiteness, and entirely envelloping in its ample folds, the rest of her figure, which seemed to be tall, and elegantly formed. Round her neck she wore a large string of beads, from which was suspended a brilliant cross; but her otherwise beautiful features were rendered somewhat less pleasing, by a degree of haughtiness, that pervaded them, which, however, might be natural to a countenance so formed.

The party of Captain Summers had stood

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for some seconds listening to an air, which she executed on a harp, with considerable judgment; when happening to turn, the fair stranger at once perceived them, and laying the instrument aside, immediately arose and drew near; her countenance somewhat flushed, either with surprise, or agitation; mixed with a feeling which might have been construed into disappointment. Assuming, however, as composed an appearance as possible, she politely inquired the purport of their visit; and on being informed, to the surprise of the whole party, requested they would walk to the Hall and refresh themselves. This unexpected invitation was cheerfully accepted; and the lady, after apologising for the necessity she was under of going before, set forward for the purpose of preparing the inmates for their reception.

They approached the Mansion, through an avenue of oak and elm trees; whose branches, from long neglect, had become so interwoven as nearly to exclude the Sun beams altogether; whilst the long rank grass of many preced-

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ing summers, having lain and rotted beneath, rendered walking not only difficult, but highly disagreeable. At length, they arrived, in what had once been a paved Court-yard; but which was now so entirely overgrown with grass, as to have rather the appearance of a neglected Paddock; and had opportunity of viewing the exterior of the Mansion, whilst they waited for admission. It was an immense pile of building, irregularly constructed; the steep slated roofs, sharp pointed gables, and heavy stone walls of which, had a cold, and sombre appearance; by no means relieved, by long, narrow latticed windows; the casual breaches in which had been repaired with wood, nailed or fastened on, in such a manner as merely to exclude the wet. A dove cot overthrown; the stables in ruins; and outbuildings unroofed; gave an air of desolation to the whole; which was in no degree lessened by the sight of a variety of decayed domestic utensils, and agricultural instruments, that lay scattered within the enclosure.

The cold raw air, that whistled through

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the Court-yard, had already began to incommode the Veteran; when they perceived they were about to be admitted, by several lattices being thrown open; and repeated attempts made on the inside to unfasten the door, which being at the back of the house, had evidently not been opened for a series of years. This was at length effected; the hinges grating as it revolved; whilst the long, yellow, and sickly looking grass that had grown against it, was at once an evidence of its disuse, and the neglected state of the Mansion altogether.

On entering a narrow stone paved hall, they were met by the Lady that had invited them, and led into a chamber, comfortable beyond their expectation. A good fire blazed on the hearth; the tapestry, though old, was clean and in good order; and the furniture, which, from its antique appearance, might have originally belonged to the Castle itself, was still perfect, highly polished, and well arranged. On a table in the centre of the apartment, an excellent collation appeared, served on massive plate, with a profusion of

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wines, the whole having an appearance of wealth that was entirely unexpected; whilst the manners of their hostess were such as to render the proffered refreshment, doubly acceptable.

Captain Summers, who soon felt himself perfectly at home, addressed himself to their entertainer, with an inquiry respecting the health of the owner of the Mansion; with whom, he said, he had, when young, the honor of a slight acquaintance. Miss Mortimer (for such she was) replied, that her father had been for many years absent from home, and had not yet returned, although she shortly expected him. "My brother and I," she continued, "arrived in this country, some time since, for the purpose of preparing for his reception; and I regret that a temporary excursion should have deprived him of an opportunity of entertaining you, in a more suitable manner. I still, however, hope he will return previous to your departure; at all events, I am convinced he would feel a pleasure at any future time in showing you any

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thing you might deem worthy of curiosity, in or about these buildings. The acknowledgments of Captain Summers and his party had been scarcely made, before the door opened, and a tall, slender, light haired and delicate looking young man, entered the chamber, whom Miss Mortimer immediately introduced to them as her brother.

To a placid expression of features, Edward Mortimer united a suavity of manners, the evident result of a good education, and constant intercourse with polished associates. His light blue eye appeared the index of a heart, possessed of every finer feeling: and his countenance, though it might appear as somewhat too delicate for a man, when compared to that of Manderville, which was the very picture of resolution; had not, however, about it, one particle of effeminacy. After the parties had become known to each other, an hour or two passed pleasantly away; and invitations having been mutually given and received, Captain Summers with his companions rose to depart, highly gratified with the

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reception they had so unexpectedly met, and no less pleased with the acquaintance they had formed. These, severally, supplied topics for conversation, until they reached home; where on their arrival they found the youngest daughter of Captain Summers, rather uneasy at their protracted stay; a packet for her father, having in the mean time arrived: which the bearer represented as being of considerable importance.

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CHAPTER X.

"And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A breath that follows wealth and fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep."

GOLDSMITH.

The letter that had arrived during their absence, contained intelligence of the death of an old friend of the Veteran's; and also announced, that his son would arrive to take leave of the family, with whom he had long enjoyed an intimacy, in the course of the day, previous to his departure for England: where he expected to receive a commission in the army, as well through the interest of his uncle, who was a Major, as from the claim which the long services of his father, who had likewise been a soldier, gave him on government. This unexpected event was severely felt by the whole family; and Manderville

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perceived, that it was with feelings of no common interest, they awaited the arrival of Digby Dauntless: the name of the youth alluded to.

Colonel Dauntless, the father of this young man, had for a series of years, in fact from their youth upward, been the constant friend and companion of Captain Summers; retiring from the service about the same time: since which period, an uninterrupted intercourse had subsisted between the families, until lately: when the Colonel, owing to family affairs, had removed to some distance. That gentleman, who, besides his pay, enjoyed a very considerable annuity, was however of so liberal, not to say extravagant, a disposition, that he had ever found his income, though large, barely sufficient to meet his expenses. Being, however, a middle aged widower, with only one son, he had gone on from year to year, purposing to diminish his expenditure in the next; convinced that by so doing, even for a limited period, he would be enabled to place his only descen-

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dant far beyond the reach of poverty. But unfortunately, with that procrastination, which too often attends on undertakings that are deemed of easy accomplishment, he delayed it from time to time until at length, at the very period he had definitively selected as a commencement, he died; leaving his son unprovided for, to struggle through the world: with no portion but ability—no inheritance save honour, and an unblemished name.

That youth, who at this time was in his twentieth year, however possessed a mind not easily daunted by misfortune, consequently, after paying the last sad duties to one whom he had ever regarded, with the filial respect due to him as a parent, he prepared to depart from the habitation of his father, conscious he had no longer a right to remain there, and being unwilling to stay, until desired to withdraw by the present proprietor, to whom he was entirely unknown. Therefore, having gathered together the little he could call his own, and sent his trunks to an inn, in a

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neighbouring village; it remained but to take leave of the few friends of his youth, before he set out on his pilgrimage through life.

As his family had never been very powerful, his friends were not very numerous: and of those, few had taken any notice of him after the death of his father. Two only he relied on for advice and assistance; one, a man whom his father had raised from a state of abject poverty, to comparative affluence; at first received him with all his usual servility of demeanour, and prostitution of compliment; but on learning his situation, with which, owing to a temporary absence, he had hitherto been unacquainted; assuming a distant and dictatorial air, he recommended economy in his expenses; adding, "That when he had obtained a situation, he should be happy to hear from him: but that his manifold engagements rendered it impossible for him, in any way, to forward his views." With the contempt he deserved, Dauntless left him in silence, and bent his steps towards

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the residence of Captain Summers, the oldest friend of his father; his breast swelling with indignation, and pervaded by that indescribable sense of wounded feeling, which wipes off the plum-like bloom of hope, from the youthful heart, on its experiencing the first blight of disappointment.

He had scarcely arrived at the cottage of the Veteran, and been announced, when a measured, though feeble step, bespoke the approach of that venerable soldier; and his eye, where the benevolent good nature of age had softened the military fire of more youthful days, brightened with affection on the child of his friend. A seeming kindness ever propitiates the wretched; and Digby unburthened his heart to the friend of his father. After expressing himself in indignant terms, at the treatment he had received, Captain Summers earnestly entreated his young friend to remain with him, at least for some time; but this he declined, stating it to have been the commands of his parent, that he should immediately proceed to London. Finding

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this to be the case, the Veteran, leaving young Dauntless with the family, retired for a short period, and, on his return, placed a sealed packet in his hands, containing, he informed him, letters directed to his friends in England. Dauntless having then taken leave of the family; the Veteran, after giving him an admonition respecting his future conduct as a soldier, and a gentleman, grasped his hand at parting, (his own trembling with emotion) and said: "But should the World prove too hard for you; remember when deserted by all, that a soldier's heart, and a soldier's home, (such as it is) will ever be open to the child of his friend." The pride of the warrior was lost in the feelings of the man,—the fountain of his soul gemmed his eye with a tear,—and the memory of that moment, in the day of his affliction, dwelt like a balsam of health, in the heart of the wanderer.

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CHAPTER XI.

"Long lov'd, ador'd ideas; all adieu!"
YOUNG.

It was some time, before the melancholy occasioned by the departure of young Dauntless was dissipated; as although he had not, of late years, resided in the immediate neighbourhood, yet a constant correspondence had been carried on between him and the eldest daughter of Captain Summers; which time had ripened into a feeling, of a much warmer description than friendship. It is therefore not surprizing that the youth had solicited, and obtained from his fair mistress, a short interview, previous to his departure; or that her eyes, on returning to the party, bore witness to the nature of their parting. Notwithstanding her efforts to subdue her emotion, an hysteric sob that forced its way at inter-

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vals, told the state of her affections, and obliged her at length to retire, followed by the sympathies of the whole family; on whom the merits of Dauntless had long since made an equally favourable impression, varied only in its tendency, by their different situations and ages.

A short excursion having been proposed by Manderville, in order to pass the time until evening, it was readily assented to; all being glad of an opportunity of escaping from reflexion. They shortly afterwards set off towards the beach; Manderville, carrying a gun in his hand, to shoot at the gulls, that frequented the shore in great numbers; an amusement he was particularly fond of, and in which Captain Summers joined him, as often as his health would permit. The weather, though fine, was rather frosty; and the sharpness of the air, together with exercise, soon caused a glow on the cheeks of Manderville and the youthful daughter of Captain Summers, which was very far from lessening the per-

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sonal advantages of either. This was speedily noticed by the Veteran and his wife, and whilst the parents contemplated with visible satisfaction the promise of more than common beauty in their offspring, their pleasure was in no degree diminished, by perceiving that the spirits and health of their guest were visibly amended.

After a turn or two on the strand, and several fruitless attempts on the part of Manderville, to get within shot of a flock of Curlews, they agreed to turn homeward; but as they had still some hours' daylight, they resolved to take rather a circuitous direction, that would lead them through a wood, an eminence in which commanded some very extensive views. On their arrival at this point, whilst Captain Summers was engaged, in pointing out the most remarkable objects in the landscape, the ladies were considerably startled, and the men surprized, by perceiving Norah, at no great distance from them. Her remarkably tall, slender figure was wrapped in that which had apparently once been a horseman's cloak, whilst

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on her head she wore a man's hat, from beneath which, her long, grizzled and matted hair, escaped in great quantity and fell upon her shoulders, certainly not in that which is usually termed an elegant disorder.

On her nearer approach, the peculiarities of her person became distinctly visible; and Miss Summers absolutely withdrew her eyes, from a feeling of apprehension. Her face appeared literally that of a skeleton, with a brown, parchment-like skin, stretched tightl over it; to the ghastly features of which, a remarkably large, light grey eye, of peculiar brilliance, gave a terrific expression: its fiery appearance being strangely contrasted to the death-like extenuation which pervaded the rest of her countenance. Her long, bony, and shrivelled arms were naked, to some distance above the elbow; whilst the length of nail, with which each finger was armed, might have done honor to the hands of a Chinese Mandarin. A broad leathern belt was buckled tightly round the waist; and in her hand she carried a straight ashen staff, with a spike

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or dagger screwed into the end of it, that was perhaps intended for a hunting spear, but which might, on emergency, be used as a deadly and effective weapon.

Having taken a position exactly opposite Captain Summers, she addressed him without ceremony by saying, "Summers, 'twill be late before you get home." "Not very, Norah," replied the Veteran; who seemed to be well acquainted with this extraordinary female. "Not very," (vociferated she in a tone, whose harshness made the whole party start involuntarily,) "you may find it too late to be safe." "Nonsense, Norah;" calmly replied the Veteran, willing to quiet the fears of his wife and daughter, who were by this time considerably alarmed. "Nonsense, Norah, there's no one in the country would injure us." "So thought your father (was the answer) on the night he was murdered." "Really, Norah, this is going rather too far" (hastily interrupted Captain Summers; who perceived by the agitation evinced by his wife and daughter, that the latter words had made a considerable

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impression on them,) "Really, Norah, this is going rather too far, if your purpose is merely to intimidate; or, your manner is not sufficiently explicit, if you are indeed aware of any danger that threatens us. Therefore, be kind enough either to explain what you mean, or leave us for the present; as you see the ladies are somewhat affected, by what you have already said." "Even be it so," continued Norah, "but take my advice, return as you came; and that as quickly as possible." Then turning suddenly towards Manderville, she pointed to his gun, adding, "he whose hand's on his trigger, can ne'er be surprised;" and before any reply could be made, or farther inquiry entered into, she turned and departed, as rapidly as she had approached: leaving the whole party at a loss to conjecture the import of her warning; but still under an impression that something disagreeable awaited them; though whence, or in what shape, they were wholly at a loss to imagine.

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CHAPTER XII.

"One half the fervour, hate bestows
Upon the last embrace of foes."

BYRON.

The wife and daughter of Captain Summers were so much alarmed at what had passed, as absolutely to need the personal assistance of the gentlemen, to enable them to proceed homeward. Even then, their progress was considerably retarded, by the continued faintings of the younger female; whose extreme agitation, it was painful to witness: and Manderville, whose passions were at all times easily awakened, cursed in his heart the author of the mischief, although he could not conceal even from himself, that the indistinct threatenings of Norah retained some influence even over his own imagination. He, together with Captain Summers, notwithstanding,

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used every effort to sooth the fears of their companions; representing that it would be folly indeed, to allow the ravings of a maniac (for such she appeared to be), to excite alarms, which were in all probability unfounded. Every attempt of the kind was, however, frustrated by the allusion that had been made by Norah, to the death of the Veteran's father; which, his wife, nearly breathless from apprehension, kept reminding him, had been foretold by the same individual, sometime previous to its actual occurrence.

This argument seemed to make an impression, even on Captain Summers; who, shortly afterwards, taking the arm of his daughter, she having hitherto been supported by Manderville, within his own; requested the latter, after examining the priming of his gun, to keep in front of the ladies, in order to guard against any unexpected attack: adding with a smile, "that his years entitled him to the situation he then occupied; for alas! his fighting days were over." Even, however, as he spoke, the transient blush that tinged the

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"ashy hue of age" upon his cheek; and the latent fire, (unquenched even by time) that sparkled in his eye, told the fervour of a spirit, still unbroken, unsubdued; which with the feelings of a mutilated war-horse, beheld approaching danger with regret, only from a consciousness that it no longer retained the power, of either participating in hazard, or conducing to success.

Manderville, according to direction, after drawing the charge of shot in his rifle, and substituting a bullet, immediately took the station assigned him: but so much time had elapsed, that night drew on apace, as they reached the middle of a wild track of moor land, which lay between them and their home. The moon, however, shone forth in unclouded majesty; compensating in a great degree for the absence of daylight; so that the fears even of the ladies subsided, in a measure; with such perfect impunity had they hitherto passed: in fact, the whole party at length concluded, that Norah had either been literally raving, at the time she

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addressed them; or was endeavouring to prove, to what extent she could impose at once on their credulity, and their fears.

They were by this time approaching an irregular circle of large upright stones, probably the remains of some long since forgotten temple, which stood on the moor, when Manderville, who was a few paces in front, caught a glimpse of an object, which he deemed to be a man, standing amidst the fragments of granite, above spoken of: and who, he conceived, had, on perceiving the approach of the party, concealed himself, as notwithstanding the strictest scrutiny, nothing was visible, in a moment afterwards. Anxious to avoid alarming the females, the youth turned, for the purpose of making some excuse, for advancing in that direction, before the rest; when he at once perceived by their countenances, they also had descried the figure, which excited his suspicion. Without a moment's hesitation, he therefore retired, until he became incorporated with the party; and hastily entreating the ladies to remain as

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tranquil as possible; Manderville, to their utter astonishment, lay down on the ground, and began to advance in the direction of the pillars, or rocks, with a celerity that amazed them, considering the position in which he moved. They were, however, quickly convinced, that his method of reconnoitring was a valuable one; as, notwithstanding they were aware of the direction he took, so closely did he lay on the ground, that he speedily was lost sight of, amidst the heather and the fern.

Manderville continued to advance, in the manner described, until his practiced ear, (which experience had rendered capable of detecting the slightest imaginable noise) informed him, that a person, or persons, were in his immediate vicinity: although he was still at some distance from the place of their supposed concealment. Cautiously, therefore, raising his head, to nearly a level with a small tuft of underwood, into which he had crept; he descried two men, at no great distance, on their hands and knees, advancing in the direction

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of the party he had just left; every one of whose motions, were distinctly visible to him, from the open nature of the ground, over which they travelled; whilst he, by the furze, was entirely concealed. On the arrival of the two strangers, nearly opposite the place where he lay, though at a distance of some yards; they appeared to have at once noticed the greater facilities for concealment, afforded by the track he had chosen; for, after pausing a few seconds, they separated; one advancing to the identical spot, where Manderville reclined; whilst the other appeared to wait, until he had by inspection, determined the nature of the ground. This was an anxious moment for Manderville: his first impulse was, cautiously to advance the rifle to his shoulder; draw the cock carefully back, at the same time pressing his finger on the trigger, to prevent the noise it would have otherwise made; and take a deadly aim at the head of the man that came towards him. Immediately, however, recollecting that he had at least another foe to encounter, he instantly

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withdrew the gun to its former position, by his side; thrust his hand into the bosom of his vest, and drew forth a weapon, certainly not of the manufacture of these Islands: it having a fluted ivory hilt; a short, thick, sharp-pointed, and bayonet-like blade; in fact, such as our increased intercourse with foreigners, has now rendered familiar to us, under the name of a stiletto.

The stranger had now advanced to within so short a distance, that Manderville not only distinctly heard him breathe, but through the interstices of the underwood, could perceive he experienced considerable difficulty in dragging along his arms; which consisted of a very long gun, such as is commonly called a duck-gun; and a weapon similar in every respect to a naval boarding pike. The resolution of Manderville was instantly taken; aware if his adversary (for such he concluded him to be, both from his appearance and position), should make the slightest noise, it would be equally fatal to him, as if he dis-

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charged his piece; he laid his dagger down beside him, preparing to seize his enemy by the throat, with both hands; and thereby, if possible, prevent his doing so. On came the stranger breathing heavily from the toil of unaccustomed exercise, muttering a something to himself, that sounded like a curse; when suddenly (just as he had gained the centre of the bushes, and was in the act of turning for the purpose of dragging forward his gun by the muzzle) with the silent ferocity of a bull-dog, sprang at his throat, his unexpected foe; the convulsive struggle, which he made to liberate himself, being answered by a thrust, as vindictive as 'twas fatal. Warm flowed the blood o'er the hand of his assailant; who relaxed not the death-gripe he with one hand had preserved, until his lips ceased to quiver, from the agonies of death; and his eyes, fixed on vacancy, had darkened to the World.

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CHAPTER XIII.

"Then with a bound he gain'd the sand,
Already at his feet hath sunk;
The foremost of the prying band;
A gaping head, a quivering trunk."

BYRON.

Manderville, the moment he could disengage himself, unperceived, from the body of his victim, examined his person more at his leisure than he had heretofore had an opportunity of doing. A casual survey convinced him the individual was an entire stranger, being apparently a robust seaman, from thirty-five to forty years of age. The manner in which he was disguised and armed, however, left no doubt as to the propriety of regarding him as an enemy, in fact, served only to render Manderville more anxious to get the other, if possible, into his power, without giving

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any alarm, as he suspected they were not the only persons concealed in the vicinity. Over the ordinary blue dress of a Sailor, the deceased wore a white shirt; his face was in parts blackened, and besides the arms, already particularized, Manderville discovered a brace of pistols heavily loaded, in a belt which he wore tightly girded about his body.

Our hero, however, quickly perceived he had no time to lose in either forming conjectures or making observations; for the companion of the man he had recently destroyed, after waiting for some time, seemingly expecting a signal, gave a low whistle, of peculiar modulation, and finding it not answered, began to move forward in the track of his predecessor, but with much greater circumspection. Such indeed was the caution he used, that Manderville began to suspect he had either descried him, or at least suspected something more than common had occurred to his associate; for at every foot he advanced, he seemed to pause for a second, in order to scrutinize the track before him. Perceiving,

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that it would be impossible to surprise him in the same way as his companion, Manderville had just brought his rifle to his shoulder for the purpose of taking aim at him, when the advancing stranger's piece went off, either from accident or intention; the ball whistling closely past our hero's head, and breaking off several parts of the furze brake in its passage, by which he was surrounded. Without a second's delay, Manderville returned the fire, evidently with better aim; for after jumping on his feet, and running a few paces, his opponent staggered, reeled, and at length fell; whilst at the instant a yell from several voices in the vicinity, convinced our hero he yet had much to do, and forcibly impressed on him, the necessity of keeping himself still closely concealed.

Anxious, however, for his venerable friend, and the ladies under his protection, the youth ventured to raise his head for the purpose of seeing where they were, and with pleasure perceived them returning back the way they came, being then barely visible

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on the extremity of the moor. His anxiety in this instance, however, nearly proved fatal to him; for he had no sooner raised his head above the level of the bushes, than three or four bullets fell around, proving, notwithstanding he had escaped in the present instance, that his station was no longer tenable. Seizing, therefore, on the gun and pike, of the corpse that lay before him, he raised the head of the body above the brake, and quickly extricating himself from its immediate neighbourhood, had the satisfaction of knowing his stratagem succeeded, by hearing the firing repeated, at that which his enemies evidently considered the situation he continued to occupy.

Prudence now dictated to Manderville the necessity of making his escape as quickly as possible, and he had already proceeded some distance, when, on turning to ascertain the position of his enemies, it became evident to him, that the attempts were hopeless. This he concluded, as three men, (who were hitherto concealed behind the upright stones,

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mentioned at the commencement of the preceding chapter,) had, after firing a second volley, and seeing no alteration in the position of the object they aimed at, seemingly resolved to advance in a body, and discover the effect produced by the discharge. Our hero, in consequence, considered his fate inevitable; for he knew the track, which was necessarily caused by the position he moved in, would at once lead them to the spot he now occupied. Resolving, however, to sell his life as dearly as possible, he cautiously moved on a little farther, to where a small mound of earth would in some measure shelter him from his enemies, and presenting the long gun of his late adversary across it, he laid the pike and stiletto just within reach by his side: then scarcely breathing, lest the noise should betray him, he resolutely awaited the onset of his opponents.

His worst anticipations were speedily verified, for the whole three advanced rapidly to the spot which he had so lately vacated, and on perceiving the corpse of their companion,

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stooped, evidently for the purpose of examining the nature of his wounds. Satisfied in infinitely less time than is occupied in the relation, they appeared to adopt, simultaneously, the same mode of procedure; for after briefly surveying the spot, they quickly discovered the track, and went forward in the direction it pointed out. The crisis of the fate of Manderville had now, therefore, arrived; hoping, however, to disable the two foremost by his fire, he waited until they were even within a few yards of him, then glancing once more along the barrel, he discharged his piece full in the face of the foremost, and grasping the pike in one hand, the dagger in the other, sprang on his feet for the purpose of securing any advantage that might arise from the nature of his attack.

Great then was his disappointment on perceiving the whole of his enemies still standing; presence of mind, however, in this instance, achieved that which had been vainly attempted by force. Rushing impetuously on the foremost, already confused by his fire, he

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buried his stiletto in his body, exclaiming aloud " Up, Comrades up, they can't escape us now !" The other two, concluding from his manner that he had assistance at hand, after fruitlessly discharging one musket, the other missing fire, fled amain ; but, to the surprise of Manderville, had not proceeded far, before one of them was met, and felled to the earth, by a person who had been for some seconds within sight, evidently advancing to the assistance of one or other of the parties ; our hero, however, had, almost immediately afterwards, the pleasure of recognising in the person of his intrepid assistant, that of his gallant and venerable host.

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CHAPTER XIV.

Mark me, Antonio; tho' the flatt'rer oft
May meet rebuke in public—still the heart
Of him that's prais'd, will on the honey'd words
Enraptur'd dwell, and, spite of outward show,
Exult in that he feigns to disbelieve.

F. H.

After the congratulations naturally arising out of a situation such as theirs, Captain Summers strongly recommended to Manderville an immediate removal from the spot, lest one of the party who had escaped, should return reinforced, in order to avenge the fall of his companions, an occurrence which, he informed him, was by no means improbable. To this proposition the latter immediately assented, merely expressing a wish, first to examine the bodies, in order to determine if any assistance they could render might now avail them. He was, however, de-

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terred from attempting to do so, by Captain Summers telling him, that the delay would be dangerous; "and," added the Veteran, "the ladies will by this time need our assistance, as I imagine they are not quite so well inured to campaigning as you are." "The ladies!" exclaimed Manderville, "surely, my dear sir, you accompanied them to a place of safety?" "Why," replied Captain Summers, "I scarcely know where such could be found nearer than our own house, and you can scarcely conceive I have flown there and back since we parted." "Where then, in Heaven's name, did you leave them?" said the youth. "Why, seated in a quarry, at some distance from hence," was the answer; "you surely do not suppose that I could be aware you were overmatched, and yet unnecessarily desert you, or that they were so unreasonable as to desire it." "Come, come, my dear sir," said Manderville, interrupting him, "let us hasten to rejoin them; I tremble when I think what may be the consequences of their agitation."

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Without waiting for an answer, he set forward in the direction pointed out by the Veteran, half dragging, half supporting his companion on his arm.

They had soon, however, the satisfaction of knowing that their fears for the ladies were groundless, as, on rejoining them, they found they were in perfect safety; although, as might be naturally expected, dreadfully alarmed. This was, however, dissipated, when they were assured by their approach of the safety of the gentlemen; and the whole party immediately afterwards hastened on their route homewards, with that celerity which fear ever bestows on the motions of the pursued. After a laborious walk of some miles, they at length reached their residence in safety, finding the whole of its inmates alarmed, not only at the duration of their absence, but also at the report of the musketry, which had been distinctly heard even in that neighbourhood.

The first care of Manderville, was to inquire what number of men could be found in

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the vicinity that would accompany him back to the moor, in order to determine who had been the authors of the outrage. He was instantly told, that on the first alarm caused by the firing, all those in the neighbourhood capable of bearing arms, had hastened in the direction from whence it had proceeded; and Captain Summers having assured him, from his knowledge of the parties gone, no exertion on their part would be wanting, Manderville relinquished his intention. The whole family soon afterwards assembled round the supper table, grateful to Providence for their escape, and by that time considerably recovered from the effects of their agitation and fatigue.

Having now leisure for inquiry, Manderville, after expressing his acknowledgments to his host for the assistance he had rendered him, could not avoid mentioning his surprise, that a husband and a father, under any circumstances, had been induced to leave his wife and daughter, concluding with, "I candidly acknowledge (though perhaps the

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confession may say more for my gallantry than my friendship), that had our situations been reversed, you might have waited long indeed, ere I had done as much." "Why," answered Captain Summers, "I own I have some doubts, whether, had it not been for the entreaties of Jane, I should even have attempted to return, considering their situation at the time; but, on hearing the discharge of such a number of pieces, her prayers, and my own feelings, induced me to do so, at least to determine your fate. However, I am perfectly aware you could have done equally well without the interference you are pleased to appreciate so highly; but know, it is kindly intended to flatter the feelings of a worn out soldier, into a belief that he is not yet entirely unserviceable." "Believe me," instantly replied Manderville, "I am incapable of flattery; I absolutely feel what I have endeavoured to express; and when I consider that you were entirely unarmed at the time we parted, I know not which most to admire—the resolution which you dis-

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played, or the motive whence originated the opportunity of so doing." "Hush, hush," interrupted the Veteran, "I cannot allow you to proceed in that strain; your eloquence might have its full effect, if addressed to the youthful or the fair, but flattery (I repeat the word, knowing you will not be offended,) falls coldly on the breast rendered callous to its impressions by experience." Captain Summers intended at the instant to express precisely what he felt, but the gratified smile that dwelt unconsciously in his features, during the remainder of the evening; and the increased esteem with which he regarded his guest, were sufficient evidences that nature was still strong within him: for, disguise it as we may, that man does not exist to whom flattery is ungrateful, if skilfully applied!

The party shortly afterwards separated for the night, each severally impressed with a higher opinion of the others than they had even heretofore entertained; neither need it be concealed, that Manderville, long after he

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had retired to rest, reflected with a pleasure, hitherto unknown, on the anxiety expressed for him by the daughter of his host, at the time she conceived him endangered, which pleasurable sensation (like the inward and unconfessed satisfaction of Captain Summers) took its rise from precisely the same source—that self-love which Nature has implanted as a principle, in the bosoms of the generality of mankind.

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CHAPTER XV.

Th' endearing blandishments of social life,
By fools and savages alone despised.
F. H.

Early on the following morning it became known to the family of Captain Summers, that the parties who examined the moor on the preceding evening, returned, after an unsuccessful search, as the bodies of the men had been removed from the heath before they reached it. They, however, were enabled to discover the scene of action, owing to some arms having been left on the spot, consisting of a musket and one of the pikes, described in the foregoing chapter. The musket was instantly recognised by Captain Summers, as the one with which he assailed the man attempting to escape, which he had picked up as he was

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advancing to the assistance of Manderville, having accidentally stumbled over the person whom the latter had wounded in the first instance, and who afterwards sprang upon his feet and ran to some distance before he had fallen. It was broken in the stock by the force of the blow, and had been left behind by the Veteran, as he conceived, carrying a broken gun was unnecessary trouble, particularly as the weight inconvenienced him, it being of large dimensions.

Notwithstanding the strictest inquiry, no clue whatever could be obtained in the neighbourhood, as to the persons in whom the outrage of the preceding night originated; neither could any conjecture be formed respecting their object or incitement. It was, however, apparent, from the speedy removal of the bodies, that some persons in the immediate vicinity must have been concerned; and as the family were dreadfully afraid that an attack might be made on the house during the night, Captain Summers immediately offered a very considerable reward, to any person,

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even an accomplice, who should give such information as might lead to the detection of the offenders.

Amidst the visits of congratulation received by the family on this occasion, those of young Mortimer and his sister were among the first. On mention being made to them of the very suspicious conduct of Norah, they, with every other person to whom it was communicated, agreed that as she had evidently been aware of what was about to happen, she must also have a knowledge as to who were the perpetrators. Manderville, however, perceived with surprise, that all, without exception, concurred in giving it as their opinion, that this very extraordinary female was to be rather entreated to give up the person from whom she had received her intelligence, than forced to do so; and this appearing in his eyes the very height of folly, he so expressed it, adding, "that he could not see why any delicacy should be observed towards a woman, who was evidently either a maniac, or something still more dangerous." The whole assembly admitted

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the justness of the remark, but increased his astonishment, by inquiring if he knew any one who would even venture to make an attempt to arrest her. "For," said an old gentleman, that sat at some distance from the youth, "I am convinced it would be difficult to procure any such in this neighbourhood, and perhaps it is as well it is so, for be assured it would be a service attended with considerable danger." Manderville could not help smiling at the prowess imputed to an old woman: however, his respect for the years of the speaker kept him silent at the time, resolving, when their visit was concluded, to make Captain Summers acquainted with a resolution he had formed.

Shortly afterwards their visitors withdrew, and the Veteran was himself the first to renew the conversation on the subject of Norah, saying, "that, on the first opportunity which presented itself, when she came into any town or village in the neighbourhood, he would have her taken up." "But why wait until then?" interrogated Manderville. "Why,"

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replied Captain Summers, "I believe it would be difficult, owing to the ridiculous prejudices of the country people, to have her otherwise secured, and she belongs to a party it were as well not to offend unnecessarily." "But," rejoined Manderville, "do you not conceive it probable, that this woman, if she indeed knows any thing respecting this affair, will withdraw or conceal herself for a time, and thereby render inquiry on the subject fruitless?" "That indeed may be the case," answered the Veteran, "but as we have no other chance, even were it so, we must remain contented." "No, no," replied Manderville, "I am myself anxious to ask her a few questions, and, with your leave, I will, some of these mornings, endeavour to make out her dwelling, and bring her here to answer any thing you may require." The Veteran remained silent, but the ladies unanimously requested he would relinquish his intention; seriously assuring him, that it was fraught with danger. To this, Manderville, who conceived they were carrying the

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farce rather too far, merely replied by requesting they would make themselves perfectly easy on his account, and went out shortly afterwards for the purpose of ascertaining the nearest way to the habitation of Norah.

On his return, however, he appeared impressed with an idea that his undertaking was of a more serious nature than he had at first supposed it; and, at the request of the whole family, at length agreed to relinquish his intention, at least for a time, until his health should be sufficiently re-established to allow him to undergo the fatigue without inconvenience. This being resolved on, and no other circumstance occurring either to alarm or disturb the neighbourhood, some time was pleasantly passed by Manderville in the enjoyment of polished and virtuous society—a state which his accomplishments, notwithstanding the sterner traits in his character, eminently fitted him to adorn.

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CHAPTER XVI.

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,
We seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the Borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amidst the storm;
Or, like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white, then fades for ever."

BURNS.

The attentions of Manderville had now for some time been almost exclusively dedicated to Jane, the youngest daughter of Captain Summers; in fact, the spirits of her sister, since the departure of Dauntless, had been such as by no means to permit her to join in either business or amusement, farther than was absolutely insisted on by her parents. Manderville, being possessed of many accomplishments, amongst the rest a finished execution and refined taste in music,

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it will appear by no means extraordinary that Jane, who was passionately fond of it, should avail herself of this opportunity of receiving the instructions of a person who was evidently a master, and who, to the common-place acquirements of such as are commonly so called, added a degree of taste and discernment, which are by no means constant accompaniments to great proficiency in the manual part of the science. Hence it arose that they were not only constantly together, but within the last few days had appeared to be in a manner inseparable; which increased desire for each other's presence, they, with the usual infatuation of lovers, ascribed to any but the real motive, fostering, beneath the semblance of friendship, a passion, on which depended the future happiness or misery of their lives.

Whatever they might themselves have thought, it was, however, somewhat extraordinary that the parents of Jane were blinded to the danger of allowing two young persons of different sexes to be so continually

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in each other's presence. As to the father, it may be said, and truly, that, without guile in himself, he was above suspecting it in others; experience of the world having in him increased his knowledge without hardening his heart. Swayed by the purest principles of honour himself, he could not help conceiving that natural to all, which formed the principal bias in his own disposition; therefore, had he even perceived any thing extraordinary in their behaviour, (which, however, he did not,) though he might have taken measures to have prevented their meeting so frequently; he still would have thought farther precaution unnecessary, than barely to point out the danger which might by possibility exist.

Suffice it to say, that Manderville, from the first time he beheld Jane, considered her by far the most pleasing female with whom he had ever been acquainted. True it might be, that Miss Mortimer he deemed more beautiful, which she in reality was; but the retiring modesty that formed a

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part of the character of Jane—the anxiety she had more than once expressed on his account; together with the deference which she had ever appeared to pay to his opinions and instructions, were, to a mind like that of Manderville, more likely to be acceptable than the decisive, not to say haughty, demeanour of Sophia Mortimer, which, although meted to the strictest rules of feminine decorum, shone forth on some occasions in a manner that rendered it evident such was the natural bent of her disposition. These observations, which Manderville had an opportunity of making, during the visits paid them by the Mortimers, (that had now become of every-day occurrence,) certainly tended to do away with the effect produced in the first instance, by the peculiarly beautiful countenance and form of Miss Mortimer, whilst Jane, young, susceptible, and inexperienced, beheld in him that which she considered the very perfection of his species: her unsophisticated heart neither seeking to conceal, nor in fact being aware of the extent of the sentiments she entertained in his favour.

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Their sedentary occupations were, however, often varied, and in some measure interrupted, by the constant exercise which Manderville was enjoined to take by his medical attendants, in which excursions he was almost invariably accompanied by Jane, sometimes alone, they being very limited in extent since the evening they had so narrowly escaped assassination. Hitherto the love they in fact bore each other was scarcely known, even to themselves. An accident that occurred, however, about this time, first made known to Manderville the state of his affections, and by depriving him of the object, awakened him at once to a sense of the extent to which he was already involved.

They were one evening taking their accustomed stroll, and had become unconsciously entangled in the mazes of a neighbouring wood, which formed a part of the demesne attached to the mansion of the Mortimers, when a conversation they were holding on some indifferent subject, (if such can exist between lovers), was interrupted by the

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halloing of what seemed to be a multitude of persons at some distance. The shouts at intervals died away, but were as often renewed, apparently caused by the party sometimes approaching and then receding from the place where they stood. Miss Mortimer, whom recent events had served to render timid, became at once so violently agitated as to require all the attention of Manderville to prevent her from fainting; and although this might in many cases have appeared like affectation, a feeling so unworthy was utterly unknown to her; the sensation she at the moment experienced being, perhaps, one of those perceptions of approaching danger which will sometimes intrude themselves forcibly on the imagination.

A longer interval of silence had, however, in some measure, calmed her involuntary apprehension, when, on a sudden, Manderville was himself startled by a peculiar kind of rustling he heard at some distance, and the cracking of what seemed to be the half-dried branches of the trees, as if caused by

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some animal of considerable bulk forcing itself through the wood. The silence also which had now been of some continuance, was at the same instant disturbed by a renewal of the halloing in the immediate vicinity; and Manderville had scarcely turned to ascertain the cause, when he perceived, rapidly approaching them, and now nearly at hand, a very large and ferocious-looking bull, who followed, with great difficulty, the narrow winding pathway that led to the spot where they stood. Jane fainted on the instant; and the fate of both appeared inevitable—Manderville being entirely unarmed, and the animal evidently infuriated by pursuit.

The bull, notwithstanding the most desperate efforts, made way but slowly, owing to the difficulties of the ground, which was of a rocky, uneven nature, and the thickness of the wood through which he had to force himself. This gave Manderville time for consideration; but chance of escape he saw none. Surrounded with trees, thickly interwoven beneath by thorny and impassable

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underwood, with only one path of very limited dimensions, and whose track the animal was following, retreat would have been hopeless, unencumbered and alone. Nature for a moment prompted him to attempt it, leaving his fair companion to her fate; but stronger, better, more exalted feelings immediately forbade even the idea; therefore, instantly adopting his resolution, he placed Miss Summers as much as possible out of the path, pressing his lips to hers for the first time, as he did so, with an emotion the most painful he had ever experienced; hastily tore a middling sized branch from a neighbouring tree, and muttering to himself, "If I cannot defend, I at least may die for her," he sprung forward to meet the enraged animal, whose fury was bespoken as well by his gestures as appearance.

Rendered frantic by exertion and the cries of his pursuers, the bull forced his way onwards towards Manderville: his black curly neck, nearly covered with a snow-like foam that fell profusely from his tongue, which

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hung to a considerable distance out of his mouth. His firey and inflamed eye-balls had assumed an azure cast from excess of irritation, whilst every muscle of his immense frame being exerted to the uttermost, formed altogether, perhaps, as terrific a representation of savage strength and ferocity, as the whole compass of nature could supply.

Manderville perceiving the animal for a moment rather more entangled than before, instantly advanced, and with a resolution only to be accounted for by the particular nature of his situation and feelings, struck the bull repeatedly with violence about the head, notwithstanding the very confined space prevented his blows having the full force he might otherwise have given them. They were, however, sufficiently severe to cause the animal, already considerably impeded, to start back for an instant, and Manderville began to entertain some hopes of turning him; when, suddenly recovering himself, he darted forward with irresistible force, regardless of

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several desperate blows—struck Manderville to the ground in an instant with such strength, as totally deprived him of sensation, at the same time passing clear over him at a single bound.

The restoration of perception in Manderville was attended by a nausea most distressing, but which was, if possible, increased when the confusion of his ideas had sufficiently subsided to render him conscious of his situation. Springing on his feet in an instant, (for he was uninjured by the horns of the animal,) "soul harrowed" by feelings it were folly to attempt to describe, he staggered forward to the place where Miss Summers had remained. One glance sufficed; she was gone—a part of her gown lay torn in the middle of the path, trampled into the earth, and deluged in blood! A sickly shivering at this horrible confirmation of her fate, seized on the manly frame of Manderville, whilst despair, or rather a feeling surpassing despair, chilled the current of his

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heart; and, as he fell forward on the spot, that such a feeling could exist, was told by a groan, which, though scarcely audible, from the peculiarity of its modulation, spoke of agony—nay, death!

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CHAPTER XVII.

Oft my anxious eye
Tho' wholly hopeless, backward turn'd its gaze;
And oft imagination's graphic pow'r,
Form'd of the distant bush or shapeless stump
Th' expected messenger for whom I watch'd.
Till tired at length, by being oft deceived,
I left the spot——return'd——again retired;
Yet still by hope incited, wished once more
To search the prospect from the hillock's rise.
At length, methought, tho' distant I descry'd
A something moving o'er the russet waste,
Breathless with hope, my eye intently fix'd
Shot eager glances, but a space so wide
Defied its pow'rs to picture it aright:
At length o'erstrain'd the object seem'd to fade—
The landscape swam—whilst hills, and rocks, and trees,
The rainbow's colours, and the shades of night
Commingled darken'd on my dazzled eye!

F. H.

The consternation of the family of Captain Summers, when night approached, and neither Manderville nor Jane made their appear-

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ance, may be easily conceived; at first these apprehensions were quieted, under an idea that they might have strolled as far as Castleward; but when at length the clock struck eight, their feelings became painfully acute, convinced that some accident must have befallen them. A resolution was immediately adopted, of sending servants to make inquiries in the neighbourhood, and the Veteran having arrayed himself in an old roquelaire, the companion of his military services, set out towards the Hall, accompanied by an elderly domestic who had long served him, his anxiety causing him to disregard the fatigue that might attend on the undertaking.

His journey, however, proved fruitless, as the inmates of Castleward had already retired for the night, but immediately came down on recognising the voice of Captain Summers, becoming equally alarmed (as himself) on learning the purport of his visit. Miss Mortimer used every persuasive art to

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compose the agitation she perceived in the Veteran, on his hearing that neither of the missing had been there during the evening; and Edward, speedily equipping himself, insisted on accompanying him home, purposing, in case they were not by that time found, to summon the aid of the troop of volunteer cavalry, of which, as before said, his father continued to be the commandant and supporter, in order to assist in searching the surrounding country. After thanking his young friends for their friendship and attention, the Veteran immediately set forward on his return, accompanied by Edward Mortimer; penetrated by feelings, the extent of which can only be estimated by parents, who have had the misfortune to be similarly situated.

On their reaching the cottage of Captain Summers, melancholy indeed were the tidings that awaited him. The servant that had been sent to make inquiries, returned without hearing any thing of Manderville, or Miss

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Summers, but with the alarming intelligence, that a ferocious bull had been pursued through a neighbouring copse, and on his emerging from it, was perceived to have part of a female dress twined round his horns, the animal himself bleeding profusely from the head; whence it was conjectured, that some desperate attempt had been made to resist his passage through the wood by some person unknown, which had, however, been evidently unavailing. The whole family, on hearing this, appeared pervaded by a horrible presentiment, that the absence of their inmates was accounted for; seemingly having no doubt that they had fallen a sacrifice to the fury of the animal. The hysteric sobs of the women were painful evidences of the extent of their fears; whilst the silent agony of the father was even more severe, from the efforts he made for its outward suppression.

By this time the neighbourhood became alarmed at the inquiries made after Miss Summers, and collected round the house for the purpose of learning whether anything

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had yet been heard respecting her. Edward Mortimer having briefly informed them of the misfortune that was supposed to have happened, asked their assistance to look for the bodies; which request being cheerfully complied with, and lights procured, they immediately afterwards set off in a body in order to investigate the different parts of the plantation.

Notwithstanding the effects of his agitation considerably debilitated Captain Summers, he persisted in a resolution he had formed of participating in the search. Such of the peasantry as had been engaged in the pursuit of the animal, were requested to point out the way he had taken; but of that they could say very little, having merely followed the bull to the borders of the wood, and remained on the outskirts to watch for his coming out, the whole multitude having been too much afraid of his ferocity to follow where there might be even a chance of his turning. The search was consequently for a considerable time unsuccessful; at length,

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however, it became evident they were in the track pursued by the animal, from the broken state of the branches, the trampled appearance of the underwood, and the occasional traces of his hoofs, which were but slightly indented, and consequently difficult to make out, owing to the hard, or rather rocky nature of the ground.

They now approached the spot where Manderville had nearly succeeded in turning the bull; the damaged state of the trees around, pointing out the exact spot where the encounter had taken place. The feelings of Captain Summers nearly overpowered him on beholding the ground blood-stained, and a hat laying at some distance, which he instantly recognised as that of Manderville. Desperation, however, lent him power to advance, in order to ascertain the worst; but, on perceiving the remains of his daughter's frock, nature could bear no more, and fled from a conflict she could no longer sustain, into a state of temporary insensibility. Edward Mortimer having given directions for

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removing Captain Summers to his residence, continued his search after the bodies, which, however, proved unsuccessful; neither of them remaining on the spot, nor being discoverable any where in the vicinity. The persons also employed with him in the undertaking, becoming, after some hours, fatigued and hopeless, dispersed by degrees, leaving Mortimer alone to continue the investigation.

Such, however, was his anxiety, that after minutely examining every part of the wood, he returned home, and dispatching a servant to summon the assistance of the troop of cavalry already mentioned, without taking the slightest refreshment, again renewed his search in the copse, although the vigilance with which he had before investigated every penetrable part, left him but little hopes of ultimate success. Worn out, at length, by his exertions, Mortimer, just as day broke, returned to Castleward; from a rising ground in the vicinity of which, he for some time vainly watched for the approach of the horsemen, resolving, with the first that should

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arrive, to return to his task (notwithstanding he felt convinced within himself that the bodies had been removed), conceiving that by possibility they might still have been overlooked owing to the imperfect nature of the light, and the thickness of the underwood.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

" I have heard her enraptur'd unfold
How that pity was due to a' dove—
That it ever attended the bold—
And she call'd it the sister of love."

SHENSTONE.

Day broke sadly on the afflicted parents of Jane Summers; and their sorrow was in no degree alleviated by a visit paid them by Edward Mortimer and his sister, the former of whom had been unremitting in his exertions, for the purpose of determining the fate of the absentees, from day-light until the hour his sister arose, and had then accompanied her in order to inform Captain Summers of the result of the search, which had proved altogether unsuccessful. On their arrival, they learned that the Veteran was unable to leave his bed; and on being introduced into

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his chamber, were both shocked at his very altered appearance. Mortimer then briefly informed him of the result of the investigation, adding, that as no traces whatever of either body had been discovered, he still hoped they might have escaped, although, in all probability, so much hurt as to prevent their immediately communicating their present situation. The eyes of Captain Summers sparkled at the mention of a possibility of escape: but an instant's reflection on the scene he had visited on the preceding evening, checked the feeling as it arose, and the momentary radiance to which it had given rise, died away in a glance, so sad, so hopeless, that the Mortimers turned from beholding it, whilst the tears that in silence chased each other down their cheeks, spoke at once the goodness of their hearts, and the sensibility of their natures.

Edward, when his emotion in some measure subsided, proceeded to say, that he had summoned to his aid the troop of Volunteer Cavalry, which had ever been a source of

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considerable expense to his family; but that the Adjutant, in the absence of his father, had refused to obey any instructions he might receive from a person who he said was to him a perfect stranger. In fact, so long had he received his allowances of every kind, without being called on even to keep up the appearance of an armed and disciplined body of men, that, concluded Edward, "I am astonished he even gave himself the trouble of attending at the Hall this morning; however, on my father's arrival, he may find he has some account to render, not only as to the expenses, but also respecting the state of the troop so long entrusted to his care. Notwithstanding this, my dear Sir, added the youth, your own truly-respected name soon collected a sufficient quantity of volunteers to search the surrounding country, whom I have dispatched to do so; and I trust, in the course of a few hours, to bring you intelligence of a more agreeable nature, than it yet has been my good fortune to communicate. In the meantime, Sophia (his sister) will remain, to

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render you any assistance in her power: whilst, it shall be my duty to forward, by every possible exertion, the investigation in which we are all so deeply interested." Young Mortimer immediately afterwards withdrew, penetrated with sorrow at the situation of his venerable friend; but at the same time admiring the fortitude that enabled him to bear up against woes such as his, if not with stoical indifference, at least in silent resignation.

Notwithstanding the most unremitting exertions, the whole party dispatched by Edward Mortimer, in different directions, returned disappointed in the evening, not the slightest clue having been gained that might lead to an elucidation of the mysterious disappearance of either of the missing persons. The neighbourhood in which the Bull had at length been slaughtered was strictly examined, without, however, affording the least satisfaction; and, although several rumours were in circulation amongst the vulgar, they were, of course, of too ridiculous a nature to be wor-

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thy a moment's consideration, ascribing the disappearance of the parties, as they did, to supernatural causes. This idea, strange as it may appear, was universally adopted by the lower orders, originating in the peculiarity of dress and appearance which they had observed in Manderville. That, together with his reputed intercourse with Norah, his meeting with whom had been made known to all in the vicinity, by the servants of Captain Summers, and the prowess he was reputed to possess from the fortunate issue of the rencontre already described, tended to impress, on the minds of the ignorant and superstitious, a notion that the youth, above alluded to, was something out of the common; which once admitted, their fertile imaginations were not long in embellishing the brain-born monster that their fancies formed.

It was not until sometime after the return of Edward Mortimer, in the evening, to the Cottage of Captain Summers, that he could summon resolution to impart to him that there was still no tidings of his child. How-

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ever, aware that it must be communicated, he at length forced himself to the task, and after the first struggle of nature had subsided in the heart of the Veteran, the youth was equally astonished and edified by the manner in which the Soldier articulated, "God's will be done!" The pomp of piety dwelt not in his voice—the inward triumph of meritorious resignation was not visible in his eye—but the secret and sincere prostration of a wounded spirit, implied by his manner, found more acceptance in the sight of that Being to whom it was addressed, than all that eloquence could have uttered, if wanting in truth; or religion have supplied, if ungraced by sincerity.

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CHAPTER XIX.

———"Sed tu simul obligasti
Perfidum votis caput enitescis
Pulchrior multo."———

Hor.

Day after day passed on, but still no intelligence reached the family of Captain Summers respecting the fate of either their daughter or inmate, and hope, that had at first flattered them with an idea that they might yet be heard of, grew daily less sanguine, until it faded altogether. Vainly did the distracted parents offer rewards to nearly the amount of all they possessed, nothing whatever transpired respecting their disappearance, and even they, became at length reluctantly convinced that any further effort at discovery would be equally unavailing. To say that this unfortunate family were reconciled to the loss they

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had sustained, were untrue; however, whatever their feelings on the subject might be, they forbore to intrude their griefs upon the observation of others, satisfied that nothing had been left undone that human prudence could dictate, or expedient left untried, which the circumstances of the case would permit.

Nearly a fortnight elapsed after the occurrence took place which had so signally afflicted the family we are speaking of, and a comparative degree of tranquillity was in some measure restored; when early one morning the inmates of the Cottage were aroused by a violent knocking at the door. Captain Summers, who naturally concluded that such an intrusion, particularly at that hour, could only be occasioned by some one having intelligence respecting his daughter to communicate, hastened himself to descend and open the door. The moment he had done so, he was, however, convinced that the visit was of no very agreeable nature, from the appearance of the Exciseman, whose ren-

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contre with Manderville formed the subject of a Chapter at the commencement of this narrative, accompanied by a number of other persons entirely unknown to the Veteran.

The object of their visit did not long remain doubtful, as one of them advancing towards Captain Summers, questioned him respecting Manderville, giving an accurate personal description of the youth, and concluded by asking if he was then in the house. The Veteran immediately replied he was not, and detailed the particulars of his disappearance from thence. An incredulous laugh was the only reply of the interrogator, who immediately produced a warrant for the apprehension of Marmaduke Manderville and Henry Summers, (commonly called Captain Summers) the former for violently assaulting an officer of the Excise, with intent to kill or do him some grievous bodily harm, and the latter for aiding and abetting therein. Having finished reading the document, the Constable desired Captain Summers to consider himself

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his prisoner, and turning to his assistants, ordered them to enter the house and search for the person of Manderville.

Vain were the remonstrances of the Veteran, he was told that the offence with which they stood charged amounted to a felony, and although his years and appearance seemed to make some little impression even on the Constable, still he informed him it was necessary to proceed in executing his warrant. Captain Summers replied that he had not the slightest objection to their searching the premises, but begged, on his family's account, that it might be conducted in as quiet a manner as possible. This being assented to, Captain Summers, turning to the Exciseman, said, "You surely never can have sworn to the truth of the charge set forth in the warrant, knowing that you alone were to blame in the affair." The naturally pallid complexion of the person addressed, assumed, absolutely, a yellow cast from malignity, as he replied, "Yes, yes, the Board will let you both know who's to blame," and, without

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taking any farther notice of the Veteran, than that of regarding him with a maliciously gratified smile, for the expression of which his features were particularly suited, he unceremoniously passed into the house for the purpose of participating in the search.

The Constable and his party finding that the person they sought was not to be found, prepared after a time to depart. Captain Summers, who it appeared was to accompany them as a prisoner, requested an hour or two to prepare for his removal, which the Constable complied with, notwithstanding the objections and remonstrances of the Exciseman, who immediately afterwards went away, threatening to take steps that should insure the prisoner's immediate removal. When he was gone, Captain Summers had an opportunity of questioning the Constable relative to the crime he was apprehended on, and was informed that it was of a most serious nature. Conscious, however, of his innocence, he hastened to make the necessary preparations for his departure, although it must be acknow-

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ledged he felt some little uneasiness at the charge, particularly as there now remained no witness to the transaction except the youth that had accompanied the Exciseman; which uneasiness was increased by learning, in the course of conversation, that the Board of Customs had been pleased to promote the latter to an office of much greater importance than he ever could have expected, in consideration of the vigilance and zeal he had displayed. What he had done in this affair that could be considered either vigilance or zeal, even admitting the case to be such as he had sworn, Captain Summers was at a loss to imagine, but concluded, after some consideration, that there still must be something in the business which, for want of more accurate information, he was unable for the present to define.

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CHAPTER XX.

"But when on life we're tempest driv'n
A conscience but a canker,
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heaven,
Is sure a noble anchor."

BURNS.

The task of Captain Summers in endeavouring to reconcile his wife and daughter to his departure, was anything but easy, and which, being added to his already sufficiently wounded feelings, became almost insupportable. In fact he could only persuade them to remain until the following day, in order to make preparations for a change of residence, before they rejoined him, which being at length definitively arranged, he prepared to accompany the constable to Carrickfergus, where he understood it was necessary to proceed, in order that he might be taken before the Magistrate, who had granted the warrant for his apprehension.

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The pangs that await on the separation of friends at all times, were rendered doubly poignant to this unhappy family, by the dreadful apprehensions they laboured under, respecting the consequences that might result from the transaction, in which it had been sworn the Veteran participated. Notwithstanding, therefore, the assurances of their Protector, that he should be in a very short time liberated, the fears natural to their sex could not be overcome, and when at length he tore himself from their embraces, perhaps it is not in the power of language to express the heart-blighting sense of agony with which they witnessed his departure.

Captain Summers, on his arrival in Carrickfergus, was immediately conveyed to the house of the Magistrate, who happening to be engaged, kept the whole party waiting for nearly an hour. When at length he did make his appearance, it was merely to question the Constable respecting the execution of his warrant, and without speaking to, or taking

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any notice of the prisoner, who was wrapped in an old and considerably worn roquelair, he turned to a servant, and said, "On my desk you will find a mittimus signed, bring it to the officer; let him insert the name and date, and off with him at once." Captain Summers now requested to protest against being committed, without knowing the nature of the crime he was charged with; this, however, was replied to (if reply it could be called) by a contemptuous survey of his person, and the magistrate immediately afterwards departed, saying, as he left the door, "Do you understand, Mr. Gripe? you can do all that is necessary now, as I am in a hurry to attend on Lady Snarl, to see if I cannot grant a warrant against some labouring rascal, who has had the audacity to assault her ladyship's dog." Captain Summers was too indignant to make farther remonstrance, and the necessary forms being completed, he shortly afterwards found himself within the precincts of the gaol of Carrickfergus.

From the Governor of the prison, Captain

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Summers, however, met with very different treatment. The man at first, struck with his venerable gentlemanlike appearance, instead of conveying him into the room common to all the persons confined, asked him to walk into an apartment somewhat decent in appearance; and Captain Summers having mentioned his name, the Gaoler who, although unknown to him personally, was fully acquainted with his character, not only offered to do any thing in his power to render his confinement less irksome: but had a variety of necessary furniture removed from his own apartments into that which was to be occupied by the prisoner, and for doing which he refused to receive any remuneration whatever.

Left at length to himself, Captain Summers, in the midst of his distress, could not suppress some degree of irritation when he reflected on the conduct of the Magistrate; by degrees, however, the momentary impulse died away, and having then nothing whatever to divert his attention from the consideration of his misfortunes and situation, painful in-

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deed were his emotions. That firm reliance on Providence, however, which even in youth had formed a distinguishing trait in his character, came at length to his aid; and if it was a tear that trembled for a moment in his eye, it arose not from weakness, but was merely a tribute which the warrior's heart, as readily as the virgin's, pays at the vibration of that chord of exalted feeling, whose sensitiveness bespeaks the genuine harmony of the soul!

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CHAPTER XXI.

"——— His heart, soon after he was born,
Grew like an hostler's lanthorn at an inn,
All the circumference was dirty horn,
And feebly blinked the ray of warmth within."
COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

Some hours after the departure of Captain Summers, his wife and daughter received a visit from Edward Mortimer, who was naturally both surprised and alarmed on hearing the occurrences of the morning. After endeavouring to pacify the ladies, by offering whatever consolation suggested itself, Edward departed in order to send his sister to keep them company, resolving himself, he informed them, to ride to Carrickfergus and see whether it was possible to afford his venerable and highly-respected friend any assistance.

Having, on his return to Castleward, briefly acquainted his sister with the

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situation of their friends, and afterwards accompanied her to within a short distance of their residence, Edward turned his horse's head towards Carrickfergus, and in a short time arrived at the residence of the magistrate, from whom only he understood he could gain admission to the prisoner. That gentleman having but just returned from his visit to Lady Snarl, at first refused being spoken to; but having subsequently learned from the servant that the strange gentleman, who was uncommonly well mounted, insisted on seeing him, he at length, in consideration of the horse, the excellence of which he conceived bespoke the rider to be of some consequence, consented to an interview, and desired that the stranger might be shewn into the room, where his worship was preparing for his dinner.

The "well, Sir, what do you want?" with which, the moment the door opened, he addressed Mortimer, was immediately changed on the entrance of the youth, who was fashionably and expensively attired, into, "I

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beg pardon, Sir; can I be of the slightest service?" "Merely," replied Edward, who formed no very favourable estimate of his character, by the sudden change in his address, which he imputed to the right cause, "Merely by giving me an order for admittance to a friend of mine, Captain Summers, whom you this morning committed." "Captain Summers committed by me!" exclaimed the magistrate, "you have been misinformed; I never committed a gentleman in my life." "In that case," said the youth, "I am sorry I have intruded; but I understood from the gaoler that my friend was this morning committed by you on some pretended charge of assault on an exciseman." "O! an exciseman; I beg your pardon, my friend," continued this sapient magistrate, "Captain, indeed! Captain of some smuggling boat, I suppose; and you his agent, I conclude, come to try and soften the affair. You had almost led me to believe I had been guilty of committing a gentleman!"

Edward Mortimer, who, with some diffi-

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culty, concealed the contempt he could not help feeling, immediately answered, "Should you, indeed, in the execution of your office, deem such an act a misfortune, I am sorry to say, you have in this instance done so, as the person I allude to is Captain Summers of the Grange, at no great distance from hence, and in no manner connected with smugglers whatever." "Captain Summers of the Grange! you absolutely alarm me," said the magistrate: "and, pray, Sir, to whom may I now be addressing myself?" "To Edward Mortimer," replied the youth. "Surely not of Castleward?" inquired the magistrate. "The same, Sir," was the answer; "and I will be obliged," continued Edward, "by an order of admittance to my friend, if such is consistent with the prison regulations."

During the latter part of the conversation, Justice Weatherby, (for such was his name), had been busily employed in placing a chair for Mortimer, and the instant he had finished the foregoing sentence, he broke out in the following words:—"Pray be seated, my dear

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Sir! Prison regulations, indeed! I beg ten thousand pardons, but I never could have conceived, when I signed a warrant for the apprehension of Captain Somebody, which my clerk filled up, that it was against so respectable a man as Captain Summers of the Grange, for whose character, although I have not the honour of a personal acquaintance, I entertain the very highest respect. I trust you will not conceive I could have acted so for a moment, had I been aware such were the circumstances of the case; and in order to convince both you and Captain Summers how sincerely I regret what has happened, I will immediately attend you to the prison, and see what can be done with respect to liberating him on the instant. This I say, because, to confess the truth, I am utterly unacquainted with the nature of the charge against him; my attention having been exclusively taken up this morning, in considering what punishment I could inflict on some low villain or other, who has had the audacity to nearly cripple Lady Snarl's favourite

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puppy, merely for biting him, and that, you will admit, was a case of sufficient importance, considering her ladyship's rank, to excuse any trivial oversight of which I may have been guilty."

Mortimer, notwithstanding his contempt and chagrin, could not avoid smiling at the enormity of the imputed offence: however, without making any farther remark, he prepared to accompany the Dispenser of the Laws to the prison of his friend; whilst Weatherby, in whom were united an equal proportion of arrogance and servility, found in the momentary smile that played over the features of one who he considered his superior in rank, all the gratification it was in his nature to feel, his heart (if such it could be called) having been from his birth, callous to every feeling, except self-interest, and something that might, perhaps, without impropriety, be designated a beggarly ambition.

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CHAPTER XXII.

Friendship, sweet balm for every earthly ill,
First-born of virtue, welcome to my breast!
F. H.

On their arrival at the Gaol they were immediately admitted, and the Magistrate, after an awkward attempt at apology, offered to discharge Captain Summers directly on his own recognizance. This proposition was received in contemptuous silence by the Veteran, who, turning to welcome his young friend, asked him to be kind enough to inform the Magistrate, that having been once committed, he could only think of being liberated by the verdict of a Jury. Weatherby, who appeared rather embarrassed, almost immedi-

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ately afterwards thought proper to withdraw, leaving the friends together, and saying to Mortimer as he departed, "That he should be extremely happy to serve him in any manner he might think proper to dictate." This intimation was received with a distant bow, and the Magistrate made his exit, if not ashamed, at least a little confused.

Left to themselves, Edward Mortimer soon learned from his friend all the particulars he was himself yet acquainted with, and strongly recommended his putting in bail to answer the alledged offence. This, however, the Veteran refused to do, adding, that he had some doubts as to whether it was a bailable crime or not; and even if it were, he should decline doing so, for, considering his arrest illegal, he would by no means take any steps that might be considered as acknowledging its propriety. Although he regretted the inconvenience to which it would subject his friend, Edward approved the motive that urged him to endure confinement, and remained in the prison until he was in-

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formed that all strangers must depart according to existing regulations.

Mortimer, who could not help perceiving that his presence and conversation considerably alleviated the irksomeness of Captain Summers' confinement, would willingly have sent to request permission from the Magistrate to remain some hours later. The very mention of such an attempt was, however, interdicted by the Veteran, who, on taking leave of his youthful friend, after desiring to be remembered to his wife and daughter, concluded in the following words: "You cannot possibly have so very bad an opinion of me as to suppose that any gratification I might find in your society could tempt me to allow you to place yourself under any obligation to a man of that description. Adieu, my dear boy; at any time you can spare an hour I shall be more than happy to see you. I feel convinced, though only known for so short a time, that I need not recommend to your attention my unfortunate wife and child; and,

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believe me, when I say that any favour, however trivial, paid to them in their present circumstances, will meet with my most sincere and heartfelt gratitude." Another summons from the Gaoler obliged them to part, and, with no very enviable feelings on either side, the one betook himself to the apartment allotted for his present abode; and the other turned his horse's head towards that residence now rendered desolate by his absence.

Edward, on his arrival at the Cottage, found the wife and daughter of Captain Summers busily engaged in making preparations to remove on the following morning to Carrickfergus. After anxious inquiries respecting the situation of the prisoner, which Mortimer, of course, gave as favourable a report of as possible, and succeeded in quieting their fears, in some measure, respecting the probable issue of the affair; he tendered his services to remain in the house with them during the night, which, being accepted, and his sister also agreeing to stay, a servant

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was dispatched to Castleward to apprise the inmates of the arrangement in this instance adopted.

It were vain to attempt to describe the particular emotions of the different members of this family, when at length they retired to rest: those who possess hearts, even although never similarly situated, will know how to appreciate them; and for that class of beings who may be wanting in that essential, I profess not to write. Of Mortimer and his sister it may, however, be necessary to observe, that although they felt equally for the misfortunes of their friends, their different dispositions rendered the tendency of those feelings essentially different. Edward, mild, gentle, and perhaps possessed of more sensibility than is generally considered consistent with a masculine character, found himself oppressed by sorrow, unmixed by any other feeling: whilst his sister, proud, haughty, and, perhaps, revengeful, even in the midst of her regret, could not help admiring the spirit that had dictated the refusal to be dis-

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charged on the part of Captain Summers, and the desire of retaliation on his enemies, which she cherished, with the angry feeling accompanying it, prevented her from participating so acutely as her brother, in the misfortunes of their mutual acquaintance.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

"There are offences which, beneath revenge,
Excite a warm and lasting indignation."

F. H.

The following morning, saw Mrs. Summers and her daughter on their way to Carrickfergus, accompanied by Edward Mortimer and his sister; and on their arrival at the prison, they experienced the unequalled satisfaction of finding the Veteran, not only in perfect health, but enjoying a renovation of spirits that was equally unexpected and agreeable. The various necessary regulations having been made by Mortimer on the preceding evening, he informed the family of his friend that a lodging was prepared for them at a very short distance from the gaol, and they, learning it would be impossible to find accommodation within the walls of the prison,

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(where they had in the first instance intended to remain), thanked him for his attention, the whole party becoming by degrees reconciled to their present circumstances. In fact, had it not been for the continual recurrence of reflection on the loss they had, in Jane, so recently sustained, it might not have been impossible, even situated as they were, to have enjoyed some portion of happiness which never entirely deserts the guiltless, even when labouring under the pressure of unmerited misfortune.

In the course of the day, they received a visit from the Magistrate, who, by dint of assiduity, endeavoured to atone for the indignity with which he had treated Captain Summers on the preceding morning. Every offer of service, and he made not a few, was, however, very distantly received by the Veteran and his family, whilst Miss Mortimer, the warmth of whose disposition but ill brooked concealment of any kind, scarcely deigned to make any reply to the sickening sycophancy he lavished on her, on learning

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she was the daughter of Sir Henry Mortimer. After his departure, the party, although within the precincts of a prison, continued to pass the time pleasantly until the evening, when Mortimer, having seen Mrs. Summers and her daughter in some measure settled in their lodgings, took his leave for the night, and returned to Castleward, leaving his sister with the family of his friend.

Mention ought, however, to have been made that Captain Summers had received, during the day, a visit from his attorney, who highly approved of his refusal to be even admitted to bail, after his committal had taken place. The Veteran also learned that the Board of Customs had, on consideration of the case, directed immediate proceedings to be taken against both himself and Manderville, as it was added, with an appearance of mysterious importance, that doubts of a very serious nature existed respecting the character of the latter, for whose apprehension Government had gone so far as to offer a reward of One Thousand Pounds. This intel-

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ligence, though it caused some uneasiness to his family, had but little effect on Captain Summers himself, who, conscious of his entire innocence respecting the charge, and of the purity of his intentions in having afforded shelter to Manderville, considered the whole to be merely a stratagem of the prosecutor's to determine what had in reality become of the youth, against whom they appeared determined to proceed.

Reflecting, however, afterwards, on the latter part of this intelligence, Captain Summers could not avoid feeling himself somewhat uneasy; not indeed from any fear he entertained as to what might be the result of an investigation into the circumstances of the affair, but lest, in the meantime, any doubts might arise relative to the propriety of his conduct respecting Manderville; it seeming strange, even to him, that during the time he had continued his guest, he had never made the slightest disclosure respecting who he might be, farther than barely mentioning his name; and delicacy had, on the part of the Veteran, pre-

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vented any attempt to be informed of that which his guest wished evidently to conceal.

As, however, some considerable time had now elapsed since his disappearance, and Captain Summers had every reason to believe he had perished, together with his daughter, the Veteran resolved on the earliest opportunity *to* open the small mahogany case left in the chamber of his guest; in fact, that which Manderville had under his arm at the time he first invited him to his house, in order, if possible, to obtain from thence some information respecting the unfortunate youth, for whom he continued to entertain the liveliest sentiments of affection and regret.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

" Breathes there a man of soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own—my native land!
Whose heart hath not within him burn'd,
As homeward he his footsteps turn'd
From wand'ring on a foreign strand?"

WALTER SCOTT.

As Edward Mortimer was mounting his horse on the following morning, in order to rejoin his friends in Carrickfergus, he perceived two horsemen, followed by servants, approaching Castleward, at speed. Conceiving they might have something to communicate respecting Captain Summers, he alighted in order to await their arrival; and the two strangers immediately afterwards riding up to the house, dismounted, and giving their horses to their servants, knocked loudly at the principal door, for admittance to the mansion.

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Edward, who had by that time walked round from the back of the house, from whence he had first noticed their approach, advanced towards the elder of the two, and inquired what might be the object of their visit. The gentleman addressed, who appeared to be from fifty to sixty years of age, fixing his eyes attentively on him for a moment, replied, "My name is Mortimer; perhaps you will oblige me by mentioning my arrival to my son and daughter, if you are acquainted with them;" and whilst he was yet speaking, Edward threw himself into his arms, saying, "I, my dear Sir, am that son;" but overpowered by his emotion, could articulate no more.

When he had somewhat recovered himself, Sir Henry Mortimer introduced the gentleman that accompanied him, as Major Allensdale; and after learning from Edward that his sister was with a female friend in Carrickfergus, the whole party entered the mansion, Sir Henry Mortimer observing, "The house of my father's, you perceive, Allensdale, has shared the fate of its owner; the neglected

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ruins merely serving to prove what, perhaps, it once might have been:" there was a tremulous melancholy in the deep tones of his voice as he spoke, that smote heavily on the too sensitive heart of his son, and seemed to make a considerable impression even on the person to whom it was addressed.

After they had partaken of such refreshment as the house afforded, Sir Henry having expressed an ardent desire to see his daughter, Edward proposed riding to Carrickfergus in order to bring her home; which being assented to, he immediately afterwards departed, anxious to share the happiness he had himself enjoyed, (in beholding, for the first time within his remembrance, his only surviving parent,) with a sister, whom he regarded with such unalloyed sentiments of affection, as are seldom found to exist between persons so closely united by the ties of consanguinity.

When Edward had withdrawn, Major Allensdale, addressing Sir Henry Mortimer, said, "I congratulate you most sincerely on

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the personal accomplishments of your son; he really appears to be a very fine young man." "Why, yes," answered Sir Henry, with some degree of hesitation; "but to confess the truth, Allensdale, he is not exactly what I expected; however, he has the appearance and manners of a gentleman, and that, perhaps, is all I ought to wish or expect." "Indeed, Sir Henry, I see nothing either to complain of, or object to," replied the Major; "whence, may I ask, arises the hesitation which I observe in your approval?" "I hardly know," answered Mortimer, "except that I conceive he would better become a pulpit than a saddle;" "but, Allensdale," (continued he,) "we have other subjects for consideration: that really appears to have been an unfortunate business of Manderville's." "You have made me but partially acquainted with the circumstances attending it," said the Major; "I shall be happy to have them more minutely detailed, if you conceive they might here be safely communicated." "By all means," said Sir Henry, who, having first

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carefully examined the apartment, drew his chair closer to the Major's, and proceeded as follows:—

"It were useless to recapitulate to you, who have witnessed them; the sacrifices and exertions I have for a series of years been making, with the hopes of one day seeing this country free, and our Holy religion triumphant over every danger, which for our sins have been permitted to beset it. Forsaking my home—my friends—nay, even my children, incessently have I laboured in the same great cause; and consider myself richly repaid, by the prospect that now opens of our ultimate success. Guess, therefore, my chagrin, on learning, when I arrived in England some days since, that the attention of Government had been directed to this quarter, (the most important to us) by the ridiculous brawling of that Manderville, in whom, as I have before told you, I had placed the greatest possible confidence."

"In order, however, that you may distinctly understand me, it may be necessary to recal to your remembrance, that on being in-

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formed by our agents the time had arrived for our attempt to liberate this unhappy country from the thraldom and oppression of the English; this Manderville, who, (although merely a youth,) has already distinguished himself on several occasions as a soldier, and had likewise the reputation of being a skilful mariner; which skill, however acquired, (and there are doubts on that subject) was then likely to be of service to us, attached himself to our cause; being shortly afterwards appointed second in command of a ship mounting eighteen guns: which, with D'Lambert as Captain, was directed to land a variety of military stores on this coast. The first imprudence they were guilty of, was in attacking an armed vessel, having a quantity of specie on board, which, however, they captured; but a misunderstanding unfortunately taking place between D'Lambert and Manderville, gave rise to a variety of misfortunes that afterwards attended the expedition, and to which, in fact, must be imputed its final discomfiture."

"In the month of December last, they ar-

rived in this bay, the ship's company being at that time entirely divided; the Englishmen belonging to the crew siding with Manderville, and the Foreigners continuing faithful to D'Lambert, the vessel was left entirely to the management of the latter, who, by the way, it must be admitted, knew but little of maritime affairs. Such, indeed, was his ignorance, that I have been given to understand the vessel became imminently endangered, so much so, as to force him at length to request the assistance of Manderville, who, after taking charge of the ship, quickly regained a station comparatively secure. The worst part, however, remains to be told. Shortly after they had anchored, another sail was seen standing into the bay, which proved to be a frigate dispatched by Government in search of them; on receiving intelligence of the capture of the vessel before alluded to; and let it suffice, that an action of some duration taking place between them; Manderville, finding himself overpowered, at the moment both ships took the

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ground, in spite of the remonstrances of D'Lambert, set fire to a train communicating with the magazine, and instantly destroyed both the vessels engaged. What appears most extraordinary is, that Manderville and a few of his partizans escaped; for such was the state of the weather at the time, that I am informed their preservation amounted almost to a miracle."

"Little more remains to be said; it were natural to suppose that an occurrence such as this, attended with all its awful accompaniments, would at least have been a warning: still it appears, Manderville was not aware of the escape of any one, save himself; and even government became shortly afterwards satisfied that every individual on board both ships had perished, as they withdrew a reward that had been offered for the apprehension of any of the survivors. All, therefore, might have been well; but it seems Manderville, within a few hours, quarrelled with an Exciseman, or something of the kind; and as he possesses an uncommon proportion of per-

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sonal strength, together with a degree of ferocity, perhaps unequalled; the result of an encounter that occurred between them was, that the Exciseman got himself hurled from the top of a precipice; by the fall from which, several of his bones were fractured. This, together with some other adventures equally imprudent and equally desperate, called at length the attention of Government again towards Manderville, who, however, has hitherto contrived to elude their vigilance with his usual ability; rewarding the hospitality of a brave and honourable soldier, (although of mistaken principles,) by making his daughter the companion of his flight."

"These, Allensdale, are the circumstances which, as they may in some measure retard our operations, have of late pressed heavily on my mind; and led you, perhaps, to suppose that I may not retain that ardent love for my country, which you ever have deemed the prime spring of my existence. Believe me, none, save myself, can appreciate the sensations with which, after an absence of twenty

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years, I first beheld her rocky and weather-beaten shore; and if I thought my heart contained one drop of blood undevoted to her cause, I would instantly let it forth; for on its prosperity depends, all I have left of hope, of happiness, or life!"

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CHAPTER XXV.

" Ambition often cloaks
Its selfish motives, and insidious views,
Beneath the semblance of devoted virtue!
That virtue, too, the most approv'd of Heav'n,
The first, the best that can adorn mankind,
Rever'd by all, and Patriotism named!"

F. H.

As Sir Henry Mortimer concluded, the door of the apartment opened, and Edward and Sophia made their appearance; on being named to her parent, Miss Mortimer threw herself into his arms, and some idea might be formed of their emotions by the rapid changes their countenances underwent: such, indeed, was the agitation of Sir Henry, that he staggered back and fell in a chair, which appeared the more extraordinary from the apparent apathy with which he had received his son: this he afterwards accounted for, by ascribing it to the uncommon likeness his

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daughter bore to her lamented, and still unforgotten, mother. A brief period proving, however, sufficient to re-establish his composure, and Sophia having shortly afterwards retired to superintend some domestic arrangements, he, together with his son, and Major Allensdale, remained in the apartment by themselves.

Edward, as they continued for some time silent, had an opportunity of observing the personal appearances of Sir Henry and his companion; the former, although some years turned of fifty, retaining all the vigour of manhood, the iron-like muscles of his majestic person appearing equally full and well-defined as ever they had done at any period of his life. His countenance was such as might be truly called handsome, shrouded, indeed, by a considerable degree of melancholy; that, however, was, in some measure, obviated by the enthusiasm that sparkled in his eyes, which, although large, had an appearance of being deeply set, from the prominence of the nose, the cheek bones, and eye brows. Con-

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siderably above the common stature; his raven hair partially silvered by the hand of time, Mortimer might altogether have been considered a favourable specimen of the "chiefs of other days," his manner being, however, divested of any of that assumed superiority, which the then uncivilized state of society rendered one of their distinguishing characteristics.

Major Allensdale, although he fell greatly short of Sir Henry in appearance, was by no means what could be called ordinary; a light florid complexion, and clear blue eye, with a person remarkable for cleanliness, well became his profession; a certificate of the service he had seen appearing on his brow, in the shape of a sabre wound, which was far from having a bad effect on his open and manly countenance. His manners seemed to be mild and attentive: his deportment altogether gentlemanlike, not, perhaps, entirely divested of some bias towards insinuation, whenever he addressed himself to Sir Henry Mortimer.

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The silence was at length broken, by the latter saying to his son, "I perceive, Edward, you have punctually obeyed my directions, in having only the internal parts of the house properly arranged—pray, have you ascertained the state of the troop of Castleward cavalry, whom you were likewise instructed to make inquiries respecting?" "I have attempted it, sir," replied Edward, "but Adjutant Lorepeace not only declined making any communications, except to yourself in person, but absolutely refused to allow the men to assist in searching the neighbourhood for a young gentleman and lady who had lately disappeared most mysteriously, although I repeatedly urged him to do so: altogether, I fear you will find them in a very disorganised state, as Captain Summers, who resides at no great distance from hence, and with whom I have the honour to be acquainted, has informed me it is now some years since they have even been mustered." "I thought as much," replied his father; and turning to the Major, he continued, "I must get you,

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Allensdale, to look into this business immediately; perhaps by the time I return from the interior, you may have been able to get them into some little order." "I will endeavour to do so, Sir Henry," replied the Major; and dinner being directly afterwards announced, the conversation was necessarily interrupted.

For some time the exterior of Sir Henry Mortimer's house remained, notwithstanding his arrival, in precisely the same state it had been for years; his son, however, noticed, with surprise, that every night large quantities of barrels, boxes, and various kinds of packages arrived at the Hall, and were deposited in the cellars, out-houses, and even in some of the apartments. What appeared still more extraordinary was, that Sir Henry himself always superintended their removal, causing all the fires to be carefully extinguished before they arrived, which, as before said, took place only at night. Conceiving that the packages merely formed a part of his father's baggage, Edward forbore making any inquiry,

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particularly as no observation of any kind ever fell from Sir Henry on the subject; indeed, so intensely did he appear to be engaged, that, except with Major Allendale, little intercourse took place between him and any of his household, (which was by this time considerably increased,) except at meal times, when they were of necessity called together.

Such being the case, Edward and his sister had frequent opportunities of visiting Captain Summers and his family, to which Sir Henry, (notwithstanding his religious and political opinions were diametrically opposed to those of the Veteran,) made not the slightest objection. In fact, these visits, by diverting the attention of his children from the occurrences taking place at Castleward, and causing at times their temporary absence from thence, were rather agreeable than otherwise: for, although it might be improper to accuse Sir Henry Mortimer of want of affection for his children, it must in justice be acknowledged, that towards them his feelings were but of a

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secondary nature, compared to those he entertained on another subject; which cannot perhaps be better described, than as an enthusiastic patriotism, not wholly unalloyed by some whisperings of ambition.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

"And now the Soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and whisker'd like a Pard,
Seeking the bubble, Reputation,
E'en in the cannon's mouth."

SHAKSPEARE.

Things had continued in this state for some time, when Edward, returning one evening rather later than usual from Carrickfergus, was astonished, on approaching Castleward, to perceive in the immediate vicinity an immense number of men and horses collected together. According to appearance, judging from the ground they covered, their number could be but little short of a thousand; and, on his nearer approach, he became convinced they were soldiers, by the glittering of their arms in the moonlight. Surprised, and somewhat alarmed, at so unexpected an appearance, the youth rode hastily forward, but was stopped

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before he had proceeded far by the military interrogation of "Who comes there?" on being recognised he was, however, instantly permitted to pass, and shortly afterwards arrived in the court-yard of the mansion, which he found similarly occupied. Dismounting, hastily, he entered the house, and in a chamber of very large dimensions, that had for many years been disused, but which was now not only in perfect order, but magnificently furnished, the youth found from forty to fifty persons assembled, who he concluded were officers of some kind, from a uniform they all wore, of green cloth, richly embroidered with gold.

Seated at the head of a table that extended the whole length of the apartment, Edward quickly recognised his father, together with a few other persons who alone availed themselves of the accommodation of seats, apparently engaged in writing, folding, and examining a variety of papers that lay scattered before them. Sir Henry raised his eyes for a moment on the entrance of his son, but

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instantly, without speaking, or seeming to know who he was, resumed his former employment; and the astonishment of Edward subsiding by degrees, he had time to make observations on the persons assembled, whose appearance collectively was picturesque in the extreme, particularly by the light they were seen in. Their jackets, for they could not with propriety be called coats, were, as before said, of green cloth, fitted tightly to the shape, profusely laced with gold, and embellished with shoulder knots of the very richest description: white buckskin pantaloons, with military boots that reached above the knee, and large gauntlet gloves of chamois leather, completed their personal attire; to which was added, a helmet of bright steel, elaborately inlaid with brass. Their arms consisted of heavy basket-hilted cut-and-thrust swords in steel scabbards, suspended from broad buff belts, which they wore tightly buckled round the waist, instead of over the shoulder, forming a girdle, wherein a brace of pistols were placed, and which also supported a cartouch box, capable

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of containing a considerable quantity of ammunition. The only difference observable in the dress of the horse and foot regiments, for there appeared to be some of both, was, that the former were without the half-pikes borne by the latter, whilst they (the foot) wore neither pistols, boots, nor cartridge-box.

The vivid glare of a great number of lamps threw the strongest possible degrees of light and shade over the athletic forms; the dark, strongly marked, and expressive countenances of the assembly; the greater part of whom possessed that Spaniard-like cast of features observable in the descendants of the ancient Millesians. The high strait forehead, prominent nose, and jet black hair, together with the full sparkling "oriental eye" and dark brown complexion, were not only evidences of their origin, but told likewise the fiery impetuosity of spirit by which they are generally distinguished. Perhaps, to a painter desirous of sketching a group of warriors, a better opportunity could not have presented itself; for Nature, on the front of every indi-

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vidual there assembled, had written *Soldier*, in characters it was impossible to mistake.

A universal silence pervaded the meeting, interrupted only, from time to time, by the chiefs at the head of the table calling some of the surrounding officers by name, and giving them private instructions, which, once received, they immediately departed. Edward, after witnessing this scene for a considerable period, at length resolved on seeking his sister, in order, if possible, to obtain some information respecting it, and found her seated amidst several females entirely unknown to him, in the apartment they usually occupied. To an interrogation of who her company might be, which he addressed to Sophia on the earliest opportunity afforded him, she replied, that they were entire strangers; but that Sir Henry, on their arriving with some of the gentlemen in an adjoining room, had desired her to entertain them. Lost in conjecture, Edward, uncertain whether he ought to return to the presence of his father or not, was on the point of quitting the chamber, when a servant

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announced that Sir Henry wished to see him on the instant; and the intimation being readily obeyed, Miss Mortimer's attention was again solely devoted to the entertainment of her numerous guests.

Far, however, from appearing strange in such a situation, there was that in her manner and appearance which bespoke her completely at home; a lady-like ease distinguishing her every motion, as void of timidity as it was clear of affectation. Attentive, though not officious, and evidently desirous of pleasing, without any of the display that too frequently accompanies such an intention; Miss Mortimer formed the centre of a group containing as much beauty as any similar assembly could ever boast; their cheerful, blooming, and youthful countenances, forming an agreeable contrast to the worn tapestry, and antique furniture by which they were surrounded.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

" The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip,
To haud the wretch in order;
But where you feel your honour grip,
Let that still be your border.
Its slightest touches instant passe,
Debar a' side pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences!" BURNS.

Edward Mortimer, on entering the apartment in which he had so recently left assembled such a number of persons, was surprised to find them all retired, save his father and another man, dressed in black, that stood by his side; whose presence Edward had not before noticed; neither was his appearance such as greatly to prepossess him in his favour. The stranger seemed to be about the same height as Sir Henry Mortimer, (which, as before remarked, considerably

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exceeded that usually seen,) notwithstanding time had in some degree bent a form that must have been once of Herculean proportions. His age might be eighty or upwards; yet he still appeared to possess considerable vigor, and being almost bald, his high round forehead had a seeming craft, with a tincture of malignity about it; that once beheld, impressed itself forcibly on the memory. From the instant Edward entered the apartment the small grey eye of the stranger was fixed with a scrutinizing gaze upon him, in such a way, as not only to confuse, but in some measure displease him, both at its intensity and continuance.

Advancing, however, respectfully towards Sir Henry, Edward inquired the purport of his commands; and having seated himself, at his father's desire, was addressed by him as follows: "Edward, the time has now arrived when it becomes my duty to inform you, that after years of toil, I, together with some gallant associates, have at length matured a plan for ridding this unfortunate country of

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the bondage it so long has laboured under, and re-establishing that Holy Religion, the partial subversion of which has only been permitted by Providence, as a punishment for our manifold offences. Notwithstanding, I am convinced, that, as my son, you must feel more than anxious to bear arms in such a cause; yet do I consider myself in honour bound to point out to you the consequences attending on a failure in our enterprise; in order that you may not blindly be led, even by a father, into any course you may hereafter consider erroneous.

"Know then, there are nearly three thousand men in the immediate neighbourhood ready to devote themselves to God and their country, in hourly expectation of being reinforced by supplies from his most Christian Majesty; and a gradual combination of all professing the same religious and political opinions. It must not, however, be concealed from you, that to our design is opposed the whole force and influence of government, as at present established; and should we fail,

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the consequences were inevitably fatal. Thus, in possession of all it is necessary to impart to you, I now inquire whether you will in this cause embark at once, your fortune and your life, regardless as to how it may terminate; and with a resolution of performing whatever duties may be required of you, either in its adversity or success?"

Edward was so astonished at the suddenness of this communication, as to be unable to give any immediate answer; the whole of the sentiments expressed by his father being repulsive to those in which he had been educated; the person who had the superintendance of his education having, unknown to Sir Henry, placed him at a Protestant seminary, whilst his sister, on the contrary, had been boarded at a convent. What then were his feelings, at having, as it were by surprise, communicated to him that, in a much-loved parent, he beheld one whom his education taught him to consider, at once a bigot and a rebel? The confusion he laboured under was at once penetrated by the

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stranger mentioned, as standing by his father, who, as by intuition, seemed also to divine its origin. A momentary triumph, or something nearly allied to it, seemed to sparkle in his eyes, as without allowing him any time for reflection, he addressed him by saying, "My son, you have heard the question proposed to you by your father, you surely can have no hesitation as to the reply you ought to make." "Father! (interrupted Sir Henry Mortimer) I must insist on having Edward's unbiassed answer; your zeal may be for you a sufficient excuse; but to a parent, (leading his child probably to the very verge of destruction), the consolation of knowing it was his own choice, might, at least, be allowed him!" The Churchman appeared somewhat abashed as he spoke, not without some mixture of an angry feeling, which was shewn by the flush that kindled on his cheek, as he retired a step backward, from the spot in which he had been originally standing.

After a vehement struggle between filial affection, and that which honour and conscience alike pointed out to him as the proper

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course to pursue; Edward, with a faultering voice, and that choaking sensation sometimes experienced by those who are violently agitated by the tenderest emotions, at length ventured to say to his father, "You do not appear, Sir, to be aware that my education has been such as to lead me to doubt whether the Roman Catholic religion is in any way superior to that known by the name of the Reformed; or that the sentiments pointed out to me as right, would deter me from throwing off that allegiance which I owe to a Sovereign, whose subject I was born." If the surprise of Edward had been manifest, the astonishment of Sir Henry infinitely surpassed it, at this declaration of his son's; thunderstruck, as it were, nay, unable for some moments to comprehend him; his eyes remained fixed on Edward, with an expression of vacancy that they by no means usually wore; and even after he had somewhat recovered himself, the large cold drops which stood on his brow, bespoke the internal agony he endured.

Such, indeed, was the effect produced on

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Sir Henry, that after twice vainly attempting to articulate, he sunk exhausted on a seat, and motioned to Edward to retire. This being repeated, the youth felt it his duty to withdraw; but before he left the apartment, having accidentally glanced towards the Priest, he perceived an expression of gratified malignity on his countenance, that conspicuously displayed itself, in spite of his efforts to suppress it. Shocked beyond measure, and scarcely able to define the nature of his feelings, the youth hastened to his chamber and threw himself on the bed, where his harrassed spirits soon found a temporary relief, in disturbed and frequently interrupted slumbers. Such, however, had been the impression made on his fancy, by the general deportment and peculiar appearance of the Churchman; (who, although his father's confessor, he had never, until that evening, seen) that even in his dreams his features recurred to him, attended by the most frightful accompaniments. At length, suddenly starting out of a sound sleep, with a degree of terror hitherto wholly

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unknown, and unable longer to continue in bed, he arose; then seating himself in a chair, reclining at the same time on a table before him, Edward gave way to feelings of the most acute anguish; which, in fact, it would have been impossible to sustain; unassisted by the approvings of "the small still voice of conscience—that sentinel, placed by nature on the outworks of perception, whose warning, like a trumpet, speaks in volumes to the soul!"

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

" Conscience—thou torment of the guilty breast,
Say whence thy pow'r, that with resistless force
Recalls the memory of the hidden crime?
In what recesses of the heart remains
That latent impulse ever on the watch,
To mar enjoyment, and awake remorse?
Is it that fear and prejudice, combin'd
With education, and a mind disturb'd,
Breed in the heart an artificial dread?
Or does some particle of Heav'nly fire,
Plac'd by a Power supreme, pervade the soul;
Waking perception to a sense of ill?
It is!———I feel its influence divine
Thrill through my heart, and urge me to repentance!"

F. H.

On the following morning, Sir Henry Mortimer arose, pale, exhausted, and feverish, owing to the agitation he had undergone during the night; and immediately sent a servant to request that Major Allensdale would favour him with his presence as quickly as convenient. On his entrance, Sir Henry,

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motioning him to a chair, after thanking him for inquiries made respecting his health, with great apparent anxiety, informed him he wished his presence, in order to communicate certain circumstances which he could not help considering as misfortunes; and as he needed his advice, hoped what he was about to say, would meet with his most serious attention.

The Major having assured him it should be undivided, Sir Henry proceeded as follows: "Allensdale, convinced as I am of your friendship to me, and thorough devotion to the cause in which we have been for a long period, although in different countries, engaged; it has doubtlessly appeared strange that, since we have been together, I have forborne fully detailing to you, the circumstances whence arose my connection with that cause which is equally dear to us as Christians, as Patriots, and Men! This seeming reluctance, you must not, however, conceive to have arisen in any diffidence I entertained of the propriety of placing in you the most implicit

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confidence; but rather to a dread I labour under, of recalling to remembrance a certain feeling, the poignancy of which has been in some measure blunted by the influence of time. Circumstances (and one in particular,) have, however, transpired within the last few hours, that render your advice not only necessary, but indispensible; and in order that you may fully understand the case I have to submit to your consideration, I will now lay before you a brief sketch of that life, the events of which, in some measure, gave rise to my present unhappy situation."

"It would of course be equally tedious and unnecessary to lay before you any of the common occurrences of childhood, or detain your attention to scenes such as are familiar to the generality of youth. Suffice it to inform you, that at the age of sixteen I was deprived of both my parents, who died within a few days of each other; and hence I date the origin of every misfortune that has since befallen me. Left entirely to my own manage-

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ment, with merely a nominal guardian, I, as heir to a Baronetcy, and an estate which, although known to be heavily encumbered, was also undoubtedly estimated as of very considerable extent, found no difficulty in raising whatever sums of money I pleased; or any deficiency of companions to assist me in its dissipation. Young, inexperienced, and thoughtless, it is not surprising if, with such opportunities, I plunged headlong into the tide of extravagance; or that having no pilot to guide me through the quicksands, which on every side beset me, I eventually became wrecked in fortune, in happiness, and mind."

"It was my misfortune to be possessed of, from nature, a species of feeling which I cannot better describe than by calling it a bastard generosity; an incapacity to refuse any request, no matter by whom preferred, with an aptitude to squander, originating, I believe, (for I wish to conceal nothing) in a contemptible pride, that rendered me desirous of being considered the patron of my associates. One

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bright scene was, however, vouchsafed me by fate in the course of my existence; in my twenty-eighth year I met with a woman, I will not—cannot say I loved her; let it suffice, she was afterwards my wife—— I dare not dwell upon this subject, lest I should be unable to proceed; my marriage, unfortunately, made but little difference in my general habits; until, at length, an unbounded expenditure not only disorganised my affairs, but rendered them, I may say, absolutely desperate."

"The embarrassments to which I was quickly reduced, first awakened me to a knowledge of the characters I was acquainted with; on whom I had lavished my fortune without even a shadow of return. No sooner was I suspected to be poor, than those who had formerly flattered me as possessed of some ability, and profited by my credulity, began to discover I was either a madman or a fool: hence, from friendly, they became familiar; from familiar, distant; and from dis-

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tant, strange. That which, however, enraged me far beyond the rest, was a pretended pity that some affected to entertain for me; which arising, as I knew it must, from the foulest festerings of the basest ingratitude, that sought to repay by contempt, a debt contracted with folly; never failed to hurry me into the most violent paroxysms of rage, to which I ever have been constitutionally subject."

"I ought, however, previously to have mentioned, that whilst I was so young as to be easily led by example, the character of a duelist was represented to me as the greatest and most enviable it was possible to attain. Think not, Allensdale, that I am seeking in any way to palliate the unfortunate circumstance I am about to name—no; the memory of it has been, if I may be allowed the expression, a plague-spot in my heart; and I trust the compunction—the horror which the remembrance never fails to awaken in me, may be accepted by Heaven as, in

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some measure, an atonement for the enormity of the offence."

"Briefly, then, let me say, that, after I had been for some years married, I accidentally attended a ball, in a town not far from hence; and in the course of the evening had the misfortune to meet one of my former companions in the Colonel of a Regiment, then quartered there. It is only necessary to add, that the officiousness or friendship of another person in the room, led me to a knowledge that the Colonel had made some objectionable observations with respect to my character. On my interrogating him on the subject, his reply was couched in that contemptuous, or rather indifferent language, which cannot, with propriety, be addressed even to idiots or inferiors; and I, transported beyond bearing at the insult, unfortunately struck him on the instant. We separated for the night, but met early on the following morning, and in a few moments he had ceased to exist; whilst I

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remained oppressed with a consciousness, that to the catalogue of my former vices, was added the crime of coolly premeditated, and deliberate murder!"

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CHAPTER XXIX.

"Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand?"

WALTER SCOTT.

Sir Henry Mortimer, whose agitation had been extreme during the time he was speaking, particularly towards the latter part of the foregoing paragraph, after pausing to recover himself, proceeded with his narrative as follows: "Allensdale, it is with considerable reluctance, even after the lapse of twenty years, that I prevail on myself to mention the worse than misfortune to which I was subsequently exposed. In a word, to say that owing to my folly, my worse than brutal rage, I not only stained my hands with the blood of a fellow-creature; but, by the consequences arising from my rashness, tended

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to sap the foundation of an existence infinitely dearer to me than my own. The reflection is even at this moment maddening—you will appreciate my feelings when I say, that a youthful and beloved wife fell a sacrifice to the devoted attention she paid to an unworthy, but not ungrateful, husband; and all I can add is, that with her perished my every particle of hope, or prospect of happiness. Vainly did I seek to console myself; my heart felt chilled at her absence; and that impatient sickness, that worse than irksomeness, the most relentless harpy in the retinue of despair, took full possession of my soul: rendering me a burthen to myself, and a continuance of existence, the evil I most dreaded, nay, I might truly say, abhorred!"

"In this deplorable, this reprobate state, had I continued for some time, when Father Grenville, my present, and since continued, Confessor, found means to divert my attention in some measure from my griefs, by arousing me to a sense of what I owed alike to my Country and my God! You, Allensdale,

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dislike him; therefore I will only mention, that an accidental meeting served to introduce me to a man, who, although austere and singular in his manners, has yet, by his exhortations, pointed out to me the course to be pursued; and led me, step by step, to what I deem a very near approach, to the accomplishment of all that now, on earth, can interest me."

"But, let me proceed regularly: I ought to have said that, some weeks after my duel with Colonel Conway, as I was sauntering one evening, at no great distance from home, I was stabbed by some unknown person, who fled and escaped. This wound, although I survived it, proved fatal to my wife, from the shock she sustained, and, I conceive, had a considerable effect on my constitution, a continual lowness of spirits thenceforth oppressing me. For some time (even after I became known to him,) the efforts of Father Grenville were insufficient to arouse me from the lethargy into which I had been plunged by the above-mentioned misfortunes; at

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length, however, by perseverance, he partially succeeded; and, amidst my gloomy reflections, began, sometimes, to be mingled hopes, arising, I know not whence, for I had until then been indifferent to Religion; and, to say the least of it, unmindful of my Country. Be it as it may, those subjects thenceforth began at first to divide, and afterwards exclusively to engross, my attention; this I am aware I owe to my Confessor; and were the manifold mortifications known to you that he underwent in the attempt to awaken me to a sense of my duty, even you must give him credit for his zeal, his humility, and unwearied perseverance."

"Do not, however, suppose I ever was so base, so degenerate, as to be wanting in love to my Country: think, rather, the subject had never before been properly brought under my notice. By degrees I became impatient at the degradation I daily witnessed; which, added to a new-born zeal for an oppressed Religion, to which, as I have before said, I had been formerly indifferent, excited in me

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a desire, I may say, to regenerate my countrymen, on the one hand; and, on the other, to re-establish that Religion in all its ancient immunities. Believe me, however, it was not without remorse that I contemplated the probable bloodshed and distress that awaited on a people, subjected to such a struggle, as that which must necessarily attend on the prosecution of my scheme. Yes,—yes! even amidst the day-dreams of a fervid imagination, which speaks to me of triumph, of more—of the deliverance of my country; that reflection will at times intrude itself, and blight in a moment the very blossoms of my promised happiness. Allensdale, even now, in spite of the urgings of Grenville, I am sometimes led to doubt, whether the advantages which may attend even on our success, may not be counterbalanced by the evils that must necessarily ensue; and that even in prosperity we shall be considered by the unbiassed, and discriminating, rather as disturbers than patriots. Could I believe it!—could I conceive that such would be the result of our undertaking, even now

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would I stop, as it were, in mid career; and resign life, hope, nay, honour itself; to save this land, whose fields have already too often been saturated with the blood of her children, the pangs that must attend on the renewal of such scenes! Yes!" exclaimed Sir Henry Mortimer, starting on his feet, "Yes, by Heavens! to me more dear is the blood of the veriest boor that draws his breath in this 'land of my fathers,' than all that fortune, all that fame can bestow!—and yet, perhaps, at this moment I may deserve the curses, rather than the blessings of a country; to whom is devoted (though perhaps with a mistaken zeal) every wish of my heart, every sentiment of my soul!"

The feelings of Mortimer had by this time so completely mastered him, as entirely to deprive him of the power of utterance; whilst his broken, half suppressed, and almost convulsive sobs, told that his heart, from emotion, had become swollen almost beyond the capability of his bosom to contain. Throwing himself at length into a chair, he covered his

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eyes with his hand, and so long did he continue without in any manner respiring; that, had it not been for the tears that forced their way between his fingers, Major Allensdale would have concluded, that animation itself had become either partially, or totally suspended.

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CHAPTER XXX.

"But mankind a' are unco weak,
And little to be trusted,
If self the wav'ring balance shake,
'Tis rarely right adjusted."

BURNS.

Severe, indeed, and painfully acute were the sensations awakened in the heart of Sir Henry Mortimer, by reflection on the probable consequences attending on the undertaking he had long concerted, and now, as it were, matured. At length, however, ambition, which, unknown even to himself, undoubtedly possessed some hold on his heart; in some measure, successfully combated that patriotism, which it were unjust to deny he also cherished; and when to the aid of the former, came those whisperings of glory, which the human heart is seldom capable of resist-

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ing: the victory was speedily achieved; whilst inwardly persuading himself that the duty he owed his country pointed out to him the proper course to pursue, he did not even suspect his motives were allayed by any less worthy feeling; so completely are we blinded to evil when our passions act as ushers, to the dictates of inclination.

After continuing silent for some time, and having by degrees recovered from the effects of his emotion, he again addressed himself to the Major, whom respect had prevented from attempting to break in on excess of feeling he saw it was impossible to assuage. "Allensdale, excuse me—I had not thought it were possible I again could shed a tear!—you may in some measure judge of the agony of that moment which could wring such drops as these, from the iron eye of one, so accustomed to misfortune—but let it pass: I was explaining to you the source of our present enterprise. Suffice it, that finding any attempt would be impracticable at the period I am speaking of, and being also desirous of ac-

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quiring some experience in the military art, so necessary in order to insure success, I determined to leave my country for a time, as well to acquire the above-named knowledge, as to sound whether any Catholic Potentate would be willing to encourage and assist in such an undertaking."

"To you, who are already acquainted with them, it is unnecessary to recount the various services I have been since engaged in, the experience or reputation I acquired; such particulars, in fact, ever better becoming others to relate, than the individual who is, or has been personally concerned. It is only requisite to mention, that I had the good fortune to acquire the best wishes and promised assistance of the King of France; and have, at length, arrived on a spot, which shortly must become the scene of our triumph or disgrace. Fierce will be the struggle! Yet let our banner be but once displayed: give us but time to concentrate our force, and, if we fail, fate stands acquitted—ours is all the blame! Still, Allensdale, amidst the success that has

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hitherto attended me, Providence is pleased to inflict a misfortune which only could be surpassed by any failure in our aims. Know, that on my leaving England, I entrusted the education of my son to a person on whom I thought I could rely, and that he has betrayed that trust, in a manner the most base and dishonourable. Not contented with disobeying my instructions, in almost every other respect, he has tampered with the eternal welfare of my child, and instilled into him an attachment to those accursed, those heretical doctrines, the very source of our misfortunes, our degradations, and distress! This, then, is the subject on which I require your advice; as Edward last night, in the presence of Grenville, not only refused to participate in our undertaking, but at once acknowledged his attachment, his devotion to the cause of our opponents. Speak, Allensdale; what would you advise me to do?"

"Sir Henry," replied the Major, "this is a case in which I would rather not give an opinion; in fact, I feel myself incapable of

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doing so. There cannot be the slightest danger of the young gentleman's betraying us; and the assistance of a single individual can be of little consequence to an undertaking such as ours. Grenville, last night, was speaking to me on the same subject; and, to confess the truth, I thought he used language not at all suited to his sacred character, so much so, that I was at length under the necessity of telling him, I either did not rightly understand his object; or that he had altogether mistaken the character of the person to whom he was addressing himself." "To me, also, he spoke of coercive measures," resumed Sir Henry, "and thence arose my desire of consulting you. If I conceived our cause was in any way endangered by the youth, I should not hesitate a moment, notwithstanding our consanguinity, to prevent the possibility of such a result; and Grenville has assured me, be what will the consequences in the eyes of Heaven, I should not only stand absolved, but that the sacrifice would be doubly acceptable both from its nature and

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extent." Major Allensdale was a Catholic; he also was a soldier, engaged in a cause he considered a just one; yet could he scarcely believe the evidence of his senses on hearing Sir Henry Mortimer pronounce the above sentence. Shocked beyond what he had ever before been, and unknowing how to reply, he remained silent for a time, when, as Sir Henry was about to proceed, a servant made known to him that Grenville wished his presence for a few minutes in his chamber. Apologising to the Major for leaving him so abruptly, and requesting him to give the subject of their conversation some consideration, Sir Henry Mortimer retired, leaving Allensdale completely at a loss to comprehend the ingredients of which his character was composed.

At first he entertained some doubts as to whether he ought not to consider him literally a madman; but an instant reflection dissipated that idea, certainly not to make room for any of a much more flattering description. The conversation he had, it appeared, entertained with Grenville on the preceding even-

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ing, in which the latter had hinted something of the same kind, now recurred to his memory; and pervaded at once by feelings of horror and indignation, Major Allensdale departed to pursue his customary occupation, that of superintending the military arrangements connected with their enterprise: uncertain what conjecture to form or steps to pursue; and awakened, for the first time in his life, to a sense of the effects produced by a blind fanaticism, operating on a sanguine and melancholy disposition.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

"Fierce he broke forth, and dar'st thou then
To beard a lion in his den—
A Douglass in his hall!"

WALTER SCOTT.

When Sir Henry Mortimer left Major Allensdale, he hastened to a small chamber adjoining an extensive library, which, on account of the concealment necessary to be observed by Grenville, had been selected for his occupancy; he, according to his own account, having long since been outlawed for his religious and political opinions. On his arrival there, Sir Henry found his Confessor attended by another person, who, from his appearance, was also a Priest, seated at a table covered with black cloth, whereon stood a silver crucifix and two large candles, as,

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notwithstanding it was day, had they not been burning the room, or closet, would have been in perfect darkness, it being without windows, and ventilated only by communicating with the library; in fact, the whole appearance bespeaking it had been built entirely for the purpose of concealment, without any regard whatever to convenience.

"My son," said Grenville, as he entered, "I have sent for you for the purpose of communicating the arrival of that messenger whom we have so impatiently waited for. Father St. Roque," continued he, (pointing to an elderly man that sat on his left hand, and who rose on his name being mentioned,) "brings intelligence that our friends and allies, the subjects of the King of France, will arrive here in the course of a few days; therefore the utmost promptitude will be necessary in collecting our forces, and definitively settling the plan to be pursued." "That is already done," replied Sir Henry; "we wait but the coming of our friends to render our arrangements complete, and insure

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our success. Allow me, at the same time," continued he, extending his hand to St. Roque, "to express my satisfaction at the safe arrival of so eminently pious and valuable a friend as he, whom I now have the pleasure of addressing." "God bless you, my son," answered the Priest; "may your exertions be as successful as they are praiseworthy." There was a degree of unaffected fervour in his expression, and, at the same time, a general beneficence in the appearance of the speaker, that accorded well with his holy profession, diametrically opposite to the general demeanour, and characteristic marks by which the manners of Grenville were distinguished.

After some unimportant conversation, the latter said to Sir Henry, "I have considered it my duty to mention to St. Roque the very awkward situation in which you are placed with respect to your son; whom, I am sorry to say, I have no doubt is a confirmed heretic and Hanoverian. Such being the case, even by his own confession, I have consulted with my brother as to what steps it might be

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necessary to take, and find that his opinion coincides entirely with mine. Say, therefore, my son, what line of conduct have you ultimately determined to pursue?" "Father," replied Sir Henry, "any thing would I sacrifice to the cause we are mutually engaged in; but, to say the truth, I shudder at the idea I have almost at your suggestion ventured to entertain; and, spite of all you have urged on the subject, the feelings of a parent are still too strong to permit me to follow precisely in the track you have pointed out." "Weakness unworthy your character!" exclaimed Grenville. "Do I live, indeed, to hear the leader of a people, the hope of a church, talk of his private emotions, when a public duty such as this is to be performed! Go, then; allow the youth to betray us, and deserve from the generality of mankind, the title of a kind, and affectionate father; from the noble-minded and the brave, that of a betrayer of your country,—an alien from your God!" An expression of surpassing malignity dwelt on the features of the Priest as he

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concluded, whilst "the flush of rage" that kindled on his cheek, spoke the extent of those passions, which age itself appeared to have been unable to subdue.

"Priest!" vociferated Sir Henry, whose features, from their usual settled and melancholy appearance, had in an instant become convulsed with indescribable rage, "dare you thus to address yourself to me! A betrayer of my country? Villain, you lie!" and the next moment Grenville fell bleeding on the ground, from a wound on the head inflicted by a blow, with which the latter expression had been accompanied. Pale, motionless, and seemingly deprived of existence, he lay, whilst with rapid strides Mortimer paced the apartment; the unconquerable paroxysm of his rage, having been in some measure damped by regret, on seeing the Priest in the situation described. Notwithstanding which regret, whenever he repeated the words "Betrayer of my country!" (as he continued to do from time to time,) his indignation seemed to revive, and every other

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feeling appeared merged in the vortex of passion, that had hurried him to the commission of an act by which he was conscious he had degraded himself. That consciousness was, however, in itself very far from helping to calm him, his self-love naturally endeavouring to forget in passion, a circumstance that must otherwise have given birth to a feeling of mortification.

Meantime, St. Roque, who had been utterly confounded at the scene he witnessed (Grenville having merely mentioned to him, in general terms, a proposition which he said *he* had made to Sir Henry, respecting the confinement of his son for a time, on account of his religious opinions), raised after a time the head of the sufferer, but still without perceiving any signs of animation. After vainly attempting to lift the body of Grenville, which, notwithstanding his advanced age, was uncommonly weighty, he ventured to solicit the aid of Sir Henry, which was immediately granted; and the surprise of the Father was considerably augmented by seeing

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him take the wounded man in his arms, and place him on the table, with as much apparent ease as if he were raising the body of a child.

Sir Henry Mortimer immediately afterwards withdrew, for the purpose of sending some servants to the assistance of St. Roque, who, being skilled in chirurgical operations (as many of his brethren used to be), after bleeding Grenville and dressing his wound, began to entertain hopes that the affair would not terminate so fatally as he had at first anticipated, as well from the age of the one, as from the missile strength and muscular power of which the other was possessed. These hopes were increased rather than diminished in the course of the night and following day, at the end of which time, this truly benevolent and pious Churchman, had the satisfaction of knowing that no fatal consequence to his patient, was to be immediately apprehended.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

"Areads she now awhile, her wayward thoughts,
Ben full of strange conceits and mysterie;
Yet nought she spake, sans promised secresie."

GOWER.

In the course of the day on which the events related in the foregoing chapter took place, Edward received a summons to attend his father; and was surprised on being addressed by him as follows, without any degree of anger being observable in his countenance; but in that concise, stern manner, that frequently attends an inflexible displeasure: "You will hereafter, Sir, consider, that without my express permission, you are not to go beyond the precincts of the house, or hold communication with any one except your sister; and remember, notwithstanding I am going to be absent for some days, any in-

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fringement of my commands will be made known to me!" Edward was about to reply, when Sir Henry interrupted him by saying, "I have now neither time nor patience to hear you; retire, and take heed how you hereafter conduct yourself." He turned from Edward as he spoke, who immediately withdrew, lest the indignation he felt, himself almost unable to overcome at the style adopted by the man, should lead him to forget the respect due to a parent. Such, indeed, was the effect produced on even the gentle nature of the youth, by treatment which he felt was undeserved, that it was with difficulty he could restrain himself, after he had been for some time absent, from returning to remonstrate, even with him from whom alone he would have borne the indignity with any degree of patience. At length, however, his good sense got the better of his indignation; and filial affection (in him no ordinary impulse), uniting itself to that cause which was already half victorious, he became by degrees calm; his only remaining regret

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being that he had, however unintentionally, been to his father, the cause of a moment's uneasiness.

Shortly after the interview with his son, Sir Henry Mortimer left Castleward, attended by one servant only, leaving Major Allensdale to superintend whatever arrangements might be necessary. Nothing, however, of any consequence occurred for some days, or in fact until the return of Sir Henry; and although Edward was precluded by the orders of his father from holding any communication with Captain Summers or his family, it may now be necessary to inform the reader of some circumstances relating to the Veteran; for whose fate it is hoped he is not (even after wading through the foregoing pages) entirely indifferent. For this purpose, it may be requisite to recal to the remembrance, that Captain Summers intended, on the first convenient opportunity, to examine the mahogany box or case, left in his chamber by Manderville. When, therefore, he was visited on the following morning by his wife and

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daughter, he mentioned his intention; and was pleased at hearing they had brought it with them from the cottage, conceiving it might be of use on the trial. Sarah having been requested to return to their lodgings and fetch it, after being some time absent, again made her appearance, carrying it with some difficulty, owing to its weight, which was very great, considering its dimensions.

After repeated attempts at opening it, which were successfully resisted by the peculiar construction of the lock and the strength of the wood-work, Captain Summers at length succeeded in forcing off the hinges by the aid of a wedge; and the difficulty attending the operation was at once explained, by finding the interior entirely lined with brass. The box was about eighteen inches square, and a foot deep, containing from four to five hundred Spanish doubloons, a few other pieces of foreign gold coin, a paper of ciphers to which there was no key; together with a ribbon, star, and medallion, apparently belonging to some order of knighthood, with

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which, however, Captain Summers was entirely unacquainted.

Anxious of discovering some means by which he might decipher the contents of the paper, if any such existed, the Veteran not only examined every part of the case, but absolutely broke it to pieces with considerable difficulty, in order to prevent the possibility of overlooking it. His researches were, however, fruitless; and he was under the necessity of remaining in entire ignorance respecting the affairs of his guest, save, that he evidently did not want money. It was also ascertained, on inquiry being made of an experienced lapidary, that the star consisted almost exclusively of diamonds of the finest water, and which he unhesitatingly pronounced to be of inestimable value.

Lost in conjecture, Captain Summers could only determine on preserving the contents of the box, in order to produce them, should it be necessary; particularly the paper, which alone led him for a moment to suppose there had been any thing very extraor-

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dinary in the appearance of Manderville in that quarter; which certainly was a circumstance he much wished to have elucidated. His wife and daughter, however, entertained very different ideas on the subject; the mother conjecturing him to have been some disguised nobleman, wishing to become acquainted and form an alliance with one of her children; whilst Sarah could not for a moment persuade herself to consider him inferior in rank to a prince at the very least. These opinions, which equally took their rise in that warmth of imagination, for which the fairer sex is distinguishable, they for some time cherished in silence; at length, however, after divers indirect compliments to her own sagacity, Mrs. Summers, on hearing her husband express a wish that he could obtain any information on the subject, vouchsafed to inform him of the conclusion she had arrived at; and his disappointment may be conceived on the result being made known to him, which, ushered in as it had been with more than common ceremony, had almost

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persuaded him, in spite of the improbability, that his better part had by some means become acquainted with some particulars, that might at least tend to an explanation of the circumstance.

Though vexed at first, the Veteran could not at last forbear smiling, as well at the seeming secrecy and importance with which his wife made the communication, as at his own credulity; and inwardly reflecting on the avidity with which imagination, (if the expression is allowable,) grasps at every straw of explanation, even found floating on a sea of improbability, whilst engaged in the elucidation of a mysterious circumstance; he thanked her for her valuable information; and unwilling to hurt the feelings of a very excellent wife, whatever her abilities might be as an investigatrix, he forbore making any farther remark, thereby allowing her to suppose, that in her opinion he entirely coincided.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

——————— Parental love—
The master-feeling e'en of brutal hearts,
Say, with what force must thou pervade that breast,
Which meekness, love, and innocence conjoined,
Rejoice to call their dwelling-place—their home!

F. H.

Some days after the opening of the box, Captain Summers was surprised by the gaoler intimating that a strange woman was at the gate of the prison, who earnestly desired to be admitted to him, saying, she had a message to deliver. Not knowing who it could be, and at the same time without any wish to be disturbed by a stranger, he desired the gaoler only to let her enter, if she persisted in declining to impart her business to any other person; and again stated it to be of importance, conceiving he might by this means do away with the ne-

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cessity of seeing her. Such did not, however, prove to be the case; for, on the door being again opened, he was astonished at Norah's entering the apartment; decently habited, and apparently endeavouring, as much as in her lay, to assume the manner and bearing of an ordinary mortal, which her continued affectation of singularity, rendered by no means an easy task.

The first impulse of Captain Summers was an intention to call on the attendants of the prison, and have her immediately secured. This, however, on consideration of her well-known obstinacy, he for the present delayed, resolving, if possible, by fair means, to learn who had been the authors of the outrage committed on Manderville and himself; and thence probably arrive at some clue respecting the fate of his daughter, whose entire disappearance he could by no means reconcile to himself, as having been caused by the bull, although he had little or no doubt that the animal was the cause of her death. It will, therefore, not appear extraordinary that he

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awaited impatiently the promised communication; in which feeling, however, it seemed evident that Norah by no means participated.

Advancing slowly into the middle of the room, without deigning even a glance at either, Captain Summers, his wife, or daughter; this extraordinary female, after remaining for some seconds silent, at length motioned the Veteran to approach; and on his drawing near, said, (having, as it were, by intuition, divined his intention of detaining her; at the same time stedfastly fixing her eyes on him, pregnant with the fire of a Basilisk:) "In the midst of dangers I have sought out one who seeks but to betray me! Mark me! (continued she, stretching forth her long and attenuated arm;) call one person to your aid; admit even one within the precincts of this chamber, or affect to recognise me on my departure; and you seal my lips in everlasting silence; for know, I lack not the means, either to defend myself, or punish any that might dare to assail me!" As she concluded, she drew

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forth a pistol from the folds of her black silk cloak, and striking the muzzle of it against the opposite side, made known to the party assembled, by the sound, that she had at least another in reserve.

The ladies, who had been considerably agitated even at her entrance, were by this time quite alarmed; and manifested their fears in the usual manner, by entreating the Veteran to protect them, in rather a louder tone than ordinary. This rendering Norah fearful that the notice of the inmates of the gaol might be attracted by the noise, appeared to incense her dreadfully; and forgetting for a moment the caution she had herself given, she vociferated, "Silence! (in a voice, whose harsh and peculiar tones might have been recognised at a considerable distance;) and you, Sir, either attend to what I have to unfold, or suffer me at once to depart unnoticed, and unknown to any, save yourselves."

Captain Summers, with some difficulty, pervailed on his wife and daughter to be

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still, fearing that the maniac, for such she was, might otherwise be tempted to proceed to extremities; resolving, if necessary, to endeavour to secure her when less on her guard. To prevent the possibility of his doing so, she, however, appeared determined; as, during the time she was speaking, she retained the pistol cocked in her hand, and apparently ready for immediate use in case of any emergency.

"My business here," said Norah, "may be explained in a few sentences: see that I am not again interrupted, and pay particular attention to what I say; for I have no time for repetition. Within the ensuing fortnight you will be capitally arraigned: what the result of the trial may be, is, of course, uncertain; but in all probability you will be found guilty. Should that be the case, (continued she, lowering her voice almost to a whisper,) remember, on your return to this place, from that where you will be tried, to carry this handkerchief in your hand, (throwing one on the floor); observe me well; your life de-

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pends on your compliance! Farther, I have only to add, that your daughter and late guest are alive and well, and likely to be restored to you at some future period, although indefinite, if you act in the manner pointed out, the slightest deviation from which will prevent the possibility of your ever hearing what has become of them." She paused for a moment; and before she could again proceed, (if such indeed was her intention) the Veteran impatiently exclaimed, "Woman! cease this fooling. If my child indeed exists, say where she is, or else, by Heavens, be what will the consequences, I'll have you immediately secured, punished as a malefactor, or confined as a mad woman!" "Secured, (coolly answered Norah) do so; I had a letter to deliver, (said she, producing one, and stepping at the same time close up to the fire); but it never reaches your hands if you even again make use of such a threat." "Destroy it not, for the sake of God! cried Mrs. Summers;" who, even at that distance, recognised the hand-writing of her daughter;

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"Destroy it not, good woman; make what conditions you please: and O! Summers, (said she to her husband), promise any thing, do any thing; but let me at all events receive some tidings of my child!" She sunk in a chair as she concluded; and her hysteric sobs seemed for an instant even to relax the iron features of Norah into a semblance of sympathy, which, from their general appearance, would hardly have been supposed capable of such an exhibition.

When silence was restored, the Veteran requested Norah not to destroy the letter, if it was indeed from his daughter; but mention the terms on which she would deliver it. "Briefly these," answered she; "that you will solemnly promise not to break the seal until I am without these walls: or mention to any individual in existence, either who I am, or the motive of my visit." "I faithfully promise it, Norah," said Captain Summers. "Your word I esteem equal to an oath," was the reply; and, after again concealing the weapon she had till then continued to

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hold in her hand, Norah hastily arranged her dress, and delivering the letter, merely pronouncing the word "remember:" she opened the door and departed; leaving Captain Summers, his wife, and daughter, in a state of mind more easily imagined than described.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

Revenge is that essay which ever proves
The sterling worth of native disposition;
Showing at once the noble from the base.
The latter, seeking by insidious means,
The tiger's joy of vengeance for a wrong;
The former, greater—better in its aim,
Conquers that strongest of impulses—self;
And prostrates passion at the feet of mercy

F. H.

The Veteran and his family waited with inconceivable impatience until sufficient time should have elapsed to admit the fulfilment of the conditions made with Norah; and welcome indeed, for the first time to their ears, was the clang of the iron gate, or barrier of the prison, which announced to them she was without its boundaries. With a trembling hand, Captain Summers then broke the seal; but it infinitely surpasses the power of language, even faintly, to depict his disap-

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pointment, indignation, and chagrin, at finding the interior of the letter a perfect blank. His first act, on discovering the trick that had been played off on him, was, to rush towards the door and entreat the gaoler to permit some one to follow, and endeavour to overtake the woman who had that instant departed; but, although his request was immediately complied with, the attempt to secure, or even learn the course she had taken, proved unavailing; the servant whom the gaoler despatched returning, disappointed, after a long continued and unsuccessful inquiry.

Notwithstanding their vexation, the parents of Jane Summers found, on recovering themselves, something to comfort them, even in the intelligence, though imperfect, which they had through Norah received. The direction on the sheet of paper was evidently the hand-writing of their daughter, and also recently penned (in fact, within a few hours); which the Veteran was led to conclude; from the ink with which it was written becoming

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considerably darker in the course of the day, than it had appeared on its delivery. This confirmation of their hopes, slender as it was, afforded them considerable satisfaction; and on reflection, the whole conduct of Norah appeared in rather a friendly light than otherwise; they being perfectly aware a large reward had long since been offered for her apprehension, owing to some persons having suddenly disappeared, without being afterwards heard of, who had formerly attempted to arrest her: consequently, her attempt to penetrate, into the very interior of a prison, was by no means an enterprise of little danger, or likely to be undertaken from ordinary motives. All, therefore, they could conclude was, that she acted under the influence of some other person; and, although Captain Summers entertained a very different opinion relative to the probable issue of his approaching trial, he could not help conceiving that the interposition contemplated in the event of its being unfavourable, certainly had not its rise in any feeling of hostility towards him.

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As that event now rapidly approached, Captain Summers had been for some time sedulously preparing for his defence: in fact, his assiduity had been redoubled by an intimation from his legal adviser, that he feared the case might ultimately turn out of more serious importance than he had at first imagined; as he understood his client was to be capitally indicted, although on what precise grounds, he had hitherto been unable to ascertain. This intelligence, which would of course, at any time have been highly disagreeable, was rendered doubly so by the knowledge Captain Summers possessed of the hardened villainy of the prosecutor; in whom he was aware revenge was a principle so strong, as to leave no doubt he would scruple at nothing for its gratification. These considerations, notwithstanding he was conscious of entire innocence, often gave rise to disagreeable anticipations; particularly as the Veteran was well aware there existed but one witness (at least, that could be produced,) to the transaction, and he being the

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youth that accompanied the Exciseman; it was to be feared, his evidence would be biased in favour of his acquaintance. Still his reliance on the impartiality of a jury, was perfect; and, therefore, resting his cause entirely on that, and its justice; he looked forward to the result without fear; though, certainly, not wholly void of some portion of anxiety.

Things were in this situation, except that Norah's visit had not taken place; when the arrival of Sir Henry Mortimer interrupted the intercourse that had been previously carried on between his children, and the family of Captain Summers. From that time their visits had been less frequent, but not wholly discontinued, until the commands of Sir Henry precluded the possibility of carrying them on. Their entire absence was at first severely felt by their friends, but the generally received character of their father was such, as to render an interdiction from him neither unexpected or improbable; particularly on considering, how opposite to theirs were his

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religious, to say nothing of his political opinions. Captain Summers and his family, therefore, could only regret circumstances for which there was no remedy; and might be truly said to do so, as the feelings (very different from those generally bestowed on casual acquaintance) which they entertained towards Edward and Sophia, in fact, amounted to what might justly be called a sincere and unsophisticated friendship.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

"——————— On that silent eve,
Whose following morn may open on the fight,
Th' impatient soldier, anxious for the fray,
Accuses time of flagging on the wing,
Whilst Hope, exulting, forward points his view
To where ennobling Fame, with graphic hand,
On brazen tablet 'graves the warrior's deeds."

F. H.

On the evening of the third day from his departure, Sir Henry Mortimer returned to Castleward, and was immediately informed by Major Allensdale, that, although not in any danger, the health of Grenville had been so much affected by the blow he had received, as to render his removal necessary to the vicinity of some superior medical practitioner: that in consequence he had departed from thence, accompanied by St. Roque; who, however, promised to return at as early a

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period as the attentions he considered it his duty to pay Grenville would permit. This intimation appeared to make a considerable impression on Sir Henry, who, however, made no remark on the subject; but immediately retired to his chamber, declining to see even his son, who requested, through the Major, permission to pay his respects to him.

After being a short time absent, Sir Henry returned to the apartment in which Allensdale had remained, and said to him, "To-morrow, Major, or even perhaps to-night, a number of our friends will arrive; I believe every thing is fully prepared for their reception?" "Every thing," replied Allensdale. "I am now fatigued," continued Sir Henry, "and shall retire to bed; but of course should wish to be apprised of any arrivals, particularly as I wish to hold immediate communication with the leaders of the inland division. Good night; (concluded he, leaving the room,) the last, I hope, my dear friend, we shall spend thus inactively; at least, for a

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time." "Amen, from the bottom of my heart," responded the Major; whose formerly active life (having been, as it were, a soldier from his cradle) but ill qualified him for the monotonous existence he had during the day been obliged to submit to since his arrival at Castleward, his duties never commencing until after night fall; and even those avocations, owing to the improved discipline he had introduced amongst the forces intrusted to his care, had become, of late, comparatively of little importance.

Meantime the situation of Edward was any thing but agreeable, labouring under his father's displeasure; and prohibited by his commands from communicating with the only persons he could regard in the light of friends; the only consolation he found, was in his sister, who, to the most affectionate attention, added all those endearments it is in a sister's power only to afford. She, indeed, found ample employment in superintending domestic arrangements; the house having continued filled with the families of her

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father's friends, whose residences were at any considerable distance. Notwithstanding the constant employment which this gave rise to, this amiable girl could not help noticing the evident depression of Edward's spirits; and although she differed from him in religious sentiments, such difference had no effect whatever in alleviating her affection. On the contrary, notwithstanding she might inwardly regret the existence of that which education taught her to consider wrong; she forbore giving any outward signs of disapprobation, rightly conceiving that in her such an exhibition would be not only unbecoming, but unjust.

Both Edward and Sophia continued to remember their friends, at Carrickfergus, with affection; although circumstances prevented their ever hearing any thing respecting them. It was, therefore, with feelings of indescribable anxiety, that they casually learned from hearing it talked of by a servant, that the trial of Captain Summers was to take place on the succeeding day but one. Hence, it

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arose, that Edward solicited an interview with his father on his return, hoping to obtain his leave, at least, to attend on that occasion. But the refusal to see him, mentioned above, of course rendered it impossible; although Edward resolved to renew his application on the following morning, (when Sir Henry, he concluded, would have recovered from the fatigue of his journey) still entertaining some hopes of ultimately succeeding. Sophia also greatly wished to be present, but, doubtful of its propriety, she dared not hazard a request of the kind; and, on the separation of the brother and sister for the night, it was finally agreed, that Edward in the morning should either personally, or by writing, make known his wish to his father; whilst Sophia was to forward the success of the application by every means in her power, should an opportunity of doing so present itself; rendered not unlikely, by the affectionate preference which Sir Henry did not scruple to avow he ever had entertained for his daughter.

Long after Edward had retired, reflection

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on the situation of his friend, and conjectures as to the probable result of his trial, kept him from sleeping. The rest of Sir Henry Mortimer and Major Allensdale was also interrupted, but from very different causes: the former, even in the midst of his exultation, at the apparent prosperity of his favourite wishes, still entertaining some doubts as to the propriety of the measures he was pursuing; whilst the latter, anxious only for an opportunity of distinguishing himself, cared little from what cause such opportunity might arise.

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd?
Bring with thee airs from Heav'n, or blasts from Hell?
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee!"

SHAKSPEARE.

Scarcely had Sir Henry Mortimer fallen into a feverish and perturbed slumber, arising from his previous agitation, when he was suddenly awakened by a scream, as shrill as it was terrific. Raising himself in the bed, he listened for some moments in breathless agitation—nought could, however, be heard, but the raging of a tempest without, such as he never before remembered witnessing. Convinced, notwithstanding, the scream was not the effect of imagination, he, after a short pause, arose, conceiving (although at a considerable

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distance), that he still distinguished the voice of a female in distress, the moan bursting at intervals on his ear between the gusts of wind, which, with frightful violence, agitated the trees in the vicinity. Without waiting to dress himself, Mortimer hastened to a window, and the scene that then presented itself to him was grand in the extreme. The chamber he slept in was at a very considerable height from the ground, being situated in that part of the mansion which overlooked the excavated quarry of limestone, mentioned at the commencement of this narrative; which it, in fact, approached so closely, as barely to leave a narrow foot-path, between the walls, and the verge of the precipice. Thick, dark, and heavy clouds, in broken masses, passed rapidly along, partially obscuring the moon at intervals, but still leaving sufficient light to give a gloomy distinctness to the various features of the storm. At a short distance the sea was also visible; its mountainous waves, covered by a phosphoric foam, sparkling with fury as it hurled its gigantic surges against those

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bulwarks of granite, placed by nature as the boundary of its influence and power. The whole scene, in fact, was one of impressive grandeur, such as can seldom be witnessed; the dangers to which it might be supposed to give rise, being more than counterbalanced by its surpassing sublimity.

Sir Henry, after continuing a considerable time listening, was about once more to retire to bed, but, as he turned away for that purpose, he heard the shriek repeated, so close to him, that he imagined it must proceed from some person in the same room with himself. After a momentary search he became convinced such was not the case; and had already again advanced towards the window, for the purpose of ascertaining if there was any one beneath; when to his surprise, it might be said horror, he, by the dubious light, saw the haggard countenance of a woman looking through the glass, whose features altogether were of the most terror-striking description. Pale, dark, and apparently wasted by the complicated influence of sorrow, disease, and

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age; it was such as could not be contemplated without a feeling of indescribable fear, originating in an inexpressible something that dwelt about the phantom. Mortimer, a man of strong nerve, started back at beholding it; whilst supernatural terror shook every tendon of his Achillean frame. Summoning, at length, sufficient resolution, he desperately advanced towards the window, exclaiming, "Speak! what seek you here?" when, as his hand was on the lattice, for the purpose of throwing it open, with a shriek infinitely more "soul harrowing" than any before uttered, the spectre disappeared: and all he could distinguish on opening the window was a small faint light, that seemed to hover for a second, at some distance, then gradually retired, becoming less distinct until it was lost amidst the ruins of the castle. The agonized screams, which, uttered at intervals, became fainter as it receded; were silenced at its disappearance: and all was once more hushed, save when the hoarse murmur of the wind, and the distant roar of the ocean, interrupted

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that repose, whose stillness was more frightful than their violence combined.

So astonished was Mortimer at the vision he had witnessed, that it was some moments before he could summon sufficient reflection to his aid, to inquire, "Can it, indeed, be the effect of imagination?" This supposition he, however, immediately rejected; for still the screams, as of a female in distress, appeared to ring in his ears. Urged, at length, by an idea that some one might in reality be suffering in the vicinity, he resolved on satisfying himself; and, buckling on his sword, unhesitatingly descended: convinced he had that night witnessed one of those scenes said to be common to his ancestors on the approach of misfortune or death; but the existence of which he had hitherto treated as a fiction, founded only in ignorance and superstition.

The moon, owing to a great part of the clouds having been swept away by the wind, shone brightly as Sir Henry left the house, to determine, if possible, whence the noise had proceeded. After a vain search round

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the mansion, being still dissatisfied, he resolved, also, to investigate the ruins of the castle. To say he was entirely without dread as he approached the dilapidated remains of the "towers of other days" were false: however, that feeling was not sufficiently strong to deprive him of any of his energies, which, in fact, his situation tended rather to call forth. There was a something of interest in his very appearance at the moment: his tall athletic form, with the naked falchion he carried in his hand, in case any danger should await him, accorded well with the surrounding scenery, and he might, by a beholder, have been taken for the spirit of one of the giant fathers of his race, revisiting that spot to deplore the mutability of fortune and the ruin of his house.

For a length of time the researches of Sir Henry were wholly unavailing: at length, however, he approached a small round edifice of stone, whose use as pertaining to the Castle had long since been forgotten. As it still remained, in a measure, perfect amidst the surrounding ruins, superstition had not

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been idle in ascribing a reason for its preservation. Within it, according to tradition, had been buried, some centuries since, the body of a maiden who had been murdered by her father, on his discovering she had been seduced by one of the ancestors of Mortimer; and her sprite, it was supposed, ever afterwards announced, to the descendants of her lover, the approach of misfortune or dissolution. Hence, it had acquired the name of the Ben Shea's tomb; to visit, or even approach, which, after nightfall, was held to be fatal to any of the name of Mortimer. Sir Henry, as above mentioned, had, however, unconsciously approached within a short distance of this building, when he again beheld the same light he had before seen; and on drawing nearer, distinctly perceived a female form seated at the foot of the edifice. A supposition immediately suggested itself to him, that he was either imposed on, or optically deceived; therefore, accelerating his pace, he made up to the object, determined to be at once convinced, whether such conjecture was ill or well founded.

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When he had arrived within a few yards of the tomb, the female slowly arose, and revealing her face, left no doubt on the mind of Sir Henry it was the same he had seen through the window. Inexpressibly shocked, he stopped for a moment, and the Phantom, regarding him with a look of indescribable sorrow, appeared to wring her hands despairingly at intervals, then motioned him away. Nothing, however, could daunt the resolution of Mortimer. Summoning all his fortitude, he darted forward and attempted to seize the object he still saw; it nevertheless eluded him,—his grasp closed on the nothingness of air:—but having, in the effort, rather overreached himself, his hand rested for support on the Ben Shea's tomb. The moment he touched it, the spectre was no longer visible; a groan, such as is only produced by the agonies of dissolution, smote heavily on his ear; whilst the creeping chill of icy-fingered horror froze, for an instant, the vital current of his heart.

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

" I've fought Lord Lion many a day,
In single fight and mix'd affray,
And ever I myself may say
Have borne me as a knight.
But when this unexpected foe
Seem'd starting from the gulf below,
I care not tho' the truth I shew,
I trembled with affright!"

WALTER SCOTT.

Notwithstanding a degree of supernatural terror which Sir Henry Mortimer could not subdue, he soon sufficiently recovered himself to return to the house; which he did, after again carefully examining every place that was likely to conceal any human being; deeply affected by the vision he had witnessed, and still almost doubting the very evidence of his senses. So strong, indeed, was his incredulity, respecting the possibility of such

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appearances, that even after he had returned to his chamber, he, on consideration, almost persuaded himself he had been deceived; conceiving his imagination had been wrought on by tales familiar to his youth. This he considered the more probable, as the spot he had visited occupied a conspicuous place amidst all he now remembered of such "legendary lore;" and although some particles of conviction still adhered to his fancy, such was the supposition he fell asleep in; and lost in temporary forgetfulness, all recollection of the event, that had for hours so exclusively occupied his attention.

Sir Henry awoke rather later than his usual time, owing to the fatigue and anxiety he had undergone; he, therefore, hastened to rise; and, on descending to the breakfast parlour, desired a servant to inform Major Allensdale that he wished to see him. On entering the apartment, that gentleman was immediately struck with the altered appearance of Sir Henry, and anxiously inquired the cause, adding, that he hoped he had not

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shared in the anxiety to which he was all night subjected, by a continuance of very loud screams, that led him to suppose a grievous accident had happened to some member of the family.

Mortimer, who was before inclined to believe in the reality of what he had seen, now became convinced; and having particularly questioned the Major respecting what he heard, received the following information: That during the night he was awakened by some kind of noise, which on repetition he distinguished as a female voice, seemingly in distress. He arose on the instant, but it having shortly afterwards ceased, again retired, finding it impossible to make out whence it proceeded. However, concluded the Major, "let it be what it will, I trust in Heaven I shall not again hear it repeated, for never had I the misfortune to witness sounds at once so terrible, so heart-rending. But, Sir Henry, if I may be allowed to remark it, I think I perceive a more than ordinary degree of anxiety expressed in your

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manner of questioning me: were it not impertinently intrusive, I should like to be informed whether you likewise heard those melancholy sounds?"

"I most undoubtedly did," replied Mortimer; "but had almost persuaded myself they arose only from my imagination; however, as I know you to be superior to such silly prejudices, I will briefly make known the whole affair, which really at present appears to me to be inexplicable. I had scarcely fallen asleep last night, when, as you state, I was awakened by a shriek, which, I considered, proceeded from some person in the same apartment as myself. I got up and searched it, but in vain; went to the window, and looked out to as little purpose; was turning to retire to bed, when I conceived I felt something touch me: the scream was repeated, and, on looking up, I saw, or thought I saw, the haggard face of a female looking through the window of my chamber. Allensdale, I trust I am not a coward; yet am I free to acknowledge that every part of my frame

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shook with terror at the sight. It shortly disappeared; but, determined to be convinced, I dressed myself, and proceeded to search every out-building round the house, nay, even the ruins themselves; resolved that no silly dread should prevent my rendering assistance to any who might require it, which, from the voice, I was led to suppose was the fact, and that, too, in the immediate vicinity. My investigation was, however, fruitless for a time;—but if what I am going to add appears to you incredible, I can only aver that I am convinced I was awake, however my imagination might have been wrought on, by my previous surprise, and circumstances which I own were forcibly recalled by many local recollections."

"I had, as before said, for some time, unsuccessfully searched about amongst the ruins, conceiving that by possibility some unhappy female might have become bewildered in the intricacies of the buildings; and, without being aware of it, approached a particular spot, which, according to tradition, ought ever to be avoided by one of my race. You smile,

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Allensdale, and well you may, at the seriousness with which I allude to such nonsense; however, I merely mention it, that you may be aware certain circumstances might assist in exciting my fancy, and prevent my discriminating as justly as I should otherwise have done. Suffice it to say, that a particular round building, which you have probably observed, at the eastern extremity of the ruins, is that to which I allude, known for a series of years to all in this neighbourhood by the name of the Ben Shea's tomb. Whence it was designated, I shall not stop to inform you, or say more on the subject, than that this Ben Shea is supposed to be a spirit of a secondary class, whose duty it is to warn the representative of my family of approaching misfortune or death. You will at once perceive where my relation tends, when I add, that this Spirit, when visible, ever assumes the semblance of a woe-worn female; and what may stagger even your belief is, that, with the peculiar noise to which you were last night a witness,

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she is said to fulfil the duties assigned her (according to the legend) for a series of centuries."

"But to the point, I had arrived within a few paces of this building, when I perceived a light (which, by the by, I had before witnessed), and, on more particularly observing, distinguished a female figure seated at the base of the structure. I paused for a second, to be assured I was not deceived; when, believe me, I distinctly saw her arise, wring her hands wildly, motion me to be gone, and, by every Power I hold most sacred! the countenance her standing posture revealed, was that I had seen some time before looking through the window of my bed-room. However it may sound in relation, I scruple not to say I was inexpressibly shocked; notwithstanding which, I preserved sufficient presence of mind to advance and attempt to seize it; but the attempt was vain, the Phantom being no longer visible. I returned to bed confounded, and scarcely knowing what to think, nay, had almost persuaded myself I must have been deceived;

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that opinion is, however, now entirely dissipated, for I own I am satisfied as to the reality of the vision, my confirmation arising from your having likewise heard the noise, which it is impossible otherwise to account for."

"Yet, why," continued Mortimer, after a short pause, "should I regret it; I have ever heard such appearances speak more particularly of death; and death to me were surely not an evil! What could a soldier, worn by misfortune, and tired of existence, desire more ardently, than a patriot's triumph, and a warrior's grave? Spirit, if of such 'twas your object to speak, welcome, thrice welcome is your warning to my heart! Ward but misfortune from the cause I love, and if you would indeed complete my wishes, grant that I fall amidst victorious friends, whom, with my dying breath, I may hail; as the rescuers of their faith, the deliverers of their country!" There was a degree of surpassing animation in the countenance and attitude of Sir Henry, as he concluded, that accorded well with the

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fervid manner in which he expressed himself; whilst the patriotic feeling, that in reality warmed his heart, lent a flush to his cheek and a fire to his eye, which language, or art would find it equally impracticable, the one to describe, the other to pourtray.

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

" ——————— Moloch, sceptred king,
Stood up, the strongest, and the fiercest spirit.—
My sentence is for open war; of wiles
More inexpert, I boast not!"

MILTON.

Sir Henry Mortimer had scarcely done speaking, when the door of the apartment opened, and a servant entered to deliver him a letter from his son. Sir Henry, on receiving it, immediately broke the seal, and, having run his eye over the contents, delivered it to Major Allensdale, informing the servant, at the same time, that he need not wait. The contents were merely a request, that on the following morning Edward might be permitted to attend the trial of his friend Captain Summers; and, after

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some consideration, Sir Henry said to the Major, "Under all circumstances, I believe I should be wrong in refusing my consent; therefore, Allensdale, you will oblige me by mentioning to him that he has my permission to go, as I can scarcely believe human nature to be so depraved as Grenville would fain persuade me; or that a son, under any circumstances, could be led to betray a father." "I dare pledge myself he would not," replied the Major, who cheerfully undertook to communicate to Edward his father's acquiescence.

Nothing of sufficient importance to require mention occurred in the course of the day, and the evening was considerably advanced, when a number of horsemen successively arrived at Castleward, and were introduced to the presence of Sir Henry, with whom they appeared well acquainted. These arrivals increased so rapidly, that by midnight some thousand individuals were again collected in, and about the mansion; all attired in precisely the same uniform as that heretofore

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described. Ever as they came, suitable directions were given them, and a very strong position having been selected in the vicinity of the ruins, a fortified encampment was speedily formed; its right resting on the precipice, whilst the dilapidated walls of the castle formed tenable defences in its front and rear. The extreme left was strengthened by trenches and a quantity of felled timber; whilst a small river, much too large, however, to be easily turned off, supplied them plentifully with water, adding greatly to the impracticability of the ground, in the direction by which their encampment might have otherwise been most easily approached.

Sir Henry Mortimer having for some time actively superintended these operations, and fully explained his intentions, at length retired, with the chiefs or leaders, to the house; leaving Major Allensdale to execute his orders, which were promptly and skilfully carried into effect. Meantime, Sir Henry and the chiefs above mentioned assembled in a splendidly lighted apartment, where

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Mortimer, who appeared to be acknowledged by the whole as their leader, addressed them as follows; the undivided attention with which he was listened to, being ample evidence of the respect they individually entertained for his character.

"Gentlemen, the time has arrived ordained by Providence as the period on which we are destined to make an effort for that, which, I am convinced, is far dearer to any, or either of us, than even life itself—I mean the liberty, independence, and religious freedom of our country. Borne down for ages beneath a yoke of the vilest slavery, it is not surprising that, stung by oppression, we have at length resorted to force; it is rather a disgrace to us as men, that such a remedy has not long since been applied. Retrospection, however, were but a loss of time; all here know the object for which we are assembled; none need be reminded of the duties they have to perform. One circumstance must not be concealed from you, which is, that I conceive the force now present is rather prematurely

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assembled, as our allies have not yet arrived; but for that there is now no remedy, nor shall we long be wanting in numbers, when our flag, once displayed, speaks the object we have in view. Say, therefore, my friends; do we remain stationary here until reinforced; or push onwards to-morrow, and attack the principal stronghold of our adversaries in this quarter, with the force we already possess? For myself, I scruple not to say, such is the resolution I would you should arrive at!—I perceive by your countenances our wishes are the same! Then, gentlemen, with to-morrow's dawn we advance on our foes; with 'hearts resolved and hands prepared,' to live as freemen, or as patriots fall!"

As Mortimer concluded, an enthusiastic shout burst from the whole assembly, which, having at length subsided, and each individual been instructed in the various tasks assigned him, the greater part retired to snatch a few hours' repose. The encampment being also completed, all, save the proper guard and Sir Henry Mortimer himself, soon slept; the

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"busy note of preparation," having gradually died away, into perfect silence: interrupted only by the watch-word of the different sentinels, which fell at intervals on the ear, (and might, perhaps, have been likened by the fanciful,) "to the intermitted sobbings of an infant that had wept itself to sleep."

The emotions of Mortimer, complicated as they were, at finding himself arrived at the very summit of his hopes—his ambition—it were extremely difficult to define. Amidst his exultation was mingled a considerable portion of regret, as, notwithstanding his mind had become considerably warped, by the united influences of passion and fanaticism; yet from nature he possessed a heart acutely sensible to the miseries and misfortunes of others. This would at times display itself; and, in the most extraordinary manner, assert its superiority over those feelings, which had become, as it were, grafted on, and now formed a part of his disposition. This seeming inconsistency of character, however, is by no means

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so uncommon as may be generally supposed; the attribute of mercy remaining in all, though possibly blunted by passion, or perverted by education.

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

" Sound an alarum! bring me here my arms!
And hark you, let our banner be displayed:
It ne'er yet cower'd before approaching foes!"

F. H.

Scarcely had the first rays of a silvery grey light opened itself along the verge of the horizon, before the whole force assembled in the vicinity of Castleward, amounting to nearly three thousand men, were on the alert: and orders having been given for striking the tents, they soon began rapidly to disappear; the brown heath-clad earth, triumphing by degrees over the whiteness of the material of which they were formed: to a distant observer, having a striking resemblance to a field of snow, suddenly acted upon by the

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meridian influence of an autumnal sun. Day at length broke in all the splendour of an April morning, and the first rays of burnished light falling on the glittering arms and magnificent appointments of the military body alluded to, who were by that time formed in line, presented, probably, as splendid a spectacle as it is possible to conceive. Their force apparently consisted of about two-thirds foot, the remainder horsemen, the latter probably amounting to a thousand strong; the whole amply provided with every requisite appertaining to soldiers properly equipped.

But a very short time elapsed before Sir Henry Mortimer made his appearance, surrounded by a number of officers, mounted on a superb bay charger; his commanding presence, and noble person, according well with the station to which he had been unanimously chosen. The moment he placed himself at the head of his confederates, their banner having a golden harp in a green field, was unfurled; and on the instant that it proudly spread itself, unconfined to the

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breeze, a simultaneous shout of enthusiastic feeling burst from the surrounding warriors, which, in spite of the efforts made to check its ebullition, continued for some seconds without being in any way interrupted.

The customary honours having been paid to Sir Henry Mortimer as Commandant, the whole body speedily evacuated the ground occupied by their late encampment; and took their way across the country in a direct line towards a fort and military depot, situated at some distance inland; leaving a small detachment to bring forward any reinforcements that might arrive in the course of the day. Promptitude and silence being according to the instructions of their leader, essentially necessary at the present juncture, the whole body advanced at as rapid a pace as was consistent with good order, maintaining throughout the strictest possible silence.

As some hours elapsed, before any occurrence of importance arose to retard the progress of the forces under the command of Sir Henry Mortimer; it may be necessary to turn

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the attention of the reader to Captain Summers, whose trial was appointed to take place within a few hours after the departure of that Chieftain from Castleward. It ought, however, to have been before-mentioned, that Edward, in order to render what assistance could to the family of his friend, had, with the consent of his father, proceeded to Carrickfergus on the preceding evening; and consequently did not witness the arrival of Sir Henry's friends: their measures, in fact, having been so judiciously arranged, that of the whole body now on the march to the attack of their enemies; not one vestige was visible, at the time Edward departed to join the family of the Veteran.

On reaching their lodgings, he found the wife and daughter of Captain Summers, not only very low spirited, but giving way to anticipations of the most melancholy description. Having, to the utmost of his power consoled them, he afterwards retired to an inn for the night; and at the earliest possible hour, on the ensuing morning, obtained ad-

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mission to his friend, whom he found perfectly composed; and astonished, though pleased, that he had been permitted by his father to visit him at such a juncture. Mrs. and Miss Summers soon after joining them, in the course of conversation Edward was made acquainted with the particulars of Norah's visit; and also that the Veteran had been officially informed that he was not only to be criminally indicted for an assault on an Officer in the execution of his duty, with intent to deprive him of life: but likewise for having, wilfully, harboured a known Pirate and Rebel, and afterwards connived at his escape. This had only been intimated to Captain Summers on the preceding evening, and at once explained the reason, why such anxiety had been expressed for the apprehension of Manderville.

Edward Mortimer, although conscious of the entire innocence of his friend, became exceedingly alarmed, on learning the charge against him; particularly on casting his eyes over the list of witnesses for the prosecution,

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at the head of which appeared the name of the Exciseman; the Board of Customs having undertaken to prosecute, in order to enable him to be placed there. Concealing his apprehensions as much as possible, not wishing to increase the already overpowering agitation of the females, (whom he at length likewise prevailed on not to attempt being present in the court during the trial) Edward, on the time for his appearance arriving, accompanied the Veteran before the tribunal that awaited him: and on his being placed at the bar, obtained permission to stand within it by the side of his friend.

The usual preliminary forms having been gone through, and the charge made against the prisoner, by the Counsel for the Crown, the first witness in support of it (the Exciseman) was called and examined. As it would be equally "tedious and unprofitable" to follow him through his evidence word for word, it may be sufficient to say, that he unhesitatingly swore a mutual and unprovoked attack had been made on him by the

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prisoner and Manderville; that the latter, in the course of the struggle, discharged a pistol at him; after which, by their united strength, they succeeded in hurling him over a precipice. This most foul perjury was fully substantiated by the youth, that had accompanied him on the day in question; who swore to the truth of his statement with a pertinacity that, considering his age, astonished the whole court; leaving, (if his evidence was to be believed), not a shadow of doubt respecting the guilt of the prisoner.

The case on the part of the prosecution having been brought to a close, Captain Summers, on being called upon for his defence, addressed the court in an energetic, perspicuous, and manly manner; explaining every circumstance as it really occurred, concluding in the following words: "Gentlemen, you have now heard from me a candid statement of facts; in which, on the honour of a Soldier, I have neither, by prevarication, endeavoured to exculpate myself; or to criminate my adversaries, at the expence of truth. I will but

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recal to your remembrance, that the whole tenor of my former life is, both in principle and action, diametrically opposed to the conduct I am in this particular instance charged with: you will distinctly understand, Gentlemen, that I now address to you no solicitations for a merciful consideration of my case; I call but for impartial justice, and far from requiring the benefit of any doubt you may entertain, I entreat you (if such you have) to give it its full weight in the opposite scale. Gentlemen, I shall conclude by impressing on you a desire I have to escape any further litigation, or difference of opinion on this subject; and I repeat, that this day I require, at your hands, either to be acquitted as I deserve, or punished as I merit." A profound silence reigned in the court during the time the Veteran was speaking; and as he concluded, strong symptoms were manifested of a desire to applaud; this was, however, checked by the Judge, who immediately proceeded to charge the Jury; who, after some deliberation, pronounced the prisoner guilty,

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amidst the unrepressed symptoms of indignation of the whole assembly. Captain Summers was immediately afterwards removed from the bar to his former confinement; whence he was to be brought up, on the following day, to receive sentence; that meted to the offence of which he stood convicted, being invariably death.

END OF VOL. I.

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LONDON:

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MANDERVILLE;

OR,

The Hibernian Chiliarch.

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MANDERVILLE;

OR,

The Hibernian Chiliarch:

A TALE.

By FRANCIS S. HIGGINSON, R.N.

LATE COMMANDER OF HIS MAJESTY'S CUTTER LYNX.

"Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's history."

SHAKSPEARE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THOMAS DOLBY, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.

1825.

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MANDERVILLE;

OR,

THE HIBERNIAN CHILIARCH.

CHAPTER I.

"They close amain, each singles out a foe;
No sword with caution intercepts a blow;
No arm attempts to turn the spear aside;
No breast the bay'net shuns, in blood though dy'd.
But once engaged, each seeks, with Hate's own art,
The nearest passage to his foeman's heart."

F. H.

THE Insurgents, under the command of Sir Henry Mortimer, proceeded rapidly for some hours through an open country; but, their approaching a more difficult and enclosed pass, a party in advance reported, that the wooded heights in front were occupied by a military force. This intelligence, at once so unwelcome and unex-

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pected, gave rise to an immediate order to halt; whilst Sir Henry, attended by Major Allensdale and some other officers, rode forward for the purpose of reconnoitring. A very brief survey satisfied them that a large body of the King's troops were in their immediate neighbourhood; and the accompanying officers were all, except Major Allensdale, directed to return, in order to arrange their forces properly to act either offensively or otherwise, as occasion might require.

No sooner had they departed, than Mortimer, turning to the Major, said, "By Heavens, Allensdale, I fear we are betrayed; a force like that before us could never have been accidentally collected in this quarter!" "I fear, indeed," answered the Major, "that they have by some means acquired a knowledge of our intentions; but from whence, I am utterly at a loss to conceive." "Major," continued Sir Henry, "we have but one course to pursue; they do not appear greatly to exceed us in numbers, and were they not

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so advantageously posted, I should have no doubt as to the result of an engagement. Be it as it may," proceeded he after a short pause, "delay or retreat were equally fatal to us at this juncture; we must advance, and in so doing hazard every thing: away, Allensdale; bring up the forces in the speediest possible manner; I will remain here to make such observations as may be necessary, or that the time will permit!" The order was scarcely delivered, before the Major clapped spurs to his horse, and in a few minutes afterwards the whole force of the Insurgents under his command were seen advancing in three divisions; either wing being strengthened by parties of dragoons; under cover of whom were brought on the few light field-pieces they possessed.

They had scarcely time to finally arrange themselves on the ground chosen by their leader, when a flag of truce and a trumpet were seen approaching their lines. On arriving within a proper distance, a parley having been sounded and answered, the officer

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advanced; and, inquiring for Sir Henry Mortimer, presented him a sealed packet, for an answer to which, he said, he was instructed to remain. On breaking it open, no doubt could remain on the mind of Sir Henry, that their cause had been betrayed, as he was therein addressed by name; and required, together with his confederates, to lay down their arms; or in the event of a refusal was informed they would be immediately attacked by a force under the command of Colonel Sackbut, then assembled in arms, to preserve the peace of Our Sovereign Lord the King.

Sir Henry Mortimer having read and communicated the nature of the dispatch to those whom he commanded, desired the officer to inform Colonel Sackbut, "that so far were they from intending to comply with the demand, that they would impatiently await his attack; convinced at once of the goodness of their cause, and of their ability to support it against any force it was in his power to assail them with." The officer, without making any re-

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mark, departed; and immediately after his return, Sir Henry and his partisans were overjoyed at perceiving their enemies quitting the advantageous position they occupied, and advancing into the plain for the purpose of giving them battle. Having formed at the foot of the acclivity from whence they descended, the King's forces advanced rapidly across the valley, under cover of the fire of three field-pieces. It was, however, perceived on their approach, that not above two-thirds of them were what might be called regular soldiers; the remainder being merely raw recruits mixed with no inconsiderable proportion of persons entirely undisciplined. Colonel Sackbut, who commanded them, seemed himself aware that he had been precipitate in his advance, when he saw the position taken up by his opponents; but confident of being immediately reinforced, he did not hesitate in attacking them, although that could only be done under manifest disadvantages.

The Insurgents had selected their ground

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on a spot where, from the nature of the country, it would be almost impossible to turn either of their flanks; their right resting on a thick and impassable patch of brambles and underwood; and their left defended by some precipitous rocks, which rendered the ground for some distance in that quarter wholly impracticable. From their rear, (although exposed), they were perfectly assured, from the manner in which they had traversed the country, they had none but friends to expect; and the area in front, being remarkably level, was commanded by their field-pieces, affording also every facility for manœuvring, more particularly the operations of their cavalry.

A considerable portion of the Royalist forces now arrived within musket range of the Insurgents, and continued rapidly advancing, under a well-sustained and directed fire, which was spiritedly returned. Still they rushed on, though not without sustaining considerable loss, until at length both parties became closely engaged, with the exception

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of a small reserve on either side. Several desperate attempts were made to penetrate the centre of the Insurgents, which were repeatedly repulsed, but as often renewed with redoubled vigour. Stern was the contest, every individual exerting himself to the uttermost; a political and religious animosity nerving either party, in their attempts to annihilate the other. To the rattling peals of the musketry were soon added the shrieks of the wounded; the groans of the dying; the sternly vociferated shout of the warrior; the sob of exertion; the shrill neigh of the war-horse; and the fierce scream of the trumpet, that broke at intervals on the ear, superior even to other sounds—in themselves sufficiently appalling. The minor flash of the musket, served but as a prelude to the fierce blaze of the cannon; which burst resplendently at intervals, with a broad yellow flare, through the sulphureous smoke in which the combatants were entirely enveloped. The different banners of the contending parties alone could be distinctly distinguished above the dense cloud

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that hovered o'er the field; the red cross of St. George ever appearing to advance, whilst the harp of the Insurgents still firmly maintained its original position.

The conflict had continued for above an hour, when Sir Henry Mortimer, who, in the very thickest of the fight, continued to preserve that coolness, which speaks at once of talent for, and experience in command; perceived that the repeated attacks of the enemy had considerably weakened his centre. Riding up to Major Allensdale, he desired him to bring forward his reserve; but on his return to his former station, seeing the enemy make a momentary halt, not without some signs of confusion, he instantly placed himself at the head of a squadron of dragoons, exclaiming as he led them to the charge, "On, gallant friends; the day is all our own!" The already wavering ranks of the Royalists could not for a moment withstand the desperate onset of the horsemen; they were immediately thrown into disorder, and the dragoons having become incorporated with them,

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the havoc that ensued was dreadful. Vainly did Colonel Sackbut, at the head of a reserve of about five hundred picked men, endeavour to remedy the confusion; his object was no sooner perceived by Mortimer, than by a simultaneous movement the whole force under his command charged in line: the disordered masses of the Royalists were thrown back on their advancing reserve, and the whole scene speedily became one of indescribable confusion.

Notwithstanding the hopeless appearance of the day, Colonel Sackbut and his officers were unremitting in their exertions to rally their troops and reinspire them with confidence. At length, however, the victorious force of the Insurgents, with Mortimer at their head, penetrated the very centre of a solid square, their only remaining hope; and, at the very instant the Royalists gave way on all sides, Colonel Sackbut fell mortally wounded, by a blow from the falchion of Mortimer; which was given with such force, that, penetrating through his hat,

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it fairly divided his skull, even down to the insertion of the vertebræ. Their leader thus fallen, an immediate and indiscriminate flight of the Royalists took place; followed by their vindictive and triumphant enemies, who were only prevented from wholly exterminating them by the approach of night; during which, the cautious leader of the Insurgents determined not to advance, as he could be by no means aware of the information possessed by his enemies, or of the force they might still have in the neighbourhood. These several circumstances favoured the escape of the remnant of the Royalists, who proved, on examination, to have left seven hundred of their partizans dead upon the field; together with three field-pieces, and a considerable proportion of their equipage and *materiel*.

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CHAPTER II.

"The rebel force, with regulated pace,
In bands alternate now their foemen face,
Now backward fall. The boar by hunters bay'd,
With fiery eye-balls, deadly tusks display'd,
Thus dares his enemies to closer fight,
Whose numbers speak their terror of his might."

F. H.

It soon became evident that the caution of Mortimer had not been unnecessary, as within an hour the outposts of the insurgents were alarmed by the approach of an enemy. On reconnoitring, they were speedily made out to consist of a body of troops at least doubling in number that which Sir Henry could now oppose to them; consequently, although they possessed some advantages of situation, it would have been madness to hazard another engagement, particularly as the partisans of

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Mortimer were greatly fatigued with their previous exertions. All, therefore, that remained was to effect a retreat as speedily as possible, in order to regain their entrenchments in the vicinity of Castleward; and this being finally agreed on, the insurgents were soon in motion, retreating at as rapid a rate as was consistent with the maintenance of proper order and strict discipline.

They were enabled to gain some considerable distance in advance of their pursuers, owing to the Royalists having been for some time kept in check, by a detachment under the command of Mortimer, which covered the retreat of the main body. When, however, their numerical force was discovered by the enemy, they were of course obliged to rejoin their companions; and the whole being again united, were divided into three bodies, who alternately retired, and then, in rotation, covered the retreat of the others. Such was the regularity with which these evolutions were performed, that they not only preserved their own *materiel*, but succeeded

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also in bearing off the spoils they had in the course of the day acquired; amongst the rest the papers and despatches of Colonel Sackbut, which were considered by Sir Henry Mortimer as by far the most important: nay, so anxious was he for their preservation, that, on the instant the approach of a second portion of the enemy was announced, a small escort of dragoons had been despatched to carry them immediately to Castleward.

The early part of the night, owing to its darkness, proved favourable to the insurgents; but shortly after midnight the moon, emerging from behind a cloud, showed Mortimer the advance-guard of his enemies at no great distance from his rear, although considerably before the main body to which they belonged. Convinced that, by their proximity, they would ultimately embarrass his retreat, Mortimer resolved on cutting them off, if possible; and his intention was in some measure facilitated by the nature of the ground they were traversing,—a woody defile of considerable extent. Detaching himself, therefore, with

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about one hundred and fifty men, from the division then in the rear, Sir Henry proceeded to place them in distinct parties amidst the underwood on the sides of the ravine, with orders, after firing at intervals, to fall back as the enemy approached on the main body: after which, by taking a trifling circuit, he led another detachment back to the mouth of the pass, which had but a short time before been entered by his adversaries.

The officer in command of the Royalist party seemed perfectly aware of the difficulty of his situation; as, on entering the defile, his grenadiers were not only ordered to the front, but small parties on either side scoured the wood as they advanced. Having approached the ambushed force of the insurgents, the latter opened a dropping fire on them from time to time, retiring, according to the orders they had received, before the musketry or grenades of their enemies could take any effect. This stratagem fully answered the end intended, by occupying the attention of the royalists in front, and insensibly leading them on, until

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Mortimer, conceiving they were irretrievably entangled, opened his fire in the rear. This being the signal agreed on, caused the immediate return of the rear-guard of the insurgents to the attack of their pursuers, who thus, in an instant, found themselves entirely surrounded.

Far, however, from despairing at their situation, the officer in command did not hesitate for a moment in adopting his resolution. Instead of awaiting the approach of the rear-guard of the insurgents, and endeavouring to defend himself, he immediately faced about, being assured, from the previous examination the ground had undergone, that the enemy could be in no very great force behind him; resolving, in his turn, to become the assailant, hoping thereby to turn the tables on his adversaries, by hemming them in between his party and the main body of the royalists, who were rapidly on the advance. Thus resolved, his party, without firing a shot, and in perfect silence, remeasured their former footsteps, and speedily, with charged bayonets,

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became confronted to the handful of men under the command of Mortimer.

This movement, although unexpected, did not surprise the leader above named: he accordingly chose a situation for withstanding the attack, on a rise in the ground, the ascent to which could only be effected through a very narrow pass, so much so, indeed, as not to admit more than five or six men abreast. On came the royalists, regardless of the advantage which, in situation, their enemies certainly possessed, in much greater numbers than Mortimer had anticipated, and rushing forward endeavoured to carry the post he occupied at the point of the bayonet. Their onset was, however, spiritedly withstood, and the difficulties they had to contend with not only impeded their progress, but subjected them to very considerable loss. Mortimer, however, soon became convinced, that it would be imprudent to attempt long to maintain his present position against such a superiority of numbers; he, therefore, gave directions for an imme-

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diate retreat, and, with the remaining part of his very small force, had barely sufficient time, by a rapid movement, to regain the track by which a communication with their friends was open to them, when a firing from the rear announced to him the approach of the main body of the royalists, at the same time proving that, a few seconds later, escape had been hopeless, and resistance vain.

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CHAPTER III.

"For all that Saracen or Christian knew
Of war's vast art, was to this Hermit known."
HOME.

SIR Henry Mortimer having fully accomplished his object, by the temporary diversion he had caused, thereby preventing for a time the too rapid advance of his enemies, hastened to rejoin the main body of his forces, which he with some difficulty effected, owing to the celerity of their movements; and had the pleasure of finding, that it would now be impossible for the royalists to overtake them, before they had been some time in possession of the strong grounds around Castleward. Such, indeed, proved to be the case, as the royalists, on learning the stratagem that had been practised on their advance-guard, used

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considerable precaution; and, at length, determined not to attempt the pass until daylight, conceiving, from the local advantages it possessed, that the enemy there intended to dispute their farther progress.

The insurgents having, in the mean time, taken possession of their former encampment, immediately applied themselves to strengthening their position. According to the directions of their leader, the wood which, as previously mentioned, skirted Castleward on one side, was cut down to a considerable distance, as it would have afforded facilities of approach to their enemies under cover, up to the very walls. The mansion was also rapidly undergoing such alterations as would either conduce to its strength, or add to its defensive properties. The various out-buildings, together with the walls of the house itself, were pierced in every direction; whilst stages, on the inside of the former, supplied the place of floors; enabling the defenders to stand, tier above tier, for the purpose of de-

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livering their fire, whilst they were themselves entirely under cover. The spare timber, together with the materials of various out-houses thought inconvenient, either from their position, as interfering with the range of the musketry, or that afforded any degree of shelter to an advancing enemy, were removed, to strengthen such approaches to the camp as were considered weakest. The ground was broken up to as great an extent as the time would permit, and an infinity of artificial defences and breastworks constructed, so as to enable the insurgents to dispute every inch of ground, even against great superiority of numbers. These preparations extended to a considerable distance around; particularly in such directions as presented to their adversaries a possibility of attack.

Whilst these operations were completing, and parties despatched in different directions, for the purpose of procuring provision and forage, of which, however, a considerable

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quantity had been previously collected, Sir Henry Mortimer seized an opportunity of examining the papers of Colonel Sackbut, in order to determine, if possible, whence his adversaries had derived their information; for that their cause had been betrayed there could now remain not even the shadow of a doubt. His researches were for some time vain, the papers he found relating merely to the common military duties of the deceased; but he at length found a packet, on opening which his worst fears were verified. It was a despatch, dated some days prior, in which it was said, "That Government had received undoubted intelligence a rising of the Catholics in Ireland was to be hourly expected, under the command of Sir Henry Mortimer, a soldier of considerable experience." The letter concluded with an order to Colonel Sackbut, "To collect all the force at his disposal; but on no account to make any decisive movement which might apprize the rebels of the information possessed by Government, until, by openly appearing in arms,

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they left no doubt of their intentions." In which event, he was farther directed, "To cause an immediate attack to be made on them, even though attended with some disadvantages, to prevent their penetrating to any distance into the interior;" adding, "That if he could only keep them in check for a few days, he would be reinforced by such numbers as would be sufficient to overpower any force it was possible the insurgents could collect." Sir Henry was for an instant confounded by the accurate details given in the body of the despatch respecting his movements since his arrival at Castleward; and it was with feelings of intense anguish the conviction forced itself upon him, that from his son only could have emanated intelligence, at once so fatal to his cause, his followers, and himself.

Racked by the most violent emotions, it was some time before he could sufficiently recover himself, even to attend to the many momentous duties that devolved on him; nor is his agitation to be wondered at, when he

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thus saw his dearest hopes wrecked, and, worse than all, by one whom nature itself had prevented him from suspecting. "Ungrateful miscreant!" exclaimed he, at length, starting on his feet; "my fears were too well founded: by a culpable weakness, I have sacrificed all I held most dear; nay, trifled with the lives of those depending on me, for counsel and for aid.—But let them come," continued he, after a short pause; "their task is not perhaps so easy as they think! Honour and justice alike point out my course; and, at the worst, one sacrifice may, perhaps, be deemed for all a sufficient atonement!" As he concluded, that air of determined resolution pervaded his countenance, which ever attends the adoption of an inward and unalterable resolve.

Sir Henry Mortimer, for some succeeding hours, was fully engaged in superintending the various preparations for defence, and assigning to every individual his station and the duty he had to perform. The parties employed in collecting provisions and forage

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were every instant arriving with abundant supplies; and at daybreak their arrangements were all completed, their numerical force now amounting, in the whole, to two thousand five hundred men; the remaining five hundred having been killed or mutilated in their late encounter with the enemy.

With the rising sun the advance-guard of the King's forces became visible, and almost immediately afterwards the main body, evidently consisting of at least double the number of the insurgents. The effect produced by the rays of the morning sun falling on the burnished arms of such a body of men was inconceivably grand and imposing; giving back, as it were, a portion of kindred light to the source from whence they derived their lustre. The mistiness of an early spring dawn lent an apparently gigantic stature to the indistinctly defined persons of the approaching warriors, as they in successive files surmounted a small hill at some distance, whose extreme verge was plainly marked on the clear blue sky that consituted its back

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ground. Large masses, from time to time, detached themselves from the main body, and formed in various parts of the plain, whilst the shrill note of the trumpet, and the half intercepted sound of the drum, fell, mellowed by the distance, at intervals on the ear; forming altogether a scene pleasingly animated to those immediately concerned, although not entirely divested of that painful interest, which is the offspring of feeling, and the sister of anxiety.

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CHAPTER IV.

" ——————— Sudden and fierce
The bugle yells discordant! Echo starts
At once into existence, and essays
To mock the sound with which it must expire."

F. H.

At the conclusion of a preceding chapter in this narrative, Captain Summers was described as on the point of being removed from the bar, after a verdict of guilty had been found against him. The instant it was pronounced, the Veteran, who heard it with an unaltered countenance, turning to Edward, said, " You hear, my dear friend, the decision of the Jury: may I request you will be the first to announce the result to my unfortunate wife and child? Weep not for me, my son," continued he, drawing near to the youth, whose emotion had by this time completely

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mastered him; "I know myself innocent; and that consciousness will be sufficient to support me, even beneath the bitterness of an ignominious death!" Edward sobbed aloud as Captain Summers concluded, and, silently pressing his hand, turned away for the purpose of proceeding on his melancholy mission.

As he was on the point of leaving the court, he, however, suddenly remembered a request made to him in the morning by Mrs. Summers; namely, that, should the issue of the trial be unfavourable, he would deliver into her husband's hands a silk handkerchief, which she gave him (the same, in fact, that had been left by Norah on her visit to the gaol). Returning, therefore, hastily, to the spot where his friend was still awaiting the arrival of the person into whose charge he was to be given, Edward delivered him the handkerchief, according to direction, pronouncing the word "Remember!" Captain Summers, who, entirely occupied by reflections on his situation, had not noticed his return, started at the mention of

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the word, and, looking up, took the handkerchief in silence, motioning Edward, with some degree of impatient anxiety, to proceed to his wife; his features wearing an expression that told, he had no reliance whatever in the half promise of assistance made by Norah's gift, which, however, to fulfil the wishes of his wife, he determined to retain in his hand.

Almost immediately after the departure of Edward, Captain Summers was removed from the bar, and, on arriving at the door of the court, was about to be manacled by the officer, who, however, on the remonstrance of some person in the crowd, contented himself by merely passing a leathern thong tightly round one of his wrists. Carriages at that period being by no means common, they then proceeded on foot towards the gaol, accompanied by a small military party, the procuring whom had caused some little delay in the Veteran's removal, it having been suggested there might be some attempts made to rescue the prisoner, although from what quarter was entirely unknown.

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They, notwithstanding, passed on unmolested for a considerable time, and had already arrived within about two hundred yards of the prison door, when, on a sudden, a bugle blast of uncommon strength resounded through the street; and whilst every eye wandered in search of the person by whom it was blown, (who, however, escaped recognition), it was distinctly replied to from a distance. On the succeeding instant the clattering of horses' hoofs was heard rapidly advancing; and, in a much shorter time than is occupied in the relation, a large body of dragoons made their appearance, in a direction that precluded the possibility of approach to the gaol, without passing through their ranks.

Two of the mounted party, (who were all heavily armed, and complete in every appointment usually worn by troopers of that period), in addition to their own, had led horses in charge. The instant they arrived close to the soldiers who accompanied Captain Summers, an individual, whom the Veteran

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had before noticed in the crowd, divested himself of a cloak, in which he was previously enveloped, appearing beneath in a similar green uniform to that worn by the horsemen. Throwing aside his hat, he snatched a helmet from the saddle-bow of one of the spare horses, mounting at the same instant, and showing to Captain Summers (who directly recognised them) the handsome features and athletic form of Manderville.

The constable in charge of the Veteran, who, from the first sounding of the bugle, had evinced considerable uneasiness, on perceiving Manderville approach, said to the soldiers, "Suffer him to come no nearer; secure your prisoner, at all events." The sergeant who commanded the party immediately stepped in front of Manderville, and, presenting a musket at him, desired him to stand out of the way. He had, however, scarcely raised the gun, when he staggered and fell, having received a carbine ball through the head from one of the troopers. This appeared to be the signal for a general attack: the in-

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fantry immediately levelled their arms and discharged them, although so infinitely inferior in numbers; but on the succeeding instant not one of them was left standing, they having been borne down and literally crushed beneath the hoofs of the chargers.

Manderville, who, although in front, escaped unhurt, made several efforts to disengage Captain Summers from the hold of the officer, which he continued to retain with uncommon tenacity. Springing at length off his horse, he endeavoured to force himself in between them, and succeeded; the constable, at the same time, firmly seizing him by the collar. A moment sufficed to shake off the grasp, which was, however, directly renewed; a second struggle took place of some continuance, terminated by a dagger stroke from Manderville, which put an end at once to the efforts of the officer, and his life. These occurrences took place so rapidly, that Captain Summers had no time to reflect on either their object or origin, when Manderville hastily desired him to mount; but appearing

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to hesitate, before he was aware of his intention, the youth suddenly caught hold of him, and by an effort, as extraordinary as it was unexpected, fairly lifted him from the ground, and placed him in the saddle. He had, however, sufficient time to pronounce the words, "My wife?" which Manderville replied to by saying, "Safe, and at some distance from hence:" then, turning to his party, who had again formed in the middle of the street, "Forward," cried he, "gentlemen! our friends are in advance!"—Every charger felt the spur at the moment he spoke; and the sudden effort it occasioned gave them, (from the sparkling of the causeway), a momentary appearance as each fetlock were of fire.

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CHAPTER V.

"Round the huge space,
In mix'd confusion hung the hunting spear,
The rusty matchlock, battle-ax, and mail,
The Elk's huge horns, the boar swine's tusky spoils,
The crooked falchion, deeply dented shield,
Skins of huge beasts, and antlers of the Deer;
Whilst from the lofty roof suspended swung
The wolf's grim head, that e'en in death retain'd
The threat'ning scowl with which the felon died."

F. H.

THE horsemen, with Manderville at their head, rode rapidly forward in the direction of Castleward; but, shortly turning to the right, approached a desert and mountainous district. After traversing a barren moor, with considerable difficulty, their horses being by this time entirely blown, Captain Summers perceived, by the light of the moon, that they were approaching the borders of a small lake, in the centre of which stood an

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isolated tower, founded on a rock, whose extent was barely sufficient to form the base of the circular edifice. The moonbeam sat with a cold uncheering ray on the moss-grown walls of the turret, which threw a long thin shadow along the unruffled surface of the dark blue waters.

The air of desolation that pervaded the scene was, however, dissipated as by magic, when a blast from the bugle of Manderville awoke the thousand echoes of the surrounding mountains. In an instant the deep shadows on the walls of the tower were illuminated by the fierce glare of unnumbered torches; whilst the distant shout of many united voices reverberated on the ear, and told some there possessed the attribute of existence, which might almost have been doubted, from the unbroken death-like silence, and gloomy grandeur that previously reigned undisputed o'er the scene.

In a short time the measured strokes of approaching oars were heard; and in a few minutes after three boats were seen advan-

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cing rapidly to the shore. An instant sufficed to bring them to the verge of the lake, up the smooth sandy beach of which their sharp prows shot to a considerable distance, from the impetus they had previously received. The party of Manderville dismounted, and giving their horses in charge to the people that came in the boats, immediately embarked; and a part having taken their seats at the oars, the boats grated along the sand,—paused as it were for a second,—then darted impetuously into the flood; leaving in the waters as they passed a long thin silvery train, which glittered for a second, then straightway disappeared.

A brief but strenuous exertion on the part of the rowers brought the boats within a short distance of the turret, having in their passage passed a lump or raft going towards the shore, which was evidently intended for transporting the horses. The building, as it towered above them, bore a perfect resemblance to a modern light-house or martello tower, only that it was considerably

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higher than the generality of the latter, and of course wanted the lantern of the former, whose place was supplied by numerous equidistant embrasures. A projecting mass of rock, in which some rude steps had been hewn, served for a landing-place; where Captain Summers, Manderville, and his party disembarked: but before they quitted the spot, the Veteran was surprised to see them, by regular tackles, hoist the boats to a considerable distance out of the water, beneath a penthouse which had evidently been constructed for the purpose. Manderville then, taking his friend by the arm, led him through a small doorway, fitted with an iron barrier of considerable thickness, into a circular apartment of large dimensions, which was, in fact, with the exception of the thickness of the walls, the whole size of the edifice itself.

In different quarters of the room or apartment were four large hearths or fire-places, constructed of solid blocks of hewn granite, perfectly bare and unembellished. The walls appeared of precisely the same material

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wherever they were visible, the greater part being hidden by various articles of clothing, interspersed with the spoils of the chase, and a variety of warlike and hunting implements of all ages and kinds, from the fire-hardened club and spear of the ancients to the more destructive engines of modern invention, which are applicable to similar purposes. A table, or rather a number of boards rudely fastened together, occupied the centre of the space, the floor of which was thickly strewn with rushes. Benches, chairs, and stools of the rudest manufacture, together with a variety of sleeping births, not unlike in construction those of a common packet-boat, but altogether wanting in the neatness that characterises the latter, completed the furniture (if such it could be called) of the principal apartment in this antiquated strong-hold.

Captain Summers, who had hitherto been kept silent by the rapidity of their movements, now requested from Manderville an explanation of the various events that had occurred; at the same time making an anxious inquiry

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respecting his wife and daughters. To the first, Manderville merely replied by saying, "You otherwise had inevitably perished;" taking no notice whatever at the instant of the second query; but speedily laying aside his arms, he caught the Veteran by the hand, and, opening a small door, led the way up a narrow stone staircase, which was in a manner excavated out of the solid wall of the tower. They ascended in silence. Arriving at a landing-place, Manderville approached a door of larger size than the one below, and gave a couple of slight knocks; a footstep rushed towards it on the inside; the door of a magnificently furnished apartment flew open; and in a second more Captain Summers was encircled in the arms of his youngest daughter, her mother and sister being also in the room.

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CHAPTER VI.

If there's a pang severe beyond compare,
A throe, whose anguish nothing can assuage,
'Tis that which rends a doting parent's heart,
(A mixture dire of agony and scorn,)
As rests his eyes on a dishonor'd child!

F. H.

WHEN the first transports of a meeting, such as described, subsided, Captain Summers looked around in astonishment, at the magnificence of the chamber into which he had been so suddenly introduced. Its shape was semicircular, being intersected through the middle by a partition of wood, the pannels of which were of a light fawn colour, enclosed by richly gilded beadings that corresponded with the wainscoting on the walls, and a broad cornice, which had the appearance of a frame, round the superbly

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painted ceiling. Carpets, of foreign texture and uncommon fineness, covered the floor: the chairs, couches, tables, and other furniture, were of the richest woods and most modern construction; to which the antique forms of a massive sideboard of solid gold plate formed by no means a disagreeable contrast. A splendidly chased lamp, of the same material, diffused a rich and graduated light through the apartment; heightening the beauty of every surrounding object, and giving a peculiar finish to the whole, which time were but lost in attempting to describe.

The beauties of the chamber seemed, however, wholly lost on Captain Summers, the instant he again turned his eyes towards his long-absent child; his countenance becoming immediately overspread with the paleness of death, as, without uttering a sentence, he sunk exhausted in a chair. The cause of his sudden emotion might, indeed, be easily accounted for, as Jane was evidently pregnant. A fiery flush of indignation succeeded the paleness on his cheek, and hastily rising, he

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advanced towards Manderville for the purpose of being revenged, having no doubt he was the author of his dishonour; when his wife interposing, presented him with a paper that at once dissipated his fears, by proving his child to have been for some considerable time the wife of that friend who had succoured him in so many emergencies. Rushing into the arms of Manderville, the old man's head sunk on his bosom, as he exclaimed, "God bless you, my son, for the restoration of that peace, which I but this instant imagined had for ever disappeared!"

Restored at length to a state of comparative composure, the whole party sat down to refresh themselves, the necessaries for which were supplied in profusion; Manderville having entreated Captain Summers to suspend his curiosity until the domestics by retiring gave him an opportunity of explaining circumstances, which he was aware must at least appear extraordinary. This request being acquiesced in, the whole party might truly be said to enjoy themselves;

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the parents gratified not only at the restoration of their daughter, but in finding her united to one whom, (had they their choice from the world,) they would, although from different motives, have selected. Mrs. Summers imagining she had secured the aggrandisement of her child; and the Veteran, with the excusable vanity of a father, conceiving the hand of his daughter a reward commensurate at once to the merits of the youth, and the obligations he had so often conferred.

These pleasurable emotions were, however, quickly damped by reflection on the occurrences of the day; Captain Summers justly trembling at the consequences that might arise to his deliverer, whose desperation of character he could not help lamenting, at the same time that he admired his courage. Manderville immediately perceived the gloom which again settled on the features of his friend: as if guessing his thoughts, he filled a goblet of wine, and, raising it to his lips, gave, as a toast, "May our pledge to a

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friend still be death to a foe!" Captain Summers followed his example; but, although the words were unexceptionable, there was a something either in the sentiment, or the manner in which it was expressed, that clashed strangely with his feelings: as, notwithstanding he was a brave man, in the truest sense of the words, yet was his courage of that superior kind, whose groundwork is honour, accompanied by resolution; unmingled with fierceness, and uncontaminated by passion.

Notwithstanding these checks, the time, on the whole, was agreeably spent; the polished manners and manifold accomplishments of Manderville serving, (except when actually engaged in any enterprise,) entirely to conceal the sterner traits of character he undoubtedly possessed. His was, however, not that brawling fierceness that suddenly breaks forth, and is as suddenly appeased; it seemed rather in him an impulse he ever attempted to withstand, but which, once aroused, he was entirely unable to subdue.

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This peculiarity of temper was in some measure visible in his countenance; the resolute, though by no means savage features of which, having, when taken collectively, a something of cold unforgivingness about them, that was strangely contrasted to an eye beaming with generosity, love, and beneficence. Such were, however, as nearly as it is possible to describe them, the most striking outlines in the character of the youth, who united in himself (if the expression may pass without being considered hyperbolical) the passions of a tiger with the feelings of a lamb.

Their repast being concluded, and the attendants withdrawn, the Veteran again expressed his anxiety to be made acquainted with the circumstances attending the disappearance of his daughter and Manderville; in which particulars the latter proceeded immediately to satisfy him; the whole party having previously drawn their chairs round that, which might justly be described as a smiling and happy fireside.

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CHAPTER VII.

" Still free off hand your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony,
But still keep something to yoursel
Ye'll scarcely tell to ony."

BURNS.

" IN order," said Manderville, " that you may be enabled to judge of the motives that have actuated my conduct, it will be necessary for me to put you into possession of every fact that has occurred since our unexpected disappearance, instead of merely explaining the origin of our attempt to-day, which, I rejoice to say, proved so completely successful. You are, of course, already aware that, on the evening Jane and I left your house, a bull, exasperated by pursuit, passed through a copse in the vicinity of Castleward, into which we had

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previously strolled, and it is only necessary I should add, that, the animal having approached us, I was knocked down in an attempt to turn him, being at the same time completely stunned by the blow. On recovering myself, I found the bull had passed without materially injuring me; but, on returning to the spot where I had left my present wife, you may conceive my consternation at finding her gone, a part of her dress only remaining, and that completely saturated with blood. Such, indeed, was the effect produced on me, added to the force of the blow I received, that I was suddenly seized with an extreme giddiness, which deprived me at once of perception; from which I only recovered on feeling a peculiar kind of motion, which, on opening my eyes, I found was occasioned by the jolting of a cart into which I had been unconsciously conveyed.

"It was perfectly dark at the time I am speaking of, notwithstanding which, I could discern that two persons accompanied me. I attempted to rise, but found myself too weak

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to do so; and, although I addressed a variety of questions, from time to time, to my companions, they remained entirely silent. This I considered the more extraordinary, as I had reason to believe, from the texture of her habiliments, that one of my fellow-travellers was a woman; however, having at length wearied myself, I fell fast asleep, and did not awake until the following morning, when I found myself in the lower apartment of this solitary tower, which, singular as it may appear, I could not help conceiving was in some measure familiar to me. This feeling I even now can only account for, by supposing my imagination was imposed on by some slight resemblance the uncommon appearance of this place bore to 'the baseless fabric' of a former dream.

"My first impulse was to start on my feet, which I had no sooner done than I perceived the other end of the apartment was occupied by persons well known to me; friends whom I had mourned as lost; in short, the fifty brave men that accompanied me this day to

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your deliverance. I immediately inquired by what means I had been conveyed here, and if either of the party knew any thing respecting a young lady that accompanied me to the spot from whence I was removed. To the first part of my question I could gain no satisfactory reply; but had the inexpressible joy of hearing a young woman was brought to the tower with me, and who, together with a female attendant, was then in an upper apartment. That very extraordinary woman you know by the name of Norah, shortly afterwards introduced me to the presence of Jane; thereby convincing me of her safety, it appearing that her raiment had been torn in the hurry of removal; and that the blood which had fallen on it flowed from the animal himself, whom it seems I had wounded about the head with a stick, in my endeavours to arrest his progress.

"It will be necessary, perhaps, to say that Jane and I are both deeply indebted to Norah; she for life, and I for happiness. At the time the bull approached us in the wood, she

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happened to be at no great distance, and, whilst I was engaged in endeavouring to turn the animal, fortunately succeeded in conveying Jane to a place of safety, returning afterwards for me; and the succeeding steps she took I have already detailed. Finding her in possession of many facts, which, as they have no relation whatever to the subject before us, you will excuse my explaining, (although to me of considerable importance), and also hearing, some time afterwards, that a reward had been offered for my apprehension, on a charge preferred by that rascally exciseman, I found this too convenient a retirement to be willing to leave it. The persons here also owing me in some measure obedience, I at length resolved to remain, one of the conditions made by Norah being, that, until a certain time had elapsed, no one whatever should be made acquainted with the place of our concealment. This, believe me, was reluctantly acquiesced in both by Jane and I, who at length consented to unite her fate to mine; thereby, although I aver it in

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her presence, rendering me the most grateful of husbands, and the happiest of mankind.

" I perceive you are astonished at the comforts of this apartment, which certainly is not promised by the outward appearance of the turret. It presented a somewhat different aspect on our first arrival here, having long been suffered to run to decay. Mechanics, however, we had amongst the faithful followers you this day saw: the paintings required but cleaning to restore them to their present state, and every requisite alteration was effected by our friends, assisted by artizans, whom Norah procured during the time we were absent for the purpose of being married. Such is a brief outline of the occurrences that took place previous to the visit made you by Norah; but that circumstance being of some moment requires to be more fully detailed.

" We were some time married, and returned here, before your arrest took place; and had I been aware of it a few hours sooner, I would have intercepted you on your

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way to confinement. As it was, however, owing to certain circumstances, I was under the necessity of remaining quiet for a time; and even afterwards how to make you acquainted with my intentions I knew not. Be the consequences what they might, I resolved, should the issue of the trial be unfavourable, to rescue you, although, I concluded, if you were discharged without my interposition it would be more agreeable to your feelings. At length, Norah, having habited herself somewhat like a christian, offered to be the bearer of the message, and, having no other resource, I was obliged to submit. I was not, you may depend, without some doubts whether her extraordinary conduct might not mar my intention, particularly as she insisted on having a blank sheet of paper folded as a letter, directed by Jane, although she would by no means hear of any thing being written within it, taking on herself to give all necessary information relative to our affairs, and promising, if we submitted to her conditions, to execute her mission with fidelity.

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"How far she did so, you must certainly be the best judge: she evidently fulfilled my directions respecting the handkerchief, in case the result of the trial was unfavourable; and although it must appear extraordinary that I should for an instant permit an old woman to dictate to me,—it is not without a cause.—I know the bare mention of a wish to remain silent on this subject will by you be held a sufficient excuse why I do not at present explain myself farther, than by observing, that, in many senses, as well as that intended by Bacon, 'Knowledge is power,' be that knowledge whence it may."

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CHAPTER VIII.

Fierce the signal-fire
Spread over valley, mountain, headland, moor,
Its sanguinary lustre; and call'd forth
A nation's warriors to the battle field.

F. H.

As Manderville concluded, a peculiar kind of noise was heard on the landing-place without; and, immediately afterwards, the door opening, Norah entered the apartment, dressed in the same manner she had been on the evening she met Captain Summers and his party, and warned them of the attack about to be made on them. Since that time she, however, appeared to have become considerably debilitated, and now seemed to lean for support on the staff of the spear which she at that time appeared to carry rather as a weapon than supporter. A great deal

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of anxiety was also observable in her features, and her coarse habiliments were ragged and travel-soiled: indeed, her whole appearance bespoke considerable fatigue, notwithstanding which, her large gray eye still sparkled with an enthusiasm, as she spoke, that seemed nearly allied to the excitation of madness.

Placing herself exactly in the middle of the chamber, which was with her an invariable practice, "Manderville!" said she, "you have lost a day!" "What mean you, Norah?" exclaimed he, starting on his feet with considerable emotion. "I repeat it," continued she; "you have lost a day! The fire of the freeborn has opened on their foes; the sword of the patriot has triumphed and been foiled; yet vainly sought I yours, amidst the thousands I beheld!" "Madwoman!" muttered Manderville, as he motioned her to retire; then, turning to the party, he requested permission to absent himself for a few minutes, and immediately followed Norah, who had attended to his sign.

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On arriving in the lower apartment, Manderville soon learnt from Norah the various movements of the insurgents, under Sir Henry Mortimer; their success and subsequent retreat, with every particular of which she appeared minutely acquainted. After continuing a considerable time in close conference, they at length appeared to have come to some decision, as Norah precipitately left the tower in a small skiff, she herself managed; and on Manderville's return to the party above, he mentioned that, owing to intelligence received, he was under the necessity of leaving the turret within a few hours; adding, it would not be long before he returned. With this slight explanation of his intentions they were obliged to remain satisfied, as he forbore making any further remark on the subject, until, it becoming very late, the whole company retired to rest. Captain Summers, his wife, and daughter, were surprised at the accommodation they found in separate apartments, which, although small, were replete with every convenience, being

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formed by a division of the corresponding semicircle, (admitted, by the shape of the building,) to that of the room in which they had been so sumptuously entertained.

The pillow of Captain Summers might, metaphorically speaking, be described, for the first time in his life, as consisting of thorns: after he had retired to bed—so disagreeable, nay, painful were his feelings, on having leisure for reflection. The colour of the uniform worn by Manderville and his followers, for the first time, aroused his suspicions relative to the party he was connected with, which, once awakened, found ample confirmation in the indistinct rumours he had previously heard respecting him. Nothing, perhaps, could be more painful than his emotions at thus finding himself as it were associated with a body of men, whose religious and political opinions were equally abhorrent to him; and it was with extreme pleasure he called to mind their very limited number. When he, however, reflected that on such slender means rested the life of his son-in-law, and perhaps

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his own, (not being aware any other persons were yet implicated in their cause, save Manderville and his followers), he could not avoid starting up in an agony indescribable, occasioned by the conflict of his feelings; which made him one instant wish for the destruction of that youth, whom on the next he could not help regarding with the tenderest affection.

Thus agitated, he remained for some hours wakeful, when on a sudden he heard a very great bustling, attended with considerable noise, both above and below that part of the building occupied by himself and family. He plainly distinguished the clanking of arms, and directly afterwards, from the unreaving of the tackle (the noise occasioned by which being distinctly audible), was convinced the boats had been lowered. This did not much surprise him, Manderville having informed them of his intention of leaving the turret; but he was greatly startled directly afterwards, by hearing a gun discharged from the top of the tower, which, from the report it made,

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was evidently of considerable calibre. Captain Summers immediately arose for the purpose of inquiring the cause of the explosion, and, having dressed himself with no little difficulty, contrived to descend to the apartment into which he had been first ushered on getting out of the boat. It was now, however, utterly deserted; a few embers in one of the fire-places afforded the only light; whilst the iron portal was closed, and seemingly fastened on the outside. Finding it impossible, either to proceed farther or obtain any information, the veteran entered a door in the wall, with the intention of returning to bed; but after ascending for some time, found he had arrived on the battlements of the tower, occasioned undoubtedly by his having entered below, at a different door from that which led to his bed-chamber.

The scene that presented itself was far from pleasing; he at once distinguished the gun that had been fired, by the recoil it made from the embrasure, having evidently been left the moment discharged. That

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which, however, caused him the greatest uneasiness was, the appearance of a number of signal-fires on all the surrounding points of elevated land, which he had no doubt were kindled in order to raise the partizans of a cause, which he now feared might be stronger than he had hitherto supposed. Inexpressibly shocked at the idea of what those of his own persuasion might be exposed to, in being thus surprised by an enemy, who, in 1640, had given them an opportunity of judging what would be their fate, the veteran could scarcely restrain within any kind of reasonable bounds the emotions that swelled within him; particularly when he considered the utter impossibility that existed of even tendering his feeble services to a cause for which (it is but faintly depicting his devotion to aver) he would willingly have died. For a few seconds he was employed in devising schemes by which he might at least apprise some of their danger; but having once more returned to the principal apartment or hall of the tower, and again vainly attempted to ob-

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tain egress from thence, with a sense of disappointment, such as he had never before experienced, the veteran, after wearying himself by his efforts, once more found his way to bed, oppressed by feelings whose poignancy may, by possibility, be conceived, but cannot be described.

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CHAPTER IX.

A word, however trifling in itself,
So unimportant, generally esteem'd,
Has yet been known to seal a nation's fate,
Or, misapplied, has caused the death of thousands.
F. H.

THE intelligence of Norah made a considerable impression on Manderville, particularly as he had not expected any decisive steps to be taken by the party to which he belonged, at least, for some days. It may, however, be necessary, before we proceed farther, to mention several occurrences which he intentionally either did not at all name in his relation to Captain Summers, or only in so cursory a manner as by no means rendered them clearly intelligible. Such, in fact, had been his object, Manderville being fully aware

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that the principles of the veteran were as opposite as possible to those he entertained.

Of his own and his wife's removal he had mentioned every particular, and the persons whom he recognised in the turret the reader will ere this have concluded were part of the crew of the vessel in which he was wrecked. Such, indeed, was the fact; the party consisting of about fifty-four persons, all British subjects, who, having continued clinging to the bows of the vessel (which had been, comparatively speaking, but little damaged, the after-magazine only exploding) they, on the falling of the tide, were enabled to reach the shore in safety. Owing, however, to that portion of the ship to which they were attached having drifted to some considerable distance from the place where she originally struck, they effected their landing much higher in the bay than Manderville; who, jumping overboard at the instant the explosion took place, supported himself on a spar until he reached the land. Norah, whom it may also be necessary to re-

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mark, was, by some means, well aware of the plans of the insurgents, and who had been expecting the arrival of the vessel to which they belonged, chanced to be near the place where they landed. On discovering which ship they served in, she led them immediately to the turret, where they had ever since remained; to occupy which she had herself long been permitted, for reasons that will be hereafter explained. As to the frigate, or her crew, as nothing whatever was afterwards heard of either, there could be no doubt they totally perished; a circumstance by no means difficult to account for, as her superior draught of water would cause her to strike at a much greater distance from the land than would be the case with the smaller vessel of Manderville and his followers.

In this retrospective glance, (which is essentially necessary, and will therefore be continued), it may not be deemed superfluous to state, that Manderville wandered for some hours along the beach after his landing, in hopes to rejoin some of his shipmates, should

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any be fortunate enough to escape. During his perambulations, he found, drifted on the beach, a large chest belonging to himself, out of which, having the keys in his possession, he had taken the small case containing his money and most valuable effects, which, in fact, was the same he had under his arm at the time Captain Summers invited him to his house. His reasons for not claiming the chest, which was the same secured by the exciseman and sent to the custom-house, will be obvious, and therefore need not be dwelt on; at the same time it may be requisite to add, that some papers found in it gave rise to the offering so large a reward for his apprehension, by putting government into possession of some important facts relative to his former life.

As the owner of the papers, together with the crews of both vessels, were, however, supposed to have perished, the reward above mentioned was, after a time, withdrawn; neither would it, in all probability, ever have been renewed, had not the hatred of the

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exciseman towards the author of his sufferings prompted him to seek revenge; and given him, in the attempt, an opportunity of discovering that the person for whose apprehension government had expressed so much anxiety was the same individual whom, it must be acknowledged, he had ample cause to regard as a formidable enemy.

In order to explain the allusion above made, it is necessary to recall the reader's attention to the attack on Captain Summers, his daughter, and Manderville, as they were one evening crossing a moor. This affair had long been contemplated by the exciseman and two of his relations; but, having already had a sample of the prowess of Manderville, and being at the same time assured of the courage of the veteran, they considered it advisable to have the assistance of some other persons in order to ensure their success. To obtain any such was, however, found a task of no common difficulty, from the respect entertained even by the catholic peasantry for the character of Captain Summers:

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their most intimate friends (and to no others could such a proposal be made) refusing to have any thing whatever to do with it. At length, however, the exciseman (by that time nearly frantic for revenge) succeeded in bribing some smugglers to assist him in his villanous design, by promises of allowing them to land unmolested on the coast a cargo of illicit merchandise.

It was, notwithstanding, some time before they had an opportunity of carrying their purposed revenge into execution. At length, on the evening above alluded to, a spy, whom they had long placed over the actions of those they intended to sacrifice, informed them of the route taken by the party, on which it was resolved to waylay them on the moor. With the result the reader is already acquainted; but, in order to account for the warning given them by Norah, it may be expedient to say, that amidst the various persons to whom propositions were made to assist in the affair, was one, who, being a partizan of the plot in which Sir Henry Mortimer and Man-

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derville were concerned, and over whom Norah possessed considerable influence, he to her revealed the intention of the exciseman and his friends. Owing to the danger she herself laboured under of arrest, it was found impossible to communicate his peril to Manderville until the time in question; as, of course, the attack was not in contemplation at the time she met him at night on the beach. The language she made use of on that occasion being, in fact, merely a hint respecting the safety of a part of his shipmates; relating also to some other circumstances which will be subsequently developed.

The exciseman, though foiled in his principal object, succeeded, as above-mentioned, in identifying Manderville, which he thus effected. The second man who approached that youth on the night in question, it was stated at the time, either accidentally or otherwise discharged his piece when at some distance, which fire had been immediately returned, and with effect, the stranger starting on his feet and running to

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some distance before he fell. This man was one of the exciseman's relations, the person previously killed being a smuggler, and he, although badly wounded, retained sufficient sense to remember, (after he recovered from his wound,) that he heard Captain Summers, on returning to the assistance of his friend, address him by the name of Manderville. This was sufficient for the exciseman, who immediately made the fact known to the board of customs, concealing, of course, the means by which he had acquired his knowledge. Singular as it may appear, he likewise succeeded in keeping the affair secret, by a speedy removal of the bodies, (particularly that of the smuggler,) in a small skiff belonging to his vessel, that lay at no great distance, off the confines of the moor, which was skirted by the sea.

The natural consequence of this information was the immediate apprehension of Captain Summers, and the cause of the second reward being offered for the arrest of Manderville. The time that elapsed between the attack,

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above alluded to, and the taking Captain Summers into custody, is accounted for by saying, that it was not until he nearly recovered from his wound, the man made known the name he heard mentioned; and, consequently, until then, the exciseman did not possess that knowledge, which formed the basis of his future proceedings.

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CHAPTER X.

"——— Chance, that sometimes rules
The fate of nations, then decided thine."
THOMSON.

MANDERVILLE, in relating the circumstances that had taken place since his disappearance, forbore, as before hinted, mentioning many occurrences: among the rest, made no allusion whatever to his either knowing or having seen Sir Henry Mortimer since his arrival in Ireland. Such had, however, been the case, as Sir Henry visited the tower during the time he was absent from Castleward. Norah, who had long been one of the agents of the latter, supplied him with the information he possessed relative to the preservation of the crew, and the particulars of the action with the frigate; but, owing to his sudden removal from the place at

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which he generally received her letters, occasioned by his departure for Ireland, it was not until some days after his conversation with Major Allensdale on the subject that it became known to him Manderville was indeed at the turret; having always supposed he had intentionally carried Miss Summers to some other part of the country. There was something in the unwillingness, with which Norah even at length mentioned to Sir Henry that such was the fact, which had an appearance of mystery; but, owing to her general very extraordinary character, it passed entirely unnoticed.

Mortimer having, on their meeting, received from Manderville an explanation of his conduct, it was finally arranged that the latter should remain where he was for the present; as this tower, in fact, might be deemed the rallying point of their party, their principal treasure being there deposited. It had originally been constructed by the ancestors of Sir Henry, as one of those strong-holds commonly possessed by considerable families,

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constituting a refuge, in cases of extreme danger; but, in later days, had been gorgeously embellished by the grandfather of Mortimer, a man of eccentric character, who made it for many years his only dwelling. Time and neglect had, however, despoiled it of most of its splendours, when it became the retreat of Norah, who, as before said, was permitted to occupy it, she being employed as one of the numerous agents of the catholic party. For this purpose she had been selected, not only on account of the influence she really possessed over the superstitious minds of the neighbouring peasantry, but likewise from the extreme improbability of any suspicion of the kind being attached to a person of her description, who could be looked upon as little better than a maniac; although she, in fact, was possessed of infinite cunning, and a degree of devotion to the cause in which she was engaged, that perhaps constituted no inconsiderable portion of her disease.

Manderville, during the visit of Sir Henry, made known to him his intentions respecting

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the rescue of Captain Summers, to which he made no objection. Hence, the latter had permitted his son to be present at the trial, hoping, by that means, to receive immediate information respecting the result, and little anticipating at the time, that treachery had already struck a blow that placed him in a situation as precarious as the prisoner's. It, therefore, would appear that the arrival of Sir Henry's friends was premature, and in some measure unexpected, at least for a few days; but being once collected, it would have been worse than folly to have delayed until their enemies could gain intelligence of their concentration, admitting they had not previously received it from a quarter already surmised.

Sir Henry Mortimer was so completely engaged during the night on which his friends collected at Castleward, that it was not until he was on the point of setting forward, on the succeeding morning, he sent to inform Manderville of his intention; the former deeming the force then met together

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sufficient for the service he had in view, namely, the attacking a fort and military depot in the vicinity. When the messenger at length despatched by Sir Henry arrived at the turret, he found Manderville had already quitted it, and gone to the rescue of his friend. He, therefore, had immediately followed him to Carrickfergus, where he unfortunately arrived at the instant the skirmish took place between the soldiers in charge of Captain Summers and the party of Manderville, in riding up to whom, he was, as unfortunately, killed by a discharge of the musketry, before he had an opportunity of making known the purport of his mission. Hence it arose that Manderville was unacquainted with the movements of his friends until informed of them by Norah, who, it ought to be mentioned, had actually witnessed the scenes, which, when alone with him, she distinctly described.

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CHAPTER XI.

Rugged in form and feature, fierce and stern,
Unpolish'd, rude; but to their chief's behest,
Each heart was faithful as the steel they wore.

F. H.

MANDERVILLE, on learning the situation of his leader from Norah, who had left Sir Henry Mortimer on the retreat, resolved immediately on joining him, having no doubt he intended falling back to Castleward. She, (although considerably fatigued), willingly undertook to direct the persons appointed to set fire to a number of beacons, composed of turf and brushwood, (which had been from time to time stacked in various directions, for the ostensible purpose of removal) to repair to their posts; and Mander-

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ville only waited until they had time to reach them, before he fired the signal gun; on doing which, it had long since been arranged, the whole were to be at once kindled, in order to apprise all attached to their cause that the time had arrived when their services were required.

This was accordingly done, as noticed in a preceding chapter; and Manderville, with his whole party except two, immediately afterwards set off, in order to join Sir Henry Mortimer. The two men above-mentioned were left to convey the boats back to the turret, but had not returned at the time Captain Summers attempted, though vainly, to get out, or in fact till some time afterwards; owing to the difficulty they experienced in towing, with only two oars, the three boats in which their companions were conveyed to the shore. Sir Henry Mortimer, on his return to Castleward, was not a little disappointed (it must here be observed), at finding no reinforcements whatever had arrived there; which, as he was not

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aware of the miscarriage of his despatch, he had every reason to expect.

Whilst Manderville and his followers were pursuing their way towards the encampment of their leader, the situation of Captain Summers became intolerably irksome. After some time had elapsed since his return to the bed-chamber, conceiving he heard the sound of voices below, he once more arose, and descended the stairs leading into the common apartment. On reaching it, he was exceedingly rejoiced at seeing two men; conjecturing he might, perhaps, find means to induce them to set him on shore. These hopes were considerably strengthened by the very respectful behaviour of the former, but were at once dissipated on his naming his wishes; one of them mildly but resolutely informing him, that in every other respect they would cheerfully obey his directions; but that until the return of Manderville, he must not, at his peril, attempt to leave the tower. The veteran, by anxiety, rendered regardless of the consequences, notwithstanding this inti-

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mation, essayed to pass them in the direction of the door, but was straightway intercepted by one of the men, who unceremoniously thrust him back with his arm, at the same time placing the point of a sword to his breast: whilst his companion hastily reached down an arquebuss that hung suspended from the wall.

Under these circumstances, Captain Summers had no alternative but to return to his bed, as resistance, even had he been younger, would have only tended to his inevitable destruction. Fatigue so completely overpowered him, on again lying down, that he unconsciously closed his eyes, and soon slept soundly, for the first time since the preceding morning. When he awoke, he found the day considerably advanced, his wife having long arisen, forbearing, however, to disturb him, as she had noticed his restlessness. On joining his family, in the apartment they had supped in on the preceding night, the whole party were evidently low-spirited; the swoln and inflamed eyes of his youngest daughter,

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in particular, being sufficient evidences of the manner in which she had passed the time since their separation.

Perceiving that some casual questions he addressed to her tended only to increase her distress, the veteran forbore making any inquiries for the present, passing the hours in a state it is not in language to define: anxious for intelligence, yet dreading to have the fears he entertained confirmed, although even that almost appeared as if it would be a species of relief, when compared to the feelings he at present experienced. Hour after hour, however, passed away without any interruption whatever to the silence that reigned around; and expectation, kept so long upon the rack, became by degrees less intense. In the mean time, hope, which still lingers in the recesses of the heart, almost under any circumstances, began at intervals to suggest that all might not yet be lost to his friends; and with those blandishments, peculiarly its own, (which often constitute the sole basis on which fortitude is supported),

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by degrees, not only alleviated his anxiety; but artfully introduced into the pictured perspective of his imagination some slight shadings of their ultimate success.

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CHAPTER XII.

"Then, foot and point and eye opposed,
In combat dire they sternly closed."

WALTER SCOTT.

IT was still dark, when Manderville, having previously permitted his followers to be landed, left the turret in a boat in order to rejoin them, remaining later than the rest, as well to take leave of his wife, as to personally discharge the gun, (the signal that decided the fate of their cause), and which it had been determined never to resort to, until their party, throwing concealment aside, boldly resolved on trusting every thing to their swords. These, severally, detained him a considerable time; wherefore, on landing, he found, according to his orders, that his partizans had proceeded onwards, and

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must be already some distance in advance, owing to the time that had elapsed since their departure. In order to overtake them, it became, therefore, necessary for Manderville to put his horse at speed, which he by no means regretted, as the exertion consequent to the pace served to dissipate the melancholy he laboured under, arising from the distress evinced by his wife at the moment he departed from the tower.

He had ridden swiftly along the high road for some time, when he arrived on the borders of a moor, by crossing which he should cut off a very considerable distance, and in all probability head the party he was pursuing. Having, during his residence at the turret, become well acquainted with the face of the surrounding country, he did not a moment hesitate in choosing that rout; therefore, turning his horse's head, he by a slight leap cleared a low wall that bounded the causeway, and again set forward at a more rapid and agreeable pace along the soft elastic surface of the heath. The track he was pur-

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suing led him close to the walls of a building, that at a distance appeared to be a ruinous cottage, but which, on his approach, he found was in a much better state than he had at first imagined. Manderville would, however, have passed it unnoticed, had his ear not caught a sound that seemed to be the moan of some person in distress, and which appeared to issue from the interior of the edifice. This being repeated, he instantly drew his rein, and, alighting from his horse, advanced to the door of the cottage, which he essayed to enter, but found it securely fastened on the inside.

Our hero paused for a second, listened, and again heard the noise that had first attracted his attention, but considerably weaker, and evidently suppressed, either by force or inclination. It has before been observed, that Manderville possessed a heart sensitively alive to the call of distress, notwithstanding a portion of desperate fierceness formed a leading trait in his disposition. He, therefore, on witnessing a repetition of the moan

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above-mentioned, instantly demanded admission, in a loud voice, of which, however, no notice was taken; but he conceived he heard a shuffling of feet within, as caused by a struggle between two persons, and the following instant the sound of a blow fell on his ear, succeeded by a scream that thrilled to his heart, and absolutely paralysed him for a moment.

The shriek still vibrated through the building, as the door flew suddenly off its hinges, from the force of a kick bestowed on it by Manderville; and on the instant he entered the cottage a pistol-ball whistled close by his head, grazing his cheek as it passed. The scene that then presented itself to him was most extraordinary; on the floor of the hovel lay extended the body of an apparently expiring female, whose face, even from the casual glance of an instant, Manderville was convinced he had seen before. In one corner of the room lay huddled an antiquated beldame, the very picture of penury and age; whilst at the farthest extremity of the apart-

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ment stood (with a naked sword in his hand, whose point still retained a sanguinary stain, which indicated the use to which it had been applied—the discharged pistol likewise lying at his feet,) a person well known to the youth; in fact, the exciseman, who has occupied so conspicuous a place in some of the preceding scenes.

The countenance of this miscreant presented a terrific picture of dismay and hatred, as they stood confronted to each other; a recognition having no sooner taken place than Manderville, drawing his sword, advanced evidently with an intention of attacking him. He had also, on the first impulse of the moment, grasped in his left hand one of the pistols he usually wore in his belt; but, perceiving his antagonist was not then in possession of the like, Manderville instantly threw it aside; and, thus equally armed, made known to his adversary, by his method of approach, that on his immediate exertions in his own defence depended his only chance of continued existence.

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Reduced to this extremity, the exciseman, assuming that bastard ferocity which even cowards have been known in some instances to display, stepped forward a pace or two from the spot to which he had previously retreated, and, exerting the whole of his Herculean strength, together with no inconsiderable skill at his weapon, desperately assaulted our hero. The superior tactics of Manderville served, however, to foil his utmost efforts; until at length an opening presenting itself, the youth having, by a feint cut, converted into a thrust, got within his adversary's guard, he succeeded in passing his sword twice through his body; the second stab taking complete and immediate effect, the exciseman, with a stifled groan, falling backward on the instant he received it. Forth from his breast and mouth burst at the same moment large quantities of frothy blood, which quickly deluged the apartment. For a second he writhed convulsively on the floor, attempting to respire in rapid broken sobs—once raised himself partially on

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his arm, and apparently essayed to speak; but his lacerated lungs proved unequal to the task,—cast one last look of inconceivable malignity at Manderville—stretched himself again at full length,—sobbed,—trembled,—and his agonies were o'er!

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CHAPTER XIII.

O'er the bleeding wretch,
Unmoved, he stands; the while his looks express
The inward triumph of vindictive joy.

F. H.

An exulting smile of gratified revenge, without the slightest admixture of pity or remorse, played on the features of Manderville, as he, for some seconds, stood silently over, and watched the parting agonies of his foe. The instant, however, his adversary ceased to exist, he turned carelessly away; and drawing his sword-blade through the finger and thumb of his left hand, on which he had retained his glove, after satisfying himself every stain was removed, returned it to its scabbard, performing the whole with a degree of composure, or rather apathy, which told he was

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but too well accustomed to similar occurrences. Chancing, however, to hear the wounded female again sigh, who, from the nature of her wound, he had concluded dead, Manderville immediately stooped down, in order to determine whether there might be any prospect of saving her. That he found almost hopeless, but at the same time recognised, in her pallid features, those of the youth who had accompanied the exciseman at the period of their former encounter, and whose evidence had borne so hardly on the case of his friend on the preceding day.

Raising her gently in his arms, he placed her in a chair, and having, with considerable difficulty, induced the elderly female to arise and procure him some linen, succeeded at length in staunching the blood. The wound appeared to be rather in her neck than breast, and, on closer examination, Manderville even began to entertain slight hopes it might not prove fatal, as well from the flowing of the

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blood, which was gradual, as its very dark colour; whence he concluded the weapon in its passage had not ruptured any principal artery. Having, however, no time to lose, he was at length reluctantly obliged to depart; but not before he had witnessed the partial restoration of the sufferer, whom he then consigned to the temporary charge of the old woman, resolving, when he had overtaken his party, to send a couple of them back, in order to remove her to Castleward, where she might, in all probability, receive the advantage of medical attendance.

Finding he could no otherwise be of any farther service, Manderville departed; first informing the elderly female, (who had continued to regard him with unrepressed emotions of fear), of his intention to send for the sufferer, adding a promise of reward in case she was attentive to her in the meantime; but threatening her, in terms it was impossible to misunderstand, with the consequences that would attend either failure

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or disobedience. The wretched being attempted to mutter a reply, which was rendered unintelligible by terror, and wholly lost on Manderville; who, whilst he was speaking, vaulted into his saddle, and was already advanced some distance across the heath. The youth had the good fortune, on again striking into the line of road, to perceive his party at no great distance before him; and, on overtaking them, immediately ordered two to return to the cottage, and bring the wounded woman from thence to Castleward. These directions being instantly complied with, the rest accelerated their pace, having heretofore proceeded but slowly, in order to enable their leader to overtake them, whose long absence had begun to excite a considerable degree of uneasiness.

Day by this time dawned, and as Manderville and his followers reached the summit of a rising ground, they had an opportunity of seeing at once the advance of the royalists, and the preparations for opposing them made by the opposite party. An attempt

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having been already made to describe the scene that presented itself, a repetition would necessarily be tiresome; consequently it will be sufficient to say, that Manderville and his party, without molestation, effected a junction with the main body of their confederates within the line of defences thrown up by order of Sir Henry Mortimer.

Our hero was surprised to find how very small the force collected at Castlemaul continued; having expected the whole surrounding peasantry would have risen on firing the beacons. Owing to the judicious measures of government, this had been prevented; large bodies of military having, within a few hours, been stationed in different directions for that purpose. This occupancy of the ground was, however, for the moment, rather favourable than otherwise to the cause of the insurgents, (or at least to those already in arms), as it prevented the immediate concentration of a force, which must have been, from their numbers, perfectly overwhelming.

Manderville, who, on his arrival, had been

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immediately appointed by Sir Henry Mortimer to the command of one division of their forces, consisting of a thousand men, was, at the same time, made acquainted with the desperate posture of their affairs, owing to the treachery that had been discovered. Difficulties, however, seemed but to arouse the latent energies possessed by the youth; conviction flashed from his councils, as he yet pointed out some probabilities of success, should they be fortunate in again defeating the force opposed to them; which, considering the advantages of situation they possessed, he considered by no means improbable. "And, at the worst," concluded Manderville, "what have we to fear? Death may have its terrors to the timid and the weak; but the true soldier can have naught to fear, save that it surprise him when unworthily employed!" The animation of his manner appeared to inspire confidence into those whom he addressed; and the shouts that arose as he concluded, reached even the advancing

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columns of their enemies; whilst the surrounding mountains (to adopt the phraseology of an immortal bard,) might be truly said, to "rebellow to the roar!"

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CHAPTER XIV.

"Vain were a father's hopes to see
Ought that beseems a man in thee."

BYRON.

EDWARD Mortimer, having spent the night after the rescue of Captain Summers in vain attempts to learn what might be the fate of either him or his family, resolved at length to return to Castleward. This resolution he was led to adopt earlier than his anxiety, on account of the veteran, would otherwise have permitted him, by hearing certain indistinct rumours respecting the various occurrences of the preceding day. Considerably alarmed at the intelligence he "by parcels" learned, though not entirely unexpected, he determined to lose no time in ascertaining its truth; hardly conceiving it probable that any rash steps had

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been taken by his father, and still hoping the report, though rife, might be entirely unfounded.

Be his motives what they might, Edward appeared resolved to be on the spot, at the time the fate of his father was determined, as he, soon after daybreak, mounted and rode swiftly in the direction of Castleward. As he approached it, however, the hopes he had hitherto entertained relative to the falsity of the report vanished at sight of its very altered appearance, and the number of military by whom it was surrounded. Arrived within the defences, he cast an agitated look around; and having shortly distinguished Manderville, notwithstanding the difference in his dress, he hurried to the place where he stood, exclaiming, "My God! is it possible you have been indeed so rash?!" "Perfectly, sir," coldly answered Manderville, who shared in the suspicions of Sir Henry Mortimer, respecting his being the person who had betrayed them; and, turning to an orderly that stood near him, he con-

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tinued, "Inform Sir Henry Mortimer of his son's arrival, returning to me with any orders you may receive on the subject." The orderly straightway withdrew, and Edward, whose astonishment seemed to have arrived at its height, was, in as few words as possible, informed that he must remain where he was, until the messenger's return.

This was, however, but a very brief period, the instructions of Sir Henry being, that his son was to be considered a prisoner, and immediately brought before him as such; a request accompanying the order that Manderville would likewise attend him. Both, on the instant, were literally obeyed; Edward being given in charge to a provost-marshal; and Manderville, after giving some necessary directions respecting the service he was employed on, making the best of his way towards the now thronged, though lately deserted, mansion of their chieftain. On reaching the apartment occupied by Sir Henry Mortimer, he found him surrounded by all the principal officers and chiefs of their party;

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an ashy paleness had spread itself over his features, indicating the very height of internal agony; mingled, however, with which a considerable degree of determined resolution was distinctly visible. Manderville, on joining them, learned that the purpose, for which they were assembled, was to give their opinions respecting the punishment the prisoner deserved; and, be that what it might, it was intimated by Sir Henry it should be carried into immediate execution.

After some preliminary preparations, with an unfaltering voice, Sir Henry desired the prisoner might be brought in, which was accordingly done; Edward advancing calmly, but boldly, up to a table, round which his judges were assembled. After respectfully noticing the presence of his father by a bow, he, without waiting to be questioned, requested to be informed why he was treated as a prisoner: the suspicions against him being mentioned, it was observed that his countenance underwent considerable alteration; but whether the emotion arose from a

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consciousness of guilt, or from surprise and uneasiness at the nature of the charge, might be at least deemed doubtful in the extreme. A great number of questions having been proposed to him, which he either indistinctly answered or remained wholly silent respecting (conduct that might have arisen from the confusion consequent to so sudden an examination), Edward was at length formally interrogated what reply he intended making to the charge adduced against him? After considerable hesitation, he contented himself with merely denying any knowledge whatever of the fact; which, however, as it appeared certain the ruin of their cause could have arisen from no other person, made but little impression: he was, therefore, ordered to be removed for a time, that his judges might deliberate on the sentence it was fitting to pronounce.

There appeared to exist but one opinion respecting the guilt of Edward; but, owing to his near relationship to Sir Henry, the parties assembled differed widely as to the extent of

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the punishment they ought to inflict. At length it was resolved, that every member of the court (for such they designated it) except Sir Henry, should write the sentence, he conceived just, on a piece of paper, without signing his name to it: these were to be deposited in a basin on the table, and when completed in number examined by their chief, who, it was decided (in order to give Edward the greater chance of escape), should have a casting vote in case the numbers were any thing like even. This arrangement being adopted, the votes were speedily collected; and, on being opened, it appeared the numbers were exactly divided; one party recommending a merciful consideration of the case, the other deciding the proper punishment was death.

Manderville, who, as the next in command to Sir Henry, had been deputed to open the paper, was himself shocked at the situation of Mortimer, judging (unlike the rest, who conceived Edward safe) that the stern justice of Sir Henry would counterbalance

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any other feeling whatever. Necessity, however, required he should make known the result to his chief, who received the intimation in silence, though not without emotion; which was told by the quivering of his lip, and the large drops of cold perspiration that overspread his brow on the instant. Recovering himself in a second, Sir Henry ordered the prisoner to be again brought in, and Edward, having been placed at the table as before, he thus addressed him; his voice, which at first was somewhat tremulous, acquiring strength, nay, sternness, as he proceeded.

"Unhappy youth! from the first moment I saw you, although my hopes became blighted respecting all I wished to find in a son; a suspicion so horrible as that it was possible you could betray me, never for a moment, (even after you had avowed your principles,) found a place in my breast; save when most unwelcomely intruded by one who, it, however, appears knew human nature better than I did. A duty, which I do not hesitate

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in calling dreadful, this day devolves on me; yet, stern as are its dictates, it shall, it must be rigorously fulfilled. Your ingratitude to me, I could, nay, do, most freely forgive; but the treacherous sacrifice of so many lives, dearer than my own, call aloud for satisfaction, and leave me but one course which I can in justice pursue. Unhappy boy, the sentence of the court is that you suffer—death! and that the same be executed on you within the succeeding hour!" The voice of Mortimer had become nearly inarticulate towards the conclusion: turning away his head as the last faint words still trembled on his lips, he covered his face with his hands, and his convulsive sobs (which appeared from their violence as they would rend his bosom,) became painfully audible, from the death-like silence that pervaded the astonished and horror-struck assembly.

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CHAPTER XV.

"Whose voice was heard, whose carbine rung,
Whose bullet through the night air sung;
Too near, too deadly aim'd, to err?
It was thine, Adalla's murderer!"

BYRON.

EDWARD, who had never for a moment imagined such would be the result of the examination, heard the doom awarded him by his father in silence; not wholly unmingled with some symptoms of indignant resolution. He was, however, seemingly about to address his parent after a short pause, but was cut short by Sir Henry, who desired he might be immediately removed. A few seconds only elapsed before Mortimer called Manderville to him, and desired he would see the sentence immediately executed; "lest," he

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added, "my resolution should even now forsake me:" a fresh thrill of horror ran through the assembly, as he spoke; which was rather increased than diminished by the celerity with which Manderville, on receiving the order, disappeared.

The suspense of the next few moments was horrible in the extreme: so profound was the silence, that the slightest noise might be distinguished; the very breathing of the assembly being seemingly suspended for the instant. In a few seconds, the heavy footsteps of two or three individuals were heard crossing the adjoining hall, succeeded immediately by the measured tread of a body of infantry on the outside of the mansion. These sounds evidently produced a dreadful effect on Sir Henry; his countenance, at every step, evincing an almost convulsive emotion. The voice of Manderville, owing to the uninterrupted silence, was, after a time, heard to pronounce the word "Halt," (although at a considerable distance); and from that instant, every perceptive faculty of

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Mortimer appeared absorbed in the sense of hearing. An hundred times, in as many seconds, he seemed on the point of speaking; but he as often forcibly, and by an incredible effort, restrained the inclination, which was intense beyond description. At length, the fatal words "Ready, present, fire!" fell in rapid succession on the ear, succeeded by the simultaneous report of about a dozen muskets,—and all was silent. Sir Harry, when the fatal sound reached him, darted perpendicularly up to some distance from the floor, and fell, to all outward appearance, as effectually deprived of life as if one of the bullets had taken effect in the very centre of his heart. The whole assembly, of course, immediately gathered round him; but their efforts at restoration were, for a long time, unavailing; and when, at length, he did give some signs of returning animation, the wildness of his eye gave them too much reason to fear his intellects had received a shock, from which they would not easily recover.

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These apprehensions proved, however, unfounded, as Sir Henry, after remaining about an hour in his chamber, whither he had been conveyed, returned to his duties; his manner composed, if not absolutely calm. In the mean time some circumstances took place, which it is necessary the reader should be made acquainted with; they will, therefore, be mentioned in the order in which they occurred. Whilst Manderville was engaged in carrying the orders of Sir Henry Mortimer into execution, the guard on the outworks of the insurgents perceived a body of peasantry coming towards their lines, accompanied by two horsemen, whom they distinctly made out as wearing their uniform. Their approach was also, it appeared, noticed by the royalists, as they immediately sent a detachment to cut them off; and this object, it seemed more than probable, they would succeed in, unless their opponents were immediately succoured by their friends at Castleward.

To report these motions of the enemy a

messenger was despatched, who, meeting Manderville on his return to the mansion, informed him of the circumstance; and he, having already learned the state of Sir Henry, immediately repaired to a spot from whence he could make observations. On perceiving how the affair stood, he directly resolved to effect a diversion in favour of his partisans, if possible; for which purpose he placed himself at the head of two hundred horse, and having given directions that he might be reinforced, should occasion require, quitted the defences; endeavouring to get by a circuitous rout in between, and thereby cut off the possibility of a retreat from the detachment, who, as before said, quitted the main body of the royalists, to interrupt the advancing party.

He might, in all probability, have fully succeeded; but finding that the time it would necessarily occupy to take a circuit sufficiently large to ensure his object would expose the parties, to whose assistance he

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came, to destruction—the royalists having already made their attack—he resolved on making straightway towards them from the point he had already attained; which, in some measure, enabled him to flank the enemy, though by no means with the effect he might have done, with the advantage of a little more time. However, it was fortunate he advanced when he did, as, in another minute, his assistance had come too late; the royalists having, at the instant he arrived, penetrated, at the point of the bayonet, into the very thickest of the peasantry, who, being but poorly armed, and worse disciplined, could not long have been expected to resist the attack of a body of regulars.

The advantage, however, when Manderville made his attack, immediately preponderated on the other side: borne down by a sudden and unexpected charge, the royalists were immediately thrown into disorder, and a great number of them cut to pieces, before they were even conscious of the approach of

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their foes. Their rout was consequently instantaneous and inevitable before any assistance could be rendered them by a reinforcement, which had been sent the moment the movement of Mandeville was perceived. Their advance, however, prevented the latter from utterly destroying the detachment; which he found it would be impossible to effect, without bringing on a general action; which would have been greatly to the disadvantage of the insurgents, if they quitted their entrenchments, owing to the numerical superiority of their adversaries.

Our hero was therefore obliged to content himself with ensuring the safety of the survivors of the party to whose aid he had advanced, a number of them having been killed and wounded before he could render any assistance. With these, and his own followers, he, in consequence, retired, and succeeded in regaining the lines of defence, bringing with him the greater part of the wounded, among whom was the young woman stabbed in the cottage by the ex-

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ciseman, and no less a personage than Norah, who it appeared had received a bullet wound whilst gallantly inciting the peasantry to withstand the repeated attacks of the royalist soldiers.

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CHAPTER XVI.

"On came the whirlwind; steel gleams broke
Like lightning through the thick'ning smoke;
The war was waked anew."

WALTER SCOTT.

His plan of attack being matured, the royalist general, fearing the arrival of fresh reinforcements, resolved on immediately attempting to carry the position of the insurgents, confident as well in the number as the superior discipline of his forces; at the same time feeling convinced, it would be vain to expect his enemies to resign any of the local advantages they possessed, or by any means induce them to advance beyond their entrenchments. Another consideration, which likewise had its weight, was, that the

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ground taken up by the insurgents, owing to their unremitted exertions, was becoming every hour stronger: in fact, it was unanimously admitted, in a council of war, that delay constituted the greatest of possible evils; conceiving defeat, or even a temporary check, as entirely out of the question. It was, therefore, determined, even though they laboured under evident disadvantages, to make an instantaneous assault, which was carried into execution at about the time Sir Henry Mortimer resumed his duties, after recovering from the effects of the shock his feelings had undergone.

Great caution, however, marked all the movements of the royalists; the officer commanding, (an experienced soldier,) with consummate skill taking advantage of the facilities of the ground, covering the approach of his troops as much as possible, and profiting even by the most trivial inequalities in the surface of the field. These he made serve in some measure to shelter those under his command from an effective fire opened

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on them by the enemy, which fire was maintained by the insurgents from the three field-pieces they had previously possessed, together with the two they had taken on the preceding day; which, being now advantageously mounted, in a great measure commanded the the field within their range.

Manderville, on perceiving them advance, hastened with the division under his command to take possession of the defences on the outskirts of their entrenchments, for the purpose of disputing the ground from thence inch by inch. They had not long established themselves, when a strong column of the enemy, under cover of a well-directed fire, arrived opposite the breastwork they occupied, and instantly made an attempt to carry it at the point of the bayonet; but, after a short, though desperate struggle, were repulsed, and that too with considerable loss. The assault was, notwithstanding, immediately renewed by another division; and although the insurgents again succeeded in repulsing the enemy, it became clear to

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Manderville, as the breastwork was in a great measure prostrated, that it would be folly to wait a renewal of the assault, without, in some measure, giving ground; yet, even in that case, he considered the advantages but balanced, from the loss the enemy had already sustained.

Sir Henry Mortimer, in the mean time, having, with the eye of an eagle, watched the motions of the principal body of the assailants, perceived them detach a considerable force to the right. Knowing the impracticability of the ground in that quarter, it having been already mentioned that a perpendicular precipice covered the return of that flank, which did not appear to be understood by the enemy; seeing, also, that another assault was about to be made in front with increased force, Sir Henry resolved, if possible, to take advantage of the temporary division of force, caused by this movement of the royalists. Advancing, therefore, a very considerable portion of his at present unemployed troops to the lines, immediately

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in the rear of those to which Manderville had fallen back, he directed them to lie down behind the breastworks, in order to conceal them from the enemy; and there being, between the station held by Manderville and that place, an unbroken space of some extent, favourable for the operations of cavalry, he stationed strong parties of horse at either extremity, masked in a similar manner. This done, Mortimer sent directions to Manderville, when again attacked, to give ground by degrees; not, however, until he had made such a resistance as should induce their antagonists to push forward in considerable force; briefly stating the nature of his intentions, which were in a second distinctly understood by him to whom they were communicated.

Scarcely were these arrangements completed, when, as had been anticipated, the royalists approached, in order to renew the attack in two distinct bodies, whose numbers, it was calculated by their leader, would be sufficient to bear down every show of opposi-

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tion. Silently they drew near, returning the fire of the insurgents from time to time, each body appearing to emulate the other in the rapidity of their motions, and striving which should have the honour of being first engaged. The right hand division having, however, secured the priority, halted for a second, in order to reload; then, with their colours advanced and bayonets charged, made a final rush on their enemies, rending the air at the same time with the short but enthusiastic shout which ever accompanies such act of the energetic soldier. Up to the very breasts of their foes did they advance with undiminished ardour,—that stern foe, who, with equal ardour, equal enthusiasm, returned the soul-awakening cheer that accompanied their onset. Transient as the lightning's flash, but infinitely more fatal, glanced along either line a momentary glare, pealed on the ear the detonating report of the death-dealing tube,—and the combatants were no longer visible through the thick yellow shroud of smoke in which they

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were instantly enveloped. Hand to hand they continued for some time engaged with reciprocal advantage, either party at intervals gaining a few feet in advance, then being as repeatedly repulsed; whilst every warrior, as he stood "full exerted at his task," afforded but too glowing a picture of the desperate exertion of which man is capable, when under the influence of political animosity or religious hatred.

Meantime, in the very thickest of the fray, might Manderville be plainly recognised, now engaged in checking the too eager advance of his followers; in the next instant, heading a wavering phalanx, and, whilst his sword gleamed destruction on the foe, leading them once more to the charge. Such, indeed, proved to be the obstinacy with which the insurgents defended their posts, that the royalist commander at length deemed it necessary to bring forward his whole force, save a very small reserve, (and the division which, as before said, he had detached), in order to prevent the possibility

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of a check. Manderville, perceiving this, conceived the time had arrived for fulfilling the orders of his chief; and, choosing a favourable moment, when the royalists had made a considerable impression, he, with well dissembled confusion, contrived to fall rapidly back, as rapidly followed by the principal force of the enemy; who, with tremendous and continued shouting, gave proof of their exultation at that success which, it must be acknowledged, they had arduously obtained.

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CHAPTER XVII.

"———————— Who but felt, of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear,
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compunction and laborious flight
We sunk thus low?"

MILTON.

SUCH, indeed, was the impetuosity with which the royalists advanced, that, in the ardour of pursuit, on arriving in the open space before alluded to, their ranks, from the celerity of their motions, became somewhat confused. This, then, was the decisive moment on which depended the fortune of the day; and as such, it was immediately taken advantage of by Sir Henry Mortimer. Up in a second, at his command, started the troops that lay concealed behind the breastwork, who were entirely unexpected by their

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adversaries, a heavy fire having been kept up over them by a reserve, stationed by Mortimer in the very centre of his position, for that purpose; and which reserve the royalists had estimated as the only remaining obstacle to be surmounted, in order to ensure their final success. The impression, therefore, made by the sudden appearance of this fresh force, rising, as it were, out of the ground, is not easily described, particularly on troops already fatigued and in disorder. A momentary pause was the first symptom evinced of irresolution; they, however, instantly attempted to form a square; but, before that evolution could be completed, on came the foe, like a whirlwind, from three distinct quarters, and (as the gigantic wave of ocean, which appears to retire only to render its return more irresistibly overpowering) hurled their accumulated force on the weakened centre of their opponents. All was straightway lost. Scattered in every direction, as by the springing of a mine, the exulting shouts of the royalists

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were in an instant stilled; only, however, to give place to those of the insurgents, if possible, more exulting, as they rushed on to reap the advantages of that confusion, which, on the part of their enemies, was now irremediable.

Far in advance with a chosen few, who eagerly pressed forward at his call, might Manderville be distinguished, like a dæmon of destruction, exulting o'er the scene, and striking, it might be said, at the very vitals of the sole remaining hope of the enemy, by attacking a reserve that was advancing to support them, at a time it was oppressed by the recoiling of its partizans; they, in the rapidity of retreat, regardless of ought save escape, having, by their pressure, caused no trivial disarrangement. These, also, at length gave way, unable longer to withstand the reiterated charges of the insurgents; the field, in a second afterwards, presenting a scene of mingled horror and confusion. The victorious and the vanquished, the dying and the dead, were seen mingled in groups, which

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every instant varied in their appearance; whilst the shouts of the triumphant, the wailings of the dismayed, the groans, nay, agonised shrieks of the wounded, united to the continued thunder of the guns, formed a combination of sounds, such as imagination itself can scarcely depict to those who never witnessed "the various turmoil of a heady fight."

Sir Henry Mortimer, although for the present assured of victory, was yet too well aware of the resources of his foes, to be very sanguine in his expectations of ultimate success. Now, therefore, perceiving the detached division of the opponent force returning, in order to cover the retreat of their partizans, he gave immediate orders to discontinue the further pursuit of the enemy; being fearful of hazarding the consequent shock of a fresh body of troops on his forces; who, although they had suffered little, in comparison with their enemies, must necessarily be fatigued with their unremitted exertions. Night also drew near, during which,

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and the following day, Sir Henry hoped the advantages they had obtained would occasion the rising of those friends, whom uncertainty as to what would be the result of a decisive affair such as this had hitherto kept back. His orders were as quickly obeyed as circumstances would permit; the insurgents returning to their entrenchments, and their adversaries continuing to retreat, having left a very considerable number of their partizans dead upon the field.

The loss sustained by the royalists indeed greatly exceeded what was at first imagined, the greater proportion of the attacking force having been literally cut to pieces. Their leader, equally surprised and confounded at the unexpected failure of his attempt, concluding that the insurgents must be in much greater force than he had been led to suppose, continued his retreat for some hours, in order to establish a communication with whatever royal forces might be in the neighbourhood. He likewise resolved to await the concentration of their whole strength,

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before he again renewed his attack on the insurgents, whose cause he saw too much reason to fear would be essentially benefited by the defeat he had sustained.

Every precaution was, in the meantime, taken by the followers of Sir Henry Mortimer, in repairing their outworks, and circumscribing their line of defence, in order to match their diminished numbers, which now amounted to little more than fifteen hundred men. The effect produced on Sir Henry, by this rapid diminution of his resources, was, of course, considerable; and his reflections on their successes might have been summed up in the words of Pyrrhus: "One such victory more, and I shall be undone." These melancholy forebodings, he, however, sedulously concealed from his followers, still hoping he might be *reinforced*; and, if not, he had long since formed a resolution, to which he still determined religiously to adhere.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

"Midst boist'rous seas and howling tempests rear'd;
And, worse than all, with men more fierce than they."
F. H.

WHILST these reflections held melancholy possession of the mind of his leader, Manderville, after a slight refreshment, once more left the mansion of Castleward, and hastened to inspect the progress made in repairing the outworks. An orderly dragoon accompanied him, leading a fresh horse; and who, being cloaked, and properly prepared for a night-journey, it seemed evident he was about to despatch on some distant mission. The soldier, indeed, appeared to have received his instructions before they had left the house; for, on arriving at the extreme

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verge of the encampment, he was ordered by his chief to mount and away; whilst Manderville, immediately afterwards, drawing his cloak closer around him, was soon lost in reflection on the present state of his wife, and the probable effect that would be produced on her by intelligence of their recent success.

The scene before him was also such as was likely to make a strong impression, even on one familiar with the like. The clear full disc of the moon shone with uncommon lustre from amidst an unclouded expanse of ethereal blue, throwing a cold trembling radiance on the field, and stealing, as it were, with a ghastly splendour, o'er the countenances of the unburied dead. There, too, crouched the war-horse, who, confident in his might, had rushed proudly on the protruded bayonet; whilst, beneath him, lay crushed the author of his fall. The nervous and half-bared arm of the athletic soldier, disparted from the trunk to which it had belonged, still firmly grasped the blade; but, powerless, cold, could

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now no longer use it. Trodden into the earth, "mangled, and unsightly," the outstretched form of the warrior might be distinguished; the moon-beam that sat upon his features barely sufficing to display the outlines of the last stern impress which death had stamped upon his countenance. Cold was the generous, proud, chivalrous heart, that oft had leaped, exulting, at a call to glory; whilst, o'er those lips, where love had joyed to dwell, swept now the heedless night-air, which, ere long, (but a few hours), their touch would have defiled. The whole, in fact, presented an impressive picture to the view; in which was forcibly delineated the weakness, the folly, the worse than ferocity of man.

Occupied by reflections such as these, interrupted only at intervals by directions it was necessary to give the persons employed on the works, Manderville continued his superintendence, until he was relieved by Major Allensdale; when he, in his turn, retired to rest. The duties in which he had

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been engaged served, however, to recall to his imagination many past scenes of strife and bloodshed, with which his youth was familiar; the principal of which it now may be necessary to detail, the reader remaining wholly unacquainted with them hitherto.

The remembrance of Manderville, respecting his state in childhood, extended no farther back than to his fifth year, at which period he belonged to a large armed ship, commanded by his father. This vessel, a frigate of great capabilities, and of the largest class then constructed, was, however, neither more nor less than an Algerine cruiser, or pirate, and her commander and crew a band of sanguinary ruffians. As Manderville increased in years, he gathered, from time to time, some knowledge respecting his infancy; amongst the rest, learned, that his father, (at that time the most depraved of men), had, in a fit of jealousy, murdered his mother; and the violent desperation of his general character left the youth no reason to doubt the truth of the report. The conduct of his

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parent was, however, far from being such as would encourage him to ask any questions, it ever having been to him of the harshest description; a portion of the hatred, with which he regarded his wife, appearing to have descended to her unfortunate offspring.

The "boyish days" of Manderville had consequently been spent in a state of hardship, almost surpassing any thing that can be conceived, his unnatural parent treating him, for many years, rather as his servant than his son. However, as he matured in strength, he gave many decisive proofs of a spirit, similar, in some respects, to that of his father; who, from thenceforward, gradually softened in his conduct towards him; until, at length, he became in some measure a favourite. Still, there were intervals, on which his parent, seemingly at the recurrence of some disagreeable remembrance, would resume that harshness, which all the efforts of Manderville could never entirely remove. It may readily be supposed, notwithstanding, that a youth of ability must daily improve

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in knowledge as a seaman, particularly with the opportunities afforded by the almost perpetual service he witnessed; the corsairs allowing themselves but little of either leisure or relaxation. Their rendezvous, as before said, was Algiers; the father of Manderville, with the greater part of the crew of his ship, although Englishmen, having forsaken the christian religion, and entered into the service of the Dey. Thither they consequently conveyed, not only the plunder, but also all such unfortunate beings as fell into their hands; and escaped immediate, though, perhaps, not less certain, destruction.

Amongst many others, it chanced that the pirates, on one occasion, captured an English ship, spared the lives of all on board, and carried them into the captivity above-named. A passenger in this vessel, a man of polished manners, extensive learning, and manifold accomplishments, was required by Manderville's father to undertake the education *of* his son; on condition, that, after a time, (then specified), he should receive his free-

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dom, as the reward of his services. The youth had, consequently, for many years, profited by the instructions, not only of an able master, but a polished gentleman; and when at length his education was complete, and he returned to his former occupation, his station was essentially altered, being thenceforth subordinate only to that of his father.

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CHAPTER XIX.

The glittering badge that erst his breast adorn'd,
Straight to the youth the grateful chieftain gave;
A gorgeous present, and a meet reward.

F. H.

As most of the scenes that Manderville witnessed were of a species, the relation of which could neither be instructive nor entertaining, we will pass them over in silence, merely observing, they furnish a continuation of ruthless plunder, desperate rashness, and relentless ferocity; the worst and darkest traits within the character of war, unrelieved by any of those exalted accompaniments that may be said to lend an artificial polish to its natural deformity. Some mention must, however, be made of the event that terminated the existence of Manderville's

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father, and placed that youth in a situation of life entirely dissimilar to any he had hitherto pursued.

The elder Manderville, on his return from a cruise, learning that several rich merchantmen might in a few days be expected through the straits of Gibraltar, after merely remaining at Algiers to take in a supply of water and provisions, again sailed for the purpose of intercepting them. This frigate having long been the terror of the Mediterranean, and denounced by all nations as a general enemy, a convoy was appointed to see the vessels above alluded to out of danger. The pirates had been some days on the look-out, when, being rather close in shore one evening, they descried a vessel on their weather beam, and immediately made sail in chase, approaching within musket-shot before they were aware of her force, and then making her out to be a line-of-battle-ship. The frigate immediately bore up; but, her approach having been noticed, received at the instant a broadside, which carried away her mizen-

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mast, and otherwise essentially crippled her. They, notwithstanding, continued to run for the land, on the Spanish side of the straits, which was at no great distance, maintaining a desperate action with their gigantic adversary, whose fire, within about twenty minutes, reduced them to a perfect wreck, at the end of which time the pirate grounded, and the few survivors, taking to their boats, contrived to escape to the shore. This they had, however, scarcely effected before they witnessed the blowing up of the frigate; the enemy having sent their boats, even after she was stranded, in order to complete her destruction.

The elder Manderville having fallen early in the action, the survivors refused thenceforth to obey his son, then but in his seventeenth year; and the pirate crew, after remaining concealed on the coast for some time, having succeeded in seizing a small vessel that stood into a creek to water, immediately embarked, leaving Manderville to his fate, and dividing amongst themselves whatever property had to their knowledge been saved, not being, how-

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ever, aware that Manderville, even in the midst of the confusion, preserved a casket of diamonds belonging to his father; which, from their value, even constituted the principal part of his fortune.

Aware of the consequences attendant on any recognition of him as having belonged to the frigate, Manderville, after travelling a considerable distance inland, succeeded in being taken into the Spanish service as a soldier. As, however, it is not intended to follow him step by step, it may be sufficient to add, that he afterwards, in the course of five years, twice changed his service, and, at the time of his meeting Sir Henry Mortimer, had attained the rank of a captain in that of the French monarch. This rank was conferred on him for several meritorious services, and one signal exploit, by which, at his own extreme hazard, he saved the life of an officer of great talent, rank, and influence, who was related to the crown. On this occasion the youth had been presented with a magnificent star and ribbon as a mark of his

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gratitude by the officer saved (worn previously by that prince), and by which alone Manderville acknowledged his attention was attracted to his very perilous situation.

The purposed enterprise of Sir Henry Mortimer having been mentioned to the latter, he having a desire to visit Ireland, or at least some part of Great Britain, of which he considered himself a native, made proposals to accompany him, which were readily accepted. With the result of their expedition the reader is already acquainted up to the time we are speaking of: and, however tedious this retrospective sketch of Manderville's life may have appeared, I fear I shall find few to dispute with me, that in one respect at least (the tediousness alluded to), I have continued to preserve throughout this undertaking a perfect uniformity of design.

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CHAPTER XX.

"O for a tongue to curse the slave
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might!"

Moore.

On the morning succeeding the day on which the royalists were repulsed, although no reinforcements arrived, yet the insurgents had the pleasure of perceiving not the slightest trace of their enemies remaining in the vicinity, save the mangled remains of those who had fallen by their hands. Still it appeared extraordinary to Sir Henry Mortimer, that even their success had not conduced to the rising of their friends; and he justly concluded their backwardness arose

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from the judicious measures his enemies were enabled to adopt, by the early information they possessed respecting his designs. Resolved, however, to be satisfied on the subject, he immediately ordered Manderville on the duty of not only ascertaining the truth, but also directed him, if possible, to reconnoitre the present position of the foe.

Having received his instructions, the latter set out, at the head of two hundred well mounted and resolute soldiers, and in a few hours ascertained the whole country was kept in check by large bodies of military who were dispersed in every direction; so that Manderville at once perceived any expectation of reinforcement was hopeless. He also felt assured, from the immense force scattered up and down, that their cause might be considered lost, the moment even a part of them united and advanced once more to the attack of the entrenchments. This certainty, however, made little impression on this determined soldier, farther than his wife was concerned; and even that consideration

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lost half its force, when awakened in his bosom that thirst of glory and "longing after fame," which might be truly asserted to form part of his nature and disposition.

His first object being thus determined, Manderville immediately crossed the country, at as rapid a rate as was possible without distressing the horses, and within a few hours perceived at no great distance the outposts of the enemy. It was evident to Manderville, from the extent and order of their encampment, that they must have already acquired a considerable augmentation of strength; but determining to ascertain the fact beyond a doubt, he resolved to approach sufficiently near to be enabled to form some estimate of their present force, appointments, and probable intentions. For this purpose the youth advanced as near as was at all consistent with a prudent regard to the safety of his men; when, conceiving he might probably determine his object with greater accuracy if somewhat closer, he detached himself from them, and went up considerably nearer to the

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enemy's lines than he would permit any to follow. It was whilst thus in advance that, from a rising ground, Manderville discovered at some distance in a valley to the right, and immediately in his rear, a party of the enemy, though in no very great force, making either towards their encampment, or approaching with the intention of attacking his followers.

In either case our hero felt assured there was no time to be lost, and having satisfied himself that the enemy were rapidly accumulating in force, he turned his telescope towards the approaching party. They, (he was convinced,) could not yet be seen from the encampment, owing to the intervention of the hillock on which he stood; and, having quickly descried their force to be but small, Manderville was confirmed in his resolution of attacking them, by seeing Grenville, the priest, (in whom he could not be mistaken, having frequently seen him whilst in France), in the very midst of the enemy, whence he concluded that he had by some means unfortunately fallen into the hands of the royalists.

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Determined at all events to rescue him, Manderville immediately returned, and placing himself at the head of his followers, considering more than common precaution unnecessary, from the very small force of the enemy, he made towards the approaching royalists in a direct line. This apparent openness threw the enemy entirely off their guard, and facilitated his design more than any other line of conduct would have done: the royalists conceiving his party to be a detachment of their own forces. It was not, therefore, until they distinguished the colour of their clothing that they were undeceived; and then it was too late, as their foes were upon them before they could make any preparations for defence.

The success of Manderville and his companions was, consequently, instantaneous; their adversaries laying down their arms after a few confused and ineffectual discharges of musketry. Our hero was, however, astonished, on approaching Grenville, to congratulate him on his deliverance, to observe he held a

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naked sword in his hand, with which, as he drew near, he made a desperate blow at him. Manderville, notwithstanding, escaped the effects of the stroke by one of his party intercepting it with his sword; and before he could recover from the surprise consequent to so unexpected an attack, he regretted to see the priest cut down by the soldier who had undoubtedly saved his life. On examination, he had the satisfaction to find the wound inflicted on Grenville, though very severe, was not likely to be immediately fatal; Manderville, therefore, directed the prisoners to be secured, and the wounded man accommodated with a horse, upon which, with the assistance of two soldiers, he was shortly enabled to support himself. His various missions being now fully accomplished, his party were directed to set forward on their return to Castleward, where they in a few hours arrived without any farther occurrence taking place, of the slightest importance.

The Chiliarch having reported to Sir Henry Mortimer the result of his observations, the

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capture of the prisoners, and the extraordinary conduct of Grenville, (who, he added, had since maintained a sullen silence), it was resolved, that the officer commanding the royalist party should be examined respecting the manner in which he became his prisoner, before Sir Henry himself saw Grenville: but that examination having given rise to occurrences of an extraordinary nature, it may perhaps be proper to devote another chapter to their developement.

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CHAPTER XXI.

I paused to reflect, and from thence learn'd to know,
That friendships unequal thus end;
That 'twas better to war with a known open foe,
Than trust to a treacherous friend.

Imitation of Cowper. F. H.

THE officer on being introduced to, and questioned by Sir Henry Mortimer, immediately replied, that Grenville did not accompany him as a prisoner; but declined saying any thing farther on the subject. Vainly was he pressed even to make known from whence they came: he remained inflexibly silent, and Sir Henry was obliged, at length, to dismiss him, ordering his baggage, at the same time, to be examined. This step proved decisive, as papers were therein found, that at once accounted for the appearance of

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Grenville with the royalists, by making Sir Henry aware of his desertion from their party, and that he, not Edward, was the betrayer of their cause. What the feelings of Sir Henry were at this juncture surpasses the power of language to describe: silent and horror-struck, he gazed, scarcely conscious of existence, on the fatal intelligence before him; and whilst all the father awakened in his breast, his soul died within him, as the reproving voice of conscience whispered, he had needlessly shed the blood of his unoffending offspring!

These emotions, (too intense to be of long continuance), became at length centred in an impatience for revenge, on one whom he considered as the author of his present misery. Incited almost to phrensy by the tumult of his feelings, he rushed hastily into a neighbouring apartment, where, extended on a bed, his countenance overspread by the paleness of approaching dissolution, lay Grenville, the blood flowing freely from his wound, notwithstanding various ligatures had been applied. On perceiving the approach of Sir

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Henry, the languor with which death had already dimmed his eye vanished in an instant; whilst a gleam intensely bright, (arising, it would appear, from feelings of unequalled malignity towards the person on whom they rested,) gave a terrific expression to a countenance which, even at other times, might be considered as forbidding, if not something still more revolting.

"Hypocritical miscreant!" vociferated Sir Henry, as he approached, "is it to you, then, we owe our destruction?—you, who, by arts which I now begin to appreciate in their proper light, led me on from stage to stage until you ensured my ruin! Wretch! what have you to say that may exculpate you either to God or man?—for the blow you received, though it might have warranted your seeking my life, could never authorise you to destroy thousands, whom, with a fiend-like zeal, you have lured from a state of happiness and content, at once into misery and death!"

"Mortimer," answered the dying priest, speaking with extreme difficulty, "think not

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from that blow alone originated my determination to place you in your present situation: years have I sought your destruction; vainly, until now; but now it is ensured! Fool that you were to think that aught of religion incited me, in the first place, to seek you out; or aught of friendship prompted an endeavour to assuage those torments at once the result and the punishment of your crimes. No: murderous wretch! you little thought that in the haggard woe-worn priest you saw the once happy father of a matchless son: but know me now as Conway! father of that youth; and learn, (although my dagger failed me once), my vengeance is in every way secured; for, ere to-morrow dawns, your name will be extinct! You start; but know, that from the very first your foes were well aware of your design, and did but let it flourish, that, matured, one blow might serve to smite its very root. Think you that aught but hatred such as mine had tempted me, (that scorn the very name), to wear the outward semblance of a priest, to drawl, to

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preach, to dictate e'en to one who, 'gainst the promptings of his better sense, rushed blindly onward to assured perdition? O, I had hoped, priest-ridden fool, yet to have urged you to your child's destruction; but to revenge that were too sweet a draught—too well fulfilled had been my dearest hopes, for I had joyed at thoughts of your damnation! But—but for this you had not 'scaped till now. Often, ay, often have I grasped my steel, the blow been all but given; yet, when I thought I still would triumph more—that even your very soul might not escape me—I checked my more than longing for your blood, and, knowing your destruction was ensured, gave you more time to whelm your soul in sin!"

"Fiend!" exclaimed Sir Henry Mortimer, whom surprise had hitherto kept silent, "you have but too well succeeded: fool, driveller, idiot that I was, to be thus lured, thus played with by a villain! But wretched man," (continued he, after a pause, in which compassion for the situation of the sufferer appeared to

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get the better of every other feeling), "think, think on the state in which you at present lie: turn to that God whose service you have profaned; and if (e'en his mercy can extend so far), I, even I, say—May he yet forgive you!"

"Succeeded but too well!—how?—wherefore?" eagerly demanded Conway, (seeming to hear only the foregoing part of the sentence); "where is the youth? I see him not!—Ah! 'tis so, by heavens! I read a confirmation in your looks! Spirit of darkness, thou hast heard my prayer! That glance bespeaks me more than well revenged! My heart grows cold—cease not to vibrate for one instant more! Mortimer!" (faltered the dying wretch, raising himself with difficulty on his arm), "hear how I thank you with my parting breath for that forgiveness which I never asked.—May the remembrance of the blood you have shed—spite of repentance,—prey upon your soul——to which be added, the fell curse of one—who dies—nor hoping heaven—nor—fearing hell!" The desperate

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words with which he concluded were brokenly pronounced by Conway, as he drew his breath in sobs; and whilst the last faint sounds still trembled on his lips, his spirit straightway "fled to its account, with all its imperfections on its head."

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CHAPTER XXII.

" The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger or distress!"
BYRON.

So dreadfully shocked was Sir Henry Mortimer at witnessing a scene of such reprobate desperation, that it was some minutes before he could withdraw his eyes from gazing on the countenance of Conway, which, even in death, preserved the stern characteristics that had distinguished it while living. None of the languor was spread over the face which ever attends on death inflicted by a gun-shot wound; every feature stiffened into dissolution retaining all its accustomed ferocity, but rendered inexpressibly hideous by that hardness of outline which the pencil of death alone has the power to portray. At length,

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however, perceiving he had indeed ceased to exist, Sir Henry hastily withdrew; but, after remaining some time engaged in writing in his chamber, came forth, and, ordering a flag of truce to be immediately prepared, delivered a sealed packet to Major Allensdale, directed to the officer commanding the royalist forces, requesting that, after delivering it, he would wait for a written answer. With these instructions the major immediately departed to fulfil his commission: in the mean time, it may be necessary to advert to some occurrences that had for some hours exclusively occupied the attention of Manderville.

Whilst Sir Henry Mortimer was engaged in examining the papers of the royalist officer who had been brought in a prisoner, Manderville was informed by a servant that a dying woman wished to speak to him in a distant apartment. Conceiving it to be the person wounded by the exciseman, he did not hesitate a moment in attending; but was surprised, on being ushered into a room, to perceive Norah feebly supporting herself in a

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chair, who immediately motioned the servant to retire, and in a faint voice, with a total alteration of manner, requested him to shut the door and draw near, as she had something of importance to impart. Our hero, although he knew not why, could not avoid feeling considerably affected as he gazed on her; her eye having now lost all its usual vivacity, whilst her whole appearance bespoke she had not long to tarry on this side of eternity: death appearing to be hastened in its approaches rather by misery than any other cause. In fact, now her face had lost that degree of violent enthusiasm which generally pervaded it, her features seemed rather shrunk from the influence of sorrow than age; whilst something (that might perhaps have once been beauty) appeared, as it were, to hover over the whole; like the last gilded rays of a declining sun, lingering on the points of a tempest-shattered precipice.

Having complied with her instructions, Manderville drew near, and taking her hand within his own, mildly inquired what might

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be the purport of her wishes. "I have sent for you," said Norah, "to hear the dying confession of one whom you have reason to curse; which confession I have often intended making, but never till now, (when reason has redawned on that which soon will all be darkness), could I resolve on it, or even distinctly recollect; although it must no longer be concealed. Even at this moment I feel I have no time to spare; therefore, I beseech you, interrupt me not: hear me, (if possible,) calmly to an end, and if you would relieve my misery, let me but hear you say I am forgiven!

"About twenty-five years since, the wretched woman now before you dwelt in this very house as governess to the children of Sir Henry Mortimer. Well do I remember when his lady died; but let it be sufficient that I say, I am the person who accompanied his children to England at the time he was about to depart, perhaps for ever, from his country. Would to God the residue of my life had passed—would bear reflection

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like my former state! but to wish is vain; and though painful, worse than painful, is the task, yet all must now be faithfully disclosed.

"I had not been long in England when a man, greatly my superior by birth, introduced himself to my notice, and, by assiduous attention, succeeded even to my ruin, as I afterwards discovered a private marriage which took place between us had been only feigned. Even at this moment, I dare not dwell upon the thought; from thenceforth, lost to virtue, honour, all I held most dear, I cared for nothing on this earth but him, and blindly followed wheresoever he led.

"I ought before to have mentioned that my husband (for I still must call him such), though born as a gentleman, had by extravagance and vice not only rendered himself obnoxious to his friends, but was reduced to a state of poverty which laid him open to every species of temptation. In fact, so abandoned was his conduct, that his very parents disowned him, neither had he a

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friend that would acknowledge him, except one brother, and he, alas! had prematurely perished. What shall I say? The guardian whom Sir Henry appointed to his children, having by chance discovered who my husband in reality was (for he married me under an assumed name), concerted with him, already well inclined to injure the infant, a scheme to deprive the son of Sir Henry of his birthright, by sending him out of the country, and placing in his situation a child of that guardian's.

"Long did I resist entreaties, threats, and every species of temptation; at length, however, in an evil hour, my husband wrung from me a 'cold consent:' the infant Mortimer remained with us, whilst the usurper of his rights and name became possessed of all he had before. Bitterly have I since been scathed for my offences! With the money my husband received for our acquiescence to this most infamous imposition we returned to Ireland, and settled for a time in the county of Wicklow, still having young Mortimer

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with us. But why need I uselessly prolong the pain I feel in this recital? Let it suffice, that I inform you, the fickle affections of my husband soon changed their object, and centred themselves in another: he gained her, cast me off, and fled for ever from his native land; bearing with him the child of my benefactor, and leaving me to misery, to madness, and despair!

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CHAPTER XXIII.

"And that last thought on him she could not save,
Sufficed to kill."————

BYRON.

"AFTER a time," continued Norah, "I accidentally heard that my husband, together with the woman and child, had made for this part of the country; nay, taken up a temporary abode in the very turret which, since that period, has been my only home." Manderville, whose countenance exhibited symptoms of great anxiety, here suddenly interrupted Norah, by inquiring the name of her husband? "Manderville," replied she, "was the name he went by, and you are the son

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of Sir Henry Mortimer." "How know you that?" eagerly demanded Manderville. "Interrupt me not," answered Norah; "but be, for the present, satisfied, that the first glance I had of your person confirmed at once the suspicions I entertained, from the moment your name was mentioned in Sir Henry's letters." "By heavens!" said Manderville, (regardless of her request for attention), "I thought the aspect of the lower apartment in that tower was familiar to me, though why, I knew not: but proceed," said he; "I fain would hear the rest, before I name it to Sir Henry."

"I have not much to add," continued Norah. "On receiving the intelligence I allude to, I immediately set off, and journeyed hither, in hopes (let me, in justice to myself, confess) rather to regain possession of the infant, which, spite of circumstances, I continued to love, than any desire I at the moment entertained of being reconciled to my husband: but, alas! I arrived

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too late. All I could learn, respecting them, was, that Manderville, having associated himself with a set of outlawed smugglers, then formidable on this coast, a murder was committed; from the consequences attending the discovery of which, they were obliged to fly, and effected their escape in a vessel which had hitherto been used for the purposes of illicit traffic. From that moment my mind became wrecked, and I, in some measure, escaped from a horrible consciousness of guilt, (for, until I again saw you, I entertained no doubt you had perished), in the idle fantasies arising from incipient madness. These I encouraged by a continual and solitary residence in that isolated tower, where late you saw me; which, after the departure of my husband and his companions, was entirely deserted. Often has my heated and disordered imagination put me into fancied possession of supernatural powers; and this, together with an eccentricity of manner, which I sedulously cultivated, rendered me

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the terror of the surrounding peasantry: who, in my woe-worn and attenuated form, could scarcely be expected to recognise the governess of Sir Henry's children, particularly as I am not a native of this part of the country, and had been but a short time at Castleward.

"In this state I continued some years, when, one evening, on my return to the creek, where I generally left the skiff, in which I rowed backwards and forwards to the tower, I found it gone; but soon afterwards perceived a stranger in it, approaching the shore. As it is unnecessary to trouble you with particulars, it may be sufficient to observe, that, after considerable caution on his part, I learned he was an agent of Sir Henry Mortimer's, employed in forwarding the enterprise, which, I trust, will now be successful; and, conceiving I might be of some use, allowed me to participate in his labours. The idea of perhaps being of service to a master, whom I had

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so grossly injured, increased the zeal which I really felt for the cause of my country; and my exertions proved so successful, that Sir Henry himself at length admitted me to his confidence: little imagining that a woman, (reported to him as of extraordinary character, and, doubtless, as a maniac, whose singularity gave her power), was one and the same person with the former companion of his wife, and governess of his children.

"You are, of course, aware, that the communications of Sir Henry were all by letter; as, from the time of my departure from hence with the children, until lately, he has continued absent from his home. I purposely omit mentioning many adventures; which, as they relate solely to myself, must, to you, be uninteresting, in order to arrive at that period when I received information from Sir Henry, of the despatch of the vessel in which you were embarked. This intimation was necessary, in order that I might apprise

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our friends their assistance would be required in removing the stores with which she was laden to the tower, the excavations beneath which have ever been our principal depots. Your name, as I have before said, which was mentioned in the letter as second in command, rendered me more than anxious for your arrival, in order that I might be satisfied; as I, at times, entertained an idea it was my husband that was meant. I leave you to imagine with what feelings I witnessed your arrival in the bay; your subsequent engagement, and what I considered inevitable destruction by the frigate. Words cannot convey an idea of their excess; as, at that moment, I beheld the total extinction of the only hope, I had ventured for years to entertain.

"It were useless to occupy your time in detailing my meeting with the part of the crew that escaped; or the conviction which flashed on my mind, respecting your being the son of Sir Henry Mortimer, the instant my eyes, (even by moonlight), rested on your

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form. Warped even as my ideas were, I was almost inclined then intelligibly to make known to you the escape of your friends, and your own pretensions; but habit got the better of inclination, and I contented myself for the time with merely, as I considered, awakening your curiosity. I have now detailed to you all, save the motive that induced my husband to injure you, as the child of Sir Henry, leaving every other consideration out of the question. Even that, however, I will not conceal, although it was long after I had consented to deprive you of your birthright, (beset, as I was, by the machinations of a villain), before I was myself acquainted with the fact. Know, my husband's name was, in reality, Conway; and that the brother, (named heretofore as his only remaining friend), had, in a duel which took place some time preceding that to which I allude, fallen by the hand of Sir Henry Mortimer.

"Thus," concluded Norah, "you are in possession of a secret, which long has been

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a burthen to my heart: if it be possible, forgive the dying wretch before you; but, above all, tell me, I entreat you, (for, of course, you know), what was the fate of that unhappy man who, notwithstanding the miseries he inflicted, the wrongs I have endured, is, and still has been, dear to me as ever. Often has this question, during the momentary sanity I have at intervals possessed, trembled on my lips since I have known you; but a giddiness, a darkness, a something I cannot define, invariably interrupted me, and, until this instant, I never could, I never dared pronounce it. Speak!" said she, her manner becoming somewhat more hurried:—"he perished! yes, I see it in your looks,—he perished!—and perhaps was unforgiven!" The voice of Norah, toward the latter part of the sentence, became gradually weaker, her head sinking upon her breast as she uttered the last words. Her respiration, which before was hurried, became at once suspended,—returned for a

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second,—and, whilst Manderville hastily pronounced, "Forgive you! ay, from my very soul!" she faintly pressed his hand, fell forward on his bosom, and expired.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

Stern the resolve; but generous the deed!

F. H.

WHEN Manderville (such for the present, in order to prevent confusion, we will continue to call him) recovered from the shock which the sudden, and rather unexpected, death of Norah occasioned, he hastened to send proper persons to perform the last offices for the dead; resolving immediately to rejoin Sir Henry, and acquaint him with the discovery he had made. For his own part, he had not the slightest doubt he was the son of Sir Henry Mortimer; so exactly did the relation of Norah agree with all he could himself remember respecting his infancy; many forgotten events of which recurred

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to him, with uncommon force, when once a hint was supplied. On reaching the apartment in which Sir Henry remained, he found he had retired, and, on inquiry, learned, from Major Allensdale, that their chief, on receiving a letter, of which he was the bearer, from the royalist commander, immediately set off, accompanied by a very small escort, towards the enemy's camp; probably intending to have a personal interview with the writer.

With this information Manderville was, for the present, obliged to content himself, and in order to pass the time until the return of Sir Henry, betook himself to his military occupations: however, they had been long completed before there were any signs of such return. A lowness of spirits hung about him, which he ascribed to the impression made by the scene he had so lately witnessed; to which was added an indescribable sense of fear, or rather dread, the origin of which he vainly attempted to discover. Restless and agitated, he knew not why, he waited for

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hours with some little patience; but when at length evening drew near, that uneasiness became alarm lest any thing had happened to his father. Ordering, therefore, a troop to be immediately mounted, he determined to proceed directly in search of Sir Henry, leaving Major Allensdale in command, with orders to inform their chief, should he return before him, of the cause of his absence, and the object he had in view.

Manderville, according to information received respecting the probable route of Sir Henry, made rapidly forward in the direction of the enemy's encampment. Night, in the mean time, drew on, and they had approached within hearing of the enemy's sentinels before Manderville conceived they were even in their neighbourhood. It, therefore, became evident, they must either have passed Sir Henry on the road, or that something of an extraordinary nature had happened to him. Convinced, however, that it would be worse than rashness, with so small a force, to attempt any thing more than mere observa

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tion, particularly as Sir Henry might have chosen another track to return by, (admitting he had even visited the enemy's camp) Manderville ordered the horses' heads to be turned, remeasuring his former steps, at a pace which the anxiety he felt himself a prey to tended greatly to accelerate.

On again reaching Castleward, Major Allensdale informed him, that an officer from the royalist camp had arrived soon after his departure, bearing a sealed packet directed to him, which, calculating on his immediate return, he had forborne opening. Manderville instantly demanding where it was, the Major ushered him into an apartment, on entering which, the officer, who had been the bearer of the letter, arose and presented it to him; Manderville at the same instant recognizing in his features those of Digby Dauntless. Merely taking time casually to acknowledge a former acquaintance by a bow, which was as distantly returned, Manderville immediately broke the seal, and found two letters within the envelope; the first he opened, being to the following purport:—

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'SIR,

'Sir Henry Mortimer having voluntarily 'surrendered himself my prisoner, on con- 'dition that the lives of the unhappy and 'mistaken men who have, at his instigation, 'illegally taken arms, should be spared,— 'I, acting by and with the authority in me 'vested, do hereby give you notice, for the 'information of the persons above alluded to. 'That all such as shall, within four-and-twenty 'hours from the receipt of this letter, uncon- 'ditionally surrender themselves to the forces 'under my command, will receive every 'possible benefit from such submission: and, 'notwithstanding the heinousness of their 'offence, I have little doubt, I may venture 'to promise a pardon to all except such 'as may be implicated in any previously 'committed and punishable offence.

'I have the honour to be, &c.

'TRIGGER TRUESHOT, Maj.-Gen.

'Marmaduke Manderville,' &c.

Astonishment, horror, and regret so entirely absorbed the faculties of Manderville,

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that it was some minutes before he could summon resolution to open the accompanying letter; and, upon doing so, found it to be a private one addressed to him by Sir Henry Mortimer. After pointing out the utter hopelessness of their cause against the numbers, now assembled, of their enemies, and entreating him and others to take advantage of the proffered mercy, Sir Henry concluded in the following words:—'Having this day 'learned that I have been grossly deceived 'in imagining our designs, even from the 'beginning, were unknown to our enemies; 'I have resolved to take on myself the punish-'ment which it is but natural to suppose will 'be inflicted on our offence. Whilst I heartily 'thank you, and the rest of my gallant friends, 'for the courage, nay, heroism, you have dis-'played, I most earnestly entreat that none 'may, with a fatal rashness, seek to share my 'fate; and, believe me, whatever that may 'be, I shall meet it with pleasure, provided 'I am permitted to know that, in so doing, I 'ensure the safety of so many inestimable

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'friends. Let it be distinctly understood, 'that any exertions on their part would now 'be utterly unavailing, as I am already in 'the hands of the enemy; consequently, any 'farther resistance would only compromise 'their safety, and add to those pangs, which 'I cannot help feeling at having been the 'unfortunate cause of reducing them to their 'present situation.' Manderville was, for some instants, so completely overpowered by his feelings, after perusing the above, as to be wholly incapable of communicating to any the intelligence he had received; but a question from Major Allensdale, respecting the contents of the packet, arousing him to a sense of his duty, he ordered their whole force to be immediately called together; intending to explain their situation, and at once know the result of their unanimous determination.

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CHAPTER XXV.

Pensive and silent, on her snowy breast
Her head reclined, whilst every gesture spoke
A spirit bowed 'neath sorrow's chast'ning rod!

F. H.

It was not long before the whole body of insurgents were collected together, forming a hollow square faced inwards, in the midst of which stood Manderville, Allensdale, and a few other officers. The night was uncommonly dark, and the glare of several torches, which it became necessary to use, gave a peculiar appearance to the assembled warriors: who, leaning on their arms, awaited, with intense anxiety strongly depicted in their countenances, the communication about to be made to them; the import of which they in some measure anticipated, from

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the absence of Sir Henry Mortimer. The broad yellow gleam of the flambeaux spread a pallid hue even over the features of the florid; affording an excellent subject whence a painter might have sketched a band of patriots, awaiting, (with the apathy of disappointment and despair), intelligence of the hopelessness of their undertaking, the ruin of their cause, and the downfall of their country.

Manderville, having briefly explained the situation and wishes of their leader, proceeded to read the letter of the royalist general, and, having done so, required all such, as intended taking advantage of his offer, to withdraw themselves from the square, in order that their sentiments might be known. An uninterrupted silence of some minutes ensued: at length a few individuals began by degrees to separate themselves from the rest, and with considerable hesitation, even after they had departed, were seen to resign their arms as directed. The number that intended availing themselves of the royalist general's offer being complete, Manderville found that,

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out of the fifteen hundred, about one thousand were determined to brave the worst, not more than a third part of their whole number having withdrawn themselves from the ranks of their companions.

This being determined, Manderville, together with Major Allensdale and most of the officers, intimated their intention of refusing the terms proposed, which was no sooner known than several wished to rejoin, who had previously stood aside. Permission to do so was, however, refused, and an order given for their immediate departure with the officer that awaited them, such arms only being taken from them as were necessary to complete the military appointments of their partisans. Manderville then delivering to Dauntless a letter for General Trueshot, wherein he expressed the determination of himself and followers to die with their arms in their hands; the latter, with that portion of the insurgents who had consented to accompany him, speedily evacuated the defences in the vicinity of Castleward.

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They had no sooner departed than the chiliarch made known to his followers, who still anxiously surrounded him, a resolution he had long since formed. Pointing out to them the impossibility that existed of doing any thing against their enemies hereafter, except by surprise, he proposed immediately evacuating their present encampment, which they were not in sufficient numbers to defend, and attempting that very night, by a sudden attack, to rescue Sir Henry from the hands of his enemies. Admitting they should even be unsuccessful, he observed, they still would have an opportunity of retiring to the tower, where they might by possibility hold out until such time as the reinforcements they continued to expect from abroad should arrive. These propositions having been received with acclamation, arrangements were immediately made for carrying them into execution. In the mean time, Manderville resolved to have an interview with his sister, Sophia Mortimer, in order to point out to her the necessity that existed for her instant removal to the turret, together with such other

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circumstances as he might think it necessary to make her acquainted with.

This young lady, of whom the reader has latterly heard but little, had, notwithstanding, continued at Castleward during the whole period we have been speaking of. Her feelings, on the occurrence of some particular events, it were impossible to depict, unassisted by the imaginative powers of the peruser; however, it may be proper to say, that she was spared the agony of knowing the supposed treachery of him whom she had ever esteemed as her brother, until after his execution had taken place. Even then the intelligence had such an effect on her, that it was for some days doubtful whether she would ever recover from the shock, although every precaution was used by her father in imparting to her the dreadful necessity (for such he described it) under which he acted. The supposed treachery of Edward, abhorrent as it was to her feelings, tended but trivially to alleviate her pangs; but when she learned he had indeed been innocent (which fact Sir Henry

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communicated in a note a few minutes before he left Castleward) the full flow of sorrow burst unrepressed from her heart, increased in violence by the efforts at restraining it which she had previously made. Little, alas! unhappy girl, did she anticipate the still more dreadful trial that awaited her, as, overwhelmed by affliction, she sat contemplating on the hapless fate of her brother; vainly imagining in that horrible certainty she had drained the cup of her misery even to the dregs!

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CHAPTER XXVI.

"And pity dropping soft the sweetly soothing tear."
GRAY.

MANDERVILLE, on entering the apartment she occupied, could scarcely repress his own powerful emotions on witnessing the excess of Sophia's. Rude as were the scenes to which he had been accustomed, the native sensitiveness of disposition he possessed, though perhaps somewhat blunted, was far from being destroyed; and it was unconsciously, even to himself, that his eye became suffused with a tear as he approached; at the same time vainly attempting to speak to Miss Mortimer, who, startled at his sudden

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appearance, had arisen on his entering the chamber.

Surprised, if not alarmed, at his very visible emotion, Sophia hastily demanded if any thing had happened to her father? Manderville, fearing to announce the worst to her, requested she would compose herself, as the object of his visit was to make her acquainted with the necessity of an immediate removal from thence. "Then," replied Miss Mortimer, "I am convinced something extraordinary has occurred; and I request I may be immediately informed what it is; for," continued she, lowering her voice, which was somewhat tremulous, "I believe I can bear it." Thinking any further delay would be but cruelty, our hero, in terms as guarded as possible, made her acquainted with the voluntary surrender of Sir Henry; adding, he was not yet entirely without hopes of being able to rescue him from the hands of the enemy. Sophia received the intelligence with a composure that astonished Manderville: no exclamation broke from her; she

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listened attentively to an end; the shock she underwent being of too vehement a description to find vent in the customary accompaniments of female sorrow; or those undoubted indications of a want of genuine sensibility, ridiculous raving, and unnatural vociferation.

When, at length, she did speak, it was only to express her readiness to comply with whatever regulations might be deemed necessary: feeling, in fact, from her appearance, might be judged to have suddenly become callous; or her heart, from the severity of its last dread throe, deadened for ever to a perception of misery. An unnatural composure sat upon her brow, nay, features generally; the only perceptible change made on her by Manderville's information being, that her countenance became, if possible, paler than before, and the blood-vessels in her neck and forehead suddenly distended; the pulsation in the arteries being distinctly visible. Apparently unconscious of every other circumstance, she had already com-

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menced making preparations for her immediate removal, by gathering together such trifles belonging to herself as came casually in her way. Manderville, whose apprehensions were awakened by her manner, lest her intellects might be affected, was, however, shortly relieved, by her requesting he would, for the present, retire; adding, that when his arrangements were complete, she would be ready to accompany him. This request, from her demeanour, he perceived he might safely comply with; which he did, conceiving the present an improper time to make her acquainted with the relationship that existed between them.

On rejoining his associates, Manderville found every preparation completed for their immediate departure. A small party having then been selected to accompany Miss Mortimer to the turret, our hero informed her every thing was ready, upon which she immediately descended, leaning on his arm; silently permitted him to place her in the saddle, and as silently departed, escorted

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by about forty horsemen, without evincing the slightest emotion of any kind, or even appearing to recognise any of the persons around her. The few females that had remained at Castleward, since the commencement of actual hostilities, accompanied Sophia; and the mansion was soon void of every existing being, except Manderville, who remained for a few moments within the walls, in order to place a quickmatch in such a position as to cause the ignition of a considerable quantity of powder, after giving them time to escape to a sufficient distance to ensure their safety. This he had resolved on, being determined the enemy should not profit by the many valable stores and other property deposited within the edifice; particularly as he calculated the distance was too great for the explosion to cause any alarm, or, in fact, be heard by their adversaries.

This last duty fulfilled, Manderville gave immediate orders to mount and away, his whole force now consisting of cavalry. They had just attained the summit of a hill, at

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some distance, when a sudden gleam of blue tremulous light, of intense radiance, spread itself like the momentary expansion of an electric cloud over the whole horizon; succeeded by a loud and grandly swelling roar, which echo prolonged, until it seemed to die gradually away on the wide expanse of ocean that lay before them. This amounced the fate of Castleward; which, on the return of day, presented nothing to the eye, but a confused heap of fire-scathed ruins, and dreary dilapidation.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

"His face was dark, and without form."
OSSIAN.

IT may now be necessary to return to Sir Henry Mortimer, who, it will be remembered, had (on leaving the chamber in which Grenville, or rather Conway, expired) immediately written his proposal of surrender, as it afterwards proved, to the royalist commander, the result of which is already detailed. It may, therefore, be sufficient to state, that, after an interview with General Trueshot, and having written to Manderville, he was conducted to a tent appropriated for his use; no unnecessary severity being exer-

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cised towards him. He was, shortly afterwards, left to himself; every possible accommodation and convenience having been previously provided; and was, in fact, no farther confined than by having his tent surrounded with sentinels, who would, of course, have prevented any attempt to pass beyond its limits.

As the evening was considerably advanced before these arrangements were made, Sir Henry, after ordering a light to be placed on the table, informed the soldier, appointed to attend him as a servant, that he might retire for the night, having no farther occasion for his services. When alone, it may naturally be supposed, that reflections of the most disagreeable nature would obtrude themselves upon him: such, indeed, was the case, until at length he became absolutely agonised at the very idea of his partisans refusing the offer held out to them; for now his only anxiety was to prevent the unnecessary effusion of their blood. His former promptings of ambition had vanished, on discovering the

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villany of Conway; and his truly strong, though passion-perverted mind, awakened to a just sense of the proper duties he owed alike to his country and his God. No doubt his innate pride and constitutional courage would have led him, (had he alone been interested), to prefer a death dealt "in fair field and open fight;" but, the resolution of resisting to the last, which was born of the above-mentioned impulse, had been speedily dissipated by his regard to the dictates of inflexible justice; which might, with propriety, be described as the master-passion of his soul.

Lost in reflection on the past, and anticipation of the future, Sir Henry for some hours continued sitting at a table in the middle of the tent, his head resting on his hand, and his eyes fixed on some trivial object, which intensity of thought prevented his distinguishing. Happening, however, at length, casually to notice the state of the candle, the wick of which, from neglect, had become uncommonly long, and in a great

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measure dimmed the light, he laid his hand upon the snuffers, for the purpose of trimming it; and, turning his head rather suddenly in the act, perceived, to his astonishment, nay, horror, that his face was nearly in contact with the distorted female visage which he had before seen looking through his window at Castleward. Springing instantly on his feet, Sir Henry stood confronted to the vision; and, by a forcible effort, mastering the thrill of horror that crept throughout his frame, he, in a firm unhurried voice, demanded, "Woman, what seek you here?" "Hark!" replied the spectre. A faint sound, like the distant report of a cannon, smote upon his ear. "Mortimer," continued the vision, "'tis a death-note to your house; the dwelling-place of your fathers has no longer a name!" "Even then," said Mortimer, "wherefore are you here?" "To warn you of your fate," was the reply: "last of your race, to whom my care extends, your hours are numbered!—I, indeed, am lost!" Thrilled at that instant through the tent a scream, or

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rather yell, fraught with agony and despair, of a modulation that might well have "daunted e'en the brave;" and whose intensity benumbed the heart of Mortimer, for the moment, as effectually as if smitten by the stroke of a torpedo.

Sir Henry was still standing in the middle of the tent, scarcely knowing what to believe, when his attendant rushed wildly in, with evident marks of perturbation in his countenance. On perceiving his master, he was, however, about to retire; but Mortimer, who had by that time recovered himself, and wished to know if the cause of intrusion tallied with his vision, desired him to remain; at the same time questioning him on the subject. The soldier replied, "that he had been asleep, and, it would appear, dreaming; for that he imagined a terrific shriek was uttered within the tent, and consequently hastened in, conceiving his services might be required. Mortimer, unwilling to excite attention to the affair, heard him in silence to an end; and the attendant, with his

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permission, shortly afterwards retired; not, however, without casting around a somewhat doubting and terrified glance. Left once more to himself, Mortimer soon acquired a degree of calmness that was scarcely to be expected; the annunciation of his fate having no farther effect on him than that of turning his attention more immediately to his Maker; for his was a mind, over which the terrors of death, as far as related to mere corporeal suffering, had long since lost every particle of power.

Having gone through the duties enjoined by his religion, Sir Henry threw himself on a bed; not, indeed, to rest, as anxiety for the fate of his followers chased even the inclination from his pillow. Wakeful and restless he had lain for some hours, his thoughts wandering over different subjects, the most unpleasant of which it had been difficult to select, for all were alike painful, when his attention was suddenly attracted by a confused noise at a considerable distance, not unlike the report of fire-arms, succeeded

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immediately by drums beating an alarm, together with hurried and heavy footsteps, occasioned by soldiers in the surrounding tents, after hastily attiring themselves, rushing onwards in the direction whence the disturbance proceeded. Nearer drew the tumult; the clash of conflicting sabres might now be distinguished; and, above all, a voice, in which Sir Henry could not be mistaken, (that of Manderville), cheering his followers as he led them to the charge. Mortimer started on his feet, and was about to attempt joining his misguided friends, for the purpose of remonstrating with them, but his egress from the tent was prevented by his guards. After a time, however, the sounds became gradually fainter, the "tide of battle" having evidently taken another direction; until, at length, they ceased altogether; leaving no doubt on the mind of Mortimer, that, even if they escaped being entirely cut to pieces, the desperate attempt of his followers had been wholly unsuccessful.

Such, indeed, proved to be the case. Man-

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derville and his party, in a measure, succeeded in surprising the royalists; and might, perhaps, have accomplished their object, had they been acquainted with the exact tent in which Sir Henry was confined, having penetrated into the very centre of the enemy's encampment. This uncertainty obviated every advantage, as their very small force could not be expected to withstand for any length of time the momentarily increasing strength of the royalists; and they were, consequently, forced, by superiority of numbers, to retire, leaving about three hundred of their partisans behind them, killed or mutilated; for such was the desperation with which they fought, that slighter wounds had been entirely disregarded. Their opponents, it may readily be supposed, from the confusion and disarray attending so unexpected an attack, suffered severely in the contest; in fact, the numbers were wholly disproportioned: the insurgents, to the other advantages above specified, possessing, generally, a very decided superiority in strength;

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being what might be considered the very flower of a country, whose sons are admitted, even by their enemies, to possess many personal qualifications equalled only by themselves. The exact value of this admission is only to be estimated by remembering men ever measure excellence by a standard of their own; a better example of which can scarcely be adduced than from the narrative of a celebrated British traveller, who, admiring the proportions of an athletic Patagonian, describes him in strength as "*nearly* equal to an Englishman."

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Hail! wedded love, mysterious law;
Sole propriety in heaven, of all things
Common else."

MILTON.

MANDERVILLE and his party, after the failure above-mentioned, retreated—not towards the turret; but, wishing to deceive the enemy in the route they took, proceeded along the high lands bordering on the sea, resolving to strike across the country at day-light, which would enable them to distinguish and avoid the different stations occupied by the enemy. This track they continued for a time, the darkness effectually sheltering them from pursuit; when, on reaching the summit of a hill that overlooked the bay, their leader

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was surprised by seeing four rockets discharged; and, after a minute's lapse, another; which he knew was the signal agreed on to announce the arrival of their long-expected friends. A momentary pleasure kindled in his breast at the sight; but an instant's reflection reminded him their aid would now be unavailing; and even the prospect of escape, held out by their appearance to himself and friends, operated but slightly, (if at all), in alleviating the pangs that accompanied the unwelcome conviction.

Notwithstanding this, the chiliarch was aware of the duties attached to his station; and that it was incumbent on him to provide for their safety, if possible. Acquainting them, therefore, of the fact, at the same time pointing out the necessity of holding immediate communication with the ships in the bay, he selected Major Allensdale as the proper person to carry the necessary intelligence to their friends; and, with the whole party, rode down to a fishing hamlet in the neighbourhood, for the purpose of procuring

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a boat. In this object they succeeded; and a proper crew having been chosen, the Major straightway departed, having instructions to request the senior French officer to have boats in readiness to embark their few remaining friends, whenever they might appear upon the beach.

Manderville and his party, immediately after his departure, made for the turret, intending to secure the treasure therein deposited, and apprise their friends of the help that was at hand. No sooner were the echoes awakened by the bugle of Manderville, than the boats were lowered, manned, and sent towards the shore; and, in a few minutes afterwards, our hero was clasped in the arms of his wife, who was awaiting his arrival in the portal of the tower. Manderville met her with an embrace of equal fervour: his was not a breast that could disguise its emotions, even the softer passions in him being tinctured by the vehemence of his disposition; and where he loved, 'twas with the same intensity of feeling which

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characterised his hatred. Of a meeting such as this, where too youthful unsophisticated hearts found, in the possession of each other, all on earth they valued, more need not be said; in fact, words were but thrown away, in attempting to describe that, which feeling, united to imagination, alone can give the power to comprehend.

Major Allensdale, in the mean time, proceeded successfully on his mission, reaching the headmost of the three French frigates just before daylight. The intelligence he communicated was far from being agreeable, particularly as there were but few troops on board, their principal object having been to supply the insurgents with arms, military stores, and other necessaries. As, therefore, nothing could now be done for a cause that might truly be described as hopeless, the French commander resolved on returning home, after embarking the remaining part of the insurgents, for whose arrival he generously consented to await, although the delay was pregnant with danger to himself, from

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the number of cruisers on the coast. Major Allensdale, in consequence, immediately re-landed, for the purpose of intimating to his friends the necessity of adopting instant measures for their preservation; the French ships having already been twice chased off the land, and thereby prevented from arriving at a time when their assistance might have essentially benefited the cause of the insurgents, if not ensured its success.

After reaching the shore, Major Allensdale and his companions passed on for some time, unobserved, in the direction of the tower. On emerging, however, from a wood, under cover of which they had advanced a considerable distance, they were descried by a look-out party of the royalists; and it was with extreme difficulty they succeeded in reaching the boats, which, on their appearance, had been sent from the turret to their relief. A few shot from the battlements speedily dispersed their pursuers, who were but few in number; but their retreat being now discovered, there could be no doubt it would be

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immediately attacked; and, although it might well be deemed a post nearly impregnable, except to a train of artillery, yet the numbers that could be brought against them rendered it madness to attempt to defend it for any length of time; as the royalists, by cutting off their supplies, might quickly starve them into a surrender. In that case, it was not difficult to guess what would be their fate, as the attack of the preceding night precluded all hope of mercy, even had they sought it, at the hands of their antagonists.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

"——————— Far o'er the watery waste,
With sullen sound, are oars advancing heard;
Not slowly measured, as bespeaking state,
But rapid, strenuous, stroke to stroke succeeds,
As fear, or expectation, urged them on."

F. H.

THE party in the tower were assembled at their morning repast, when Major Allensdale arrived; and, after he detailed the particulars of his visit to the ships, it was resolved immediate preparations should be made for proceeding on board, before their enemies had time to collect in the neighbourhood. The arrangements adopted on the occasion were, however, such as the reader may not clearly understand, unless mention

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of some circumstances be made to him which had taken place within the tower, after Manderville and his followers departed, for the first time, in order to join Sir Henry Mortimer at Castleward.

Captain Summers, it has been already said, felt great anxiety during the day, finding it would be impossible to leave the turret. This feeling increased rather than diminished as night drew near, particularly as nothing transpired, whence the slightest information respecting the fate of either party could be obtained. The sufferings of the veteran were also greatly aggravated by witnessing the agonies of his youngest daughter, as the hour for retiring approached, without any intelligence having arrived. Such was his distress, that he at length resolved on trying to persuade one of his guards (for he regarded the individuals left behind in no other light) to land, and endeavour to hear something respecting his friends. After mentioning his wishes, he was not entirely without hope of

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succeeding, the men themselves being moved at the state in which they beheld the wife of their leader; when, on a sudden, the faint blast of a bugle was heard; not such, indeed, as generally announced the arrival of Manderville; but still sufficiently distinct to make known to them that some one, possessed of their signal, stood in need of conveyance to the tower.

As all naturally shared in an impatience for intelligence, a boat was speedily unmoored; however, notwithstanding their haste, the men, previous to their departure, took time to secure the portal on the outside, thereby effectually precluding the possibility of escape, should even an attempt of the kind be contemplated during their absence. This precaution, at that particular time, was unnecessary, as the paternal feelings of Captain Summers would by no means have allowed him to desert his daughter at such a juncture; especially as he was well aware, from the time that had elapsed, any intelli-

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gence it might be in his power to give, would now be unavailing.

The whole party, in breathless anxiety, awaited the return of the boat; and such was the silence preserved, that the very rippling of the water against the rock that based the fortification might be distinctly heard. A thousand times did the wife of Manderville conceive she descried the boat, on its return, before it had even time to reach the shore; as, standing within one of the embrasures, her eyes wandered in the direction whence she expected it to return. The veteran himself began to imagine something disagreeable had taken place, from the time they were absent, (which expectation rendered doubly long), when the distant sound of advancing oars was borne by the night-air faintly along the waters, increasing in distinctness, until their dash in the fluid could also be distinguished. Manderville's wife, as they drew near, became still more violently agitated. Leaning on her father for support,

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she seemed lost to a perception of any other object; whilst her heart answered with a tumultuous bound every stroke which they made in their approach, notwithstanding it was weakened by the sickness of anxiety.

The boat had arrived within a short distance of the landing-place before she became visible, owing to the reflection of the moon on the water extending exactly in the track she pursued. It then became evident there were three persons in her; and the whole party hastened to the portal to meet them, except the chiliarch's wife; who, although the first to propose doing so, was incapable of attending them farther than the upper apartment. Truly might it be said, that, for a few succeeding seconds, she was all ear; the grating of the key within the lock beneath increased the palpitation of her heart; she heard her father, who had rushed through the door-way, congratulating some one: (hope whispered, it was her husband); but the voice

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that, on entering, replied (though perfectly well known to her), was certainly not his. So severe was her disappointment at the moment, that, notwithstanding a question of her father's respecting Manderville was answered by the words "Safe, perfectly safe, when I left him," nature could not bear up against it; and her overstrained feelings relaxed themselves gradually into a state of insensibility.

Captain Summers, whose uneasiness was only surpassed by his daughter's, on witnessing the approach of the boat, hastened down, as above-mentioned, to ascertain who the third person in her might be, although he had little doubt it was Manderville. On the door being opened, he instantly rushed out to meet him; and his surprise may be imagined, on finding, instead of his son-in-law, that it was Edward Mortimer had arrived. After a welcome, as warm as it was sincere, the first question of Captain Summers was naturally respecting Manderville; to which

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Edward replied, "Safe, perfectly safe, when I left him; and that I am at this moment in existence, to him, under Providence, am I indebted."

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CHAPTER XXX.

Yes! there's a feeling gentler e'en by far,
That holds a milder influence o'er the heart
Than "love's young dream" itself—That may be deem'd
To render even selfishness a virtue,
As thence it takes its rise—Who needs it named?
The still small voice of heartfelt gratitude!

F. H.

THE words with which Edward concluded having naturally excited the curiosity of the veteran, he, on their arrival in the apartment above stairs (from which the wife of Manderville had been previously removed), questioned him on the subject, which Edward proceeded to explain, by relating the various occurrences of the day, up to the time he was sentenced to death by Sir Henry Mortimer, from which period it may be necessary to continue the relation in his own words.

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"It is impossible for even you, my respected friend, intimate as may have been your acquaintance with sorrow, to form even an idea of the agony of that moment when, for an offence of which I knew myself guiltless, I heard my death denounced, and that too by a parent! So astonished, nay, petrified, were my feelings, that I was for some seconds unable to speak; and when at length I did attempt it, an immediate order was given by Sir Henry for my removal, who, it is, however, but just to acknowledge, appeared as overwhelmed by emotion as myself. From that moment, when I found even my father's heart closed against me, I lost every hope of, or even wish for, existence; resolving to yield myself quietly to my fate, and leave time to develope my innocence. Think not, however, that I mean to aver I beheld approaching death with indifference; far from it; I felt to the fullest extent the situation in which I stood; but a consciousness of rectitude served in a great measure to support me. . . .

"I shall never forget the feelings I under-

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went in the very short period that elapsed between the time I was ordered away by Sir Henry and the appearance of Manderville in the apartment to which I had been conveyed. He informed me, on his entrance, that he was instructed by Sir Henry to carry the sentence into immediate execution, and asked me if I was prepared to meet it. This unnatural haste, as I esteemed it, of my father, roused a species of indignation within me, by which I was rendered for the moment wholly regardless of life, and I answered that I was. This reply, which appeared to be unexpected, seemed to stagger Manderville: he drew closer up to me, and, extending his hand with a kindness that had by no means marked his previous conduct, said, 'Edward, on your honour, are you guilty of this crime?' 'I am not,' I replied; 'but I have no wish to prolong a life in which none now appear to be interested.'

"A pause of some continuance ensued. 'There is a something in your manner that convinces me more than protestations would,'

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continued Manderville; 'and, be the consequences what they may, your blood shall not be shed. One condition I must however make, which is, that until either our triumph over our enemies is complete, or your innocence is fully established, you will remain with Captain Summers in a place to which you shall this night be guided, nor attempt to leave it without my express permission.' You may well imagine these were not terms to be refused, and, on my promising to abide by them, Manderville concluded thus: 'As I, above all, ought not to set an example of disobedience to the commands of our leader, it will be necessary that you accompany me to the ground as for the purpose of execution; I will take care to select a party to attend who will regard my word as a law; for which purpose it is requisite I should for a few minutes retire; rest assured, however, you are perfectly safe.' He was for some time absent; then returned, attended by two soldiers, who led me out of the house as a prisoner, and on the outside were joined by about a dozen

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more. The whole were then marched by Manderville into the roofless walls of an old out-house, all approach to which he had previously taken care to prevent, by placing sentinels in different directions, with orders to permit none whatever to pass except those immediately employed.

"Every form of an execution was then gone through, even to the discharge of the musketry. After which, having first been wrapped in a cloak, I was borne on the shoulders of the party into the house, in one of the cellars beneath which I remained concealed until the evening. Manderville having, in the mean time, despatched two of the party, whom he had employed in the morning, to some distance before, attired me, as you perceive, in the uniform they all wear, and took me with him when he went on duty for the night. On our arriving at the extreme boundary of their lines, perceiving my intended companions, who were waiting at some distance for me, I speedily joined them, and they, after seeing me safely embarked on this

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lake, are, doubtlessly, on their return to Castleward.

"From the foregoing facts you may judge of my feelings towards one to whom I am so deeply indebted. To say I am grateful is but feebly to express my sentiments on this subject: if, indeed, a degree of gratitude exists which is commensurate to the service I speak of, I feel I may say it pervades my breast at this moment, although not wholly unalloyed by a disagreeable sensation; arising from a consciousness I entertain, that I never shall have the power of acknowledging it as I ought."

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CHAPTER XXXI.

For vice around each wretched victim spreads
A net so strong, of such adhesive threads,
That, once involved against our better will,
We cease to struggle, and conform to ill.

F. H.

NOTHING farther of the slightest importance took place within the tower, until the night Miss Mortimer, together with all the females that had remained at Castleward, arrived under the escort of a strong party of dragoons. Of the state of Miss Mortimer, on receiving intelligence of her father's confinement, enough has been said; it may, however, be necessary to remark, that the sight of Edward, whom she had deemed for ever lost, recovered her in some measure; for, on be-

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holding him, she wept, and that in itself constituted a species of relief. From that time forward, the apathy of despair which before marked her manner gave way gradually to a sorrow less overwhelming, arising from an admixture of hope, which she conceived had for ever forsaken her breast, when, to a wretched consciousness of her brother's death, was added a knowledge of the captivity of her father.

Among others who accompanied Miss Mortimer, was the young woman discovered wounded in a cottage by Manderville at the time he killed the exciseman. From thence she was removed to Castleward, where she had since continued to linger in a very precarious state from day to day. Contrary to every expectation, she latterly appeared to be slowly but gradually recovering; and on the evening of her arrival at the tower was for the first time able to converse audibly and without pain since she had received her wound; the passage of the weapon through her neck having, by a consequent derange-

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ment of the organs of voice, deprived her for a time of the power to articulate.

The curiosity of Captain Summers was naturally awakened on recognising *her*, which he did on the instant, notwithstanding the difference of dress, and the alteration her features had from sickness undergone. On questioning her, he was informed of the events that led to her being carried to Castleward, and she having, at the same time, requested permission to detail the motives which induced her to act as she had done on the trial, the veteran, of course, lent a willing attention to all she said, and thence gathered a knowledge of the following facts.

This unhappy girl had, it appeared from her story, been left, when a child, by her dying father to the care of the exciseman, to whom she was distantly related. It will only be necessary to add, this miscreant took advantage of the opportunities he possessed, and effected the ruin of the orphan, whilst yet little more than an infant. Their intercourse had been ever since continued;

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but as the villain above alluded to belonged to a religious sect, whose professions were of the strictest description, to which he affected rigorously to conform, he at length persuaded the miserable victim of his worse than turpitude to assume publicly the dress of a man. This was done at the time he had been removed from a distant province, where he was born, to the part of the coast he lately served on; and, both parties being entirely unknown in the neighbourhood, she had ever since been reputed as the nephew of her destroyer.

As it would be unnecessary to recapitulate circumstances already known, we shall confine our relation to facts that led more immediately to the situation in which she was discovered by Manderville. It appeared that the exciseman had long become indifferent to her, even before his first rencontre with our hero, particularly as he wished to marry another person, which fact he often (with inconceivable brutality) made known to her. After his fall over the precipice, his

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conduct had been essentially changed; whether arising from compunction or other motives, it was at the time impossible to discover. On his recovery he, however, distinctly declared, that if she would give such evidence as he should dictate to her, in the event of any trial taking place, he would on the instant fulfil the promise of marriage so often made; to which she consented, though not without reluctance, and was afterwards, unhappy girl! convinced of the fallibility of engagements whose foundations are laid in iniquity.

Immediately after the conviction of Captain Summers took place, the exciseman, with his companion, retired to a village at some distance, and consequently were unacquainted with the rescue which afterwards occurred. On the following morning the latter requested his victim to dress herself in female habiliments, and, under pretence of taking her to an obscure and little frequented church for the purpose of being privately married, led her to the cottage wherein she

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was discovered by Manderville. In all probability his intentions, in the first instance, did not extend to murder; however, having, on their entering the hovel, declared his resolution of never fulfilling his promise, at the same time wishing her to swear she would never again require it, an altercation ensued between them, which terminated, after he had twice essayed to strangle her, in the infliction of that wound, from the effects of which it was evident she never could permanently recover.

These facts were communicated with great difficulty by the sufferer, who, in conclusion, entreated the veteran's forgiveness; unhesitatingly promising to make the same declaration at any time or to any person. The heart of Captain Summers was not such as could listen unmoved to a prayer of the kind: he not only forgave her, but added to it his blessing, as, forgetful of his wrongs, he gazed without enmity or hate on the wretched being before him, remembering only at the moment she was fatherless and distressed. Honours

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may ennoble; genius may exalt; but the breast that is capable of genuine forgiveness bears the sign-manual of nature affixed to its patent of nobility!

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CHAPTER XXXII.

"Then o'er her soul a feeling undefined,
A something fear'd, a tremor of the mind,
Rushes like lightning; whilst of joys the knell
Sounds in that last, that fatal word, farewell!"

F. H.

It has been already mentioned, that Manderville and his followers prepared, immediately after the return of Major Allensdale, to leave the turret, in order to embark on board the ships in the bay, which now constituted their only remaining hope of escape. Previous to the final arrangements being made, Manderville, however, addressed himself to the party assembled, observing, "that, as he now perceived Miss Mortimer was greatly recovered, he wished to make a communication; which, though it might sur-

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prise them, (as the opportunity he now possessed was, in all probability, the only one that ever would present itself), he considered it his duty no longer to delay."

He then, in as few words as possible, made known the particulars of Norah's confession; and concluded by averring, that, as his early recollections tallied exactly with the circumstances mentioned, he had no doubt he was, in reality, the son of Sir Henry Mortimer. This information was received by the whole assembly in silent surprise, not wholly without an admixture of doubt. Major Allensdale, who was present at the time, after a short pause, appearing suddenly to recollect himself, said, "If such is, indeed, the case, it may speedily be determined, as Sir Henry has often mentioned to me, in the course of conversation, that, having been himself lost, when a child, and with difficulty recognised by his parents, he, whilst yet infants, caused both his children to be marked with the letter M; the boy on his right arm, and the girl on

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her right foot. Miss Mortimer instantly declared that such a mark still remained indelible on her; and Manderville, directly baring his arm, displayed the like on the inside of it, between the shoulder and elbow: whilst Edward, on the contrary, had not the slightest vestige remaining, to indicate that any thing of the kind ever existed.

The fact being thus beyond a doubt established, Mortimer was warmly congratulated by his friends; but an instant's reflection on the situation in which they stood damped their momentary exultation, whilst the smile of affectionate recognition with which Miss Mortimer threw herself into the arms of her brother faded in the succeeding moment, as, reclining her head on his bosom, tears chased each other in silence down her cheeks. Edward Mortimer (or at least the youth that had been hitherto so called) seemed rather to rejoice in, than be any otherwise affected by the discovery; whilst the veteran and his wife inwardly exulted at the circumstance, notwithstanding the untoward, nay, dangerous

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situation of their son-in-law. So much time elapsed in this explanation, that Mortimer (for it may now be necessary to designate him by his proper name) resolved on departing immediately, and it was finally arranged that he should be accompanied by his wife, whom no consideration could prevail on to remain behind. Sophia resolved to stay with Captain Summers until the fate of her father was known, for tidings respecting which she every hour became more impatient: whilst the veteran determined to surrender himself to the laws, taking a certificate from Mortimer of his forcible detention hitherto, and being provided with a witness, in the person of the young woman, who could fully develope the villany of his accuser, together with his entire innocence of the principal charge against him.

These arrangements having been ultimately adopted, the few that remained of the insurgents, in all not exceeding seven hundred men, were landed by divisions on the borders of the lake; and nothing now remained save that

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Mortimer should place himself at their head, e'er they set out, in order to depart from a land to which, in all probability, they would never return. The moment for Jane's separation from her family having arrived, she, with indescribable agony, threw herself into the arms of its different members, and seemed for a second irresolute whether she ought not even yet listen to the entreaties of her parents to remain until her husband should have safely reached France, when it was intimated she might easily rejoin him. Mortimer himself coinciding in this opinion, it was hoped, from her silence, that she meant to acquiesce; but, on the instant he was about to depart, disengaging herself from the embrace of her sister, she declared that, whatever might be his fate, she would share it; and, casting one "long lingering look behind," stepped into the boat with her husband, which instantly darted through the waters with velocity to the shore.

The parents and sister of Jane, together with Sophia and Edward Fairfield (for such

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being his father's name, who was still living, he had adopted it on finding he was the son of the guardian to Sir Henry's children), long watched the progress of the insurgents from the battlements of the tower. In military order they wound along the margin of the lake, their advance and rear-guards carrying carbines in their hands with the buts rested on their knees, the whole still preserving the appearance of a well-disciplined and formidable body of cavalry. As the distance increased, it became difficult to distinguish the particular objects to whom their gaze was directed; and often did the veteran wipe the gathering moisture from his eye, which arose at times and intercepted his vision in spite of his efforts to suppress his emotion. At length the insurgents entirely disappeared over the brow of one of the neighbouring mountains, upon which the whole party quitted the ramparts, and retired to the interior of the tower, in order to prepare for their immediate departure; the veteran remarking to himself as he descended, "However mistaken in prin-

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ciple, or perverted by education, that youth must in justice be acknowledged to possess both talents and appearance to do honour to the profession of a soldier!"

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Each better feeling, that had slept
From boyhood's days until that hour,
Came o'er him, and he wept—he wept."

MOORE.

EARLY on the morning after the royalist encampment had been attacked by the younger Mortimer and his followers, Sir Henry was summoned to attend in the tent of General Trueshot. On his arriving there, he was presented with a letter that had been sent with the despatch by his son, informing him of the discovery made respecting his birth, and which also mentioned Edward's safety, together with the manner in which he was preserved. This letter, although opened previous to his arrival, in order to determine its contents, relieved Sir Henry from

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a load which pressed heavily on his mind, respecting the fate of the unfortunate youth therein named; and though naturally surprised at the other circumstances mentioned, he entertained little doubt respecting the truth of Norah's statement. This conviction principally arose, from his never having felt for Edward the same degree of affection he entertained for his daughter, and was confirmed by recollecting, that the personal appearance of the youth altogether differed from that which usually characterised his family.

Respecting Manderville's being his son, although he would not precipitately allow himself to be confirmed in the belief, he had some idea such might be the case, having often imagined he could distinguish a resemblance to himself in his features. These considerations, however, speedily gave place to others of a very different desciption, on being informed by General Trueshot, that he had received directions from a superior officer, to whom he communicated the surrender of

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Sir Henry, to have him immediately executed, as a rebel taken in arms, without waiting the formality of a trial. This had been determined on, the general proceeded to say, in consequence of fresh cause for alarm having arisen since he gave himself up, and was accelerated by a desire entertained to put an end to any hopes his partizans might still cherish of rescuing him from his present situation.

This intimation being by no means unexpected, was received by Mortimer without any visible emotion; and General Trueshot having, in conclusion, expressed his regret that the execution of so disagreeable an order should have fallen to him, was interrupted by Sir Henry's saying, "You will, of course, sir, do your duty; and, provided the safety of even such of my hapless partizans as have accepted the proposed terms is ensured, even I shall have little to regret. Do not, however, imagine that I am regardless of the sentiments you are pleased to express: I believe them to be sincere, and appreciate them ac-

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cordingly. I have but a few words to add, but them I consider necessary for the justification of my character. Never let it be supposed that I was induced to put myself into your hands, from a conviction of error in the cause I had adopted.—No—with pleasure would I sacrifice more than I am about to do, to ensure it an instant success; but, finding it hopeless, I have thought it my duty to take steps to obviate, as far as it may now be possible, the ruin entailed (by my own worse than stupidity, and the fiend-like machinations of an unparalleled miscreant!) on the heroic few who have so nobly asserted their independence." General Trueshot having assured Sir Henry, that such of his followers as had accepted his conditions were perfectly safe, the latter immediately replied: "Then, sir, I have need but of a few moments to prepare myself for appearing in the presence of my Maker, and I shall afterwards endeavour to meet my fate in a manner neither disgraceful to my country nor my cause!" Mortimer retired as he concluded,

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it having been intimated to him, that at the expiration of one hour his sentence would be acted on, with the formalities generally attending a military execution.

To follow Sir Henry Mortimer through the few remaining minutes of his existence is, perhaps, a more difficult task than any that has yet been undertaken. To minutely detail his manifold, nay, complicated emotions, would, perhaps, be impossible, so various were the subjects which at that dread moment intruded themselves forcibly on his imagination. The vices, the follies, the errors of his life passed in review before him; recollection, assisted by conscience, recalling, with a painful distinctness, many till then forgotten offences; which, in the hurry and bustle of life, were passed over as of little consequence. What, then, were his sensations, when the recollection of the blood he had shed burst like a thunder-clap on his affrighted soul, and whelmed it for a moment in the hopelessness of despair! Prostrate, on that instant, at the footstool of his

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God fell the heart-humbled and repentant sinner: he offered nought in extenuation, made no attempts to excuse; but, whilst the soul-cleansing tear of heartfelt penitence suffused his eyes in silence, he threw himself (all unworthy as he was) on the mercy of that Being, who, with the power to annihilate, never chastens but to save!

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

" Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high;
To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning infamy.

GRAY.

IN the mean time, preparations for carrying the orders into execution received by General Trueshot, went rapidly forward; the whole camp appearing in motion; and a spot having been fixed on, thither repaired the entire force of the royalists under arms. The insurgent prisoners were also ordered to attend, and marched to the ground in a distinct body, disarmed, and accompanied by a very strong escort. The place appointed for the execution was a small plain, a little to the right of the encampment, near the place

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where Manderville (or, more accurately speaking, Mortimer) had, but a few hours before, succeeded in cutting off a party of the enemy. Changed, essentially changed, was now in appearance that smiling solitude; its luxuriant verdure being checkered with the glitter of arms, the dark, stern features of relentless war; whilst the object of their meeting stamped on the countenances of the assembled multitude a something very different to that excitation which may be noticed to exist when warriors, thus collected, stand impatient for the fray.

At length, slowly borne upon the blast, fell on the ear the dull, measured, and hollow sound of the funereal drum; now inaudible, from the distance it dwelt, but in remembrance, like the relics of a hideous dream; but, on the succeeding instant, as the breeze swept past, the heart leaped, awakened to certainty and horror. Shortly afterwards, on the extreme verge of the plain, a large party might be perceived, making slowly towards the place occupied by the principal body of

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the royalists; and then the modulated but thrilling note of the fife became distinguishable, its native sprightliness of tone perverted into a semblance of unnatural solemnity. Breathless with expectation, the multitude awaited their approach; whilst a feeling of regret pervaded the breasts of even the foes of the prisoner, as they reflected on the fate of one who had undoubtedly been a formidable, but, at the same time, a gallant and distinguished enemy. Arrived at length to the appointed spot, every eye was in a moment turned towards Mortimer; and, on the instant they beheld him, streamed o'er the cheeks of his unfortunate partizans silent woe-swoln drops of bitterest agony.

Surrounded by his antagonists, there was nothing in the demeanour of Sir Henry bespeaking either terror, dismay, or even dread; at the same time there existed no assumption of carelessness, or affected indifference. The general expression of his features was sedately resolute; neither flush nor paleness sat upon his cheek, betokening the

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conflict of internal emotion; in fact, he was unaltered, save that his radiant and intellectual eye, whose meteor-like glance had formerly depicted but too well a thirst for glory—every passion's sway beamed now a softened fire, which intimated hope, or something more, and a mind occupied by reflection on a better world. There was, however, about him none of the parade of religion; no audible entreaty, no whining supplication: in silence, and with fortitude, he advanced to meet his fate; his whole appearance bespeaking the innate tranquillity of a man who had squared his account with heaven.

A silence, as deep as it was universal, reigned around, whilst the final arrangements were making, broken only by the roll and occasional tap of the drum, as it marked the slow time of the dead-march. The whole body of royalists now formed into line, the company appointed to execute taking up their ground at a distance in front. The prisoner was then conducted by the provost-

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marshal to within about twelve paces of the executing party; the music suddenly ceased; and orders being given for the troops to carry arms, General Trueshot remaining uncovered the while, proceeded to read the order he had received for the immediate execution of Mortimer.

The prisoner, still continuing to preserve the same composure of manner as hitherto, appeared to listen attentively; and the general, concluding with the words, "God save the king!" Sir Henry, for the first time, spoke; and, laying his hand on his heart, with fervent emotion, ejaculated, "Land of my sires, his blessing rest on thee!" The provost-marshal, at the moment, producing a handkerchief, was about to bind it over the eyes of Mortimer, which he gently but resolutely declined; and that officer being then motioned to stand aside, Sir Henry, who had been previously instructed to give the signal for his execution, when prepared, briefly cast his eyes upwards; turned towards his executioners; laid his hand upon

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his heart, and pronounced, unfalteringly, "Fire!" Flashed, on the instant, the sanguinary death-tube; whistled the impatient bullet, as it passed—and all was over. The succeeding second saw Mortimer stretched lifeless on the plain, and that heart for ever stilled, which, though its virtues were alloyed by the fervour of its passions, might justly be described as the generous and the brave!

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CHAPTER XXXV.

"——— Hope, faithful to the last,
Points where a vista through the darkness gleams,
Or might be thought to gleam. 'Tis in our nature
To grasp at shadows, to repel despair."

F. H.

SCARCELY had the execution of Sir Henry Mortimer been completed, when a single horseman was seen advancing at speed across the plain, and evidently making straightway towards the camp of the royalists. On perceiving the number of troops arrayed in the valley, he, however, turned in the direction which led towards them; and on arriving close, whilst in the act of drawing his rein, the charger he rode fell exhausted beneath him, seeming to have retained

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life sufficient to perform its duty, and no more. The trooper he had so gallantly borne immediately disengaged himself from the saddle; and, approaching one of the aids-de-camp of General Trueshot, presented him a letter, which the officer immediately delivered to his chieftain, as directed.

The importance of the intelligence it contained was told by the operations to which it gave rise. The royalist forces, who had been on the point of returning to their encampment, were immediately divided into two distinct bodies, consisting of about three thousand each; one of which, with as little delay as possible, marched directly across the country, in the direction of Castleward; whilst the other portion, with whom General Trueshot himself remained, after staying in the encampment only for a very short time, in order to make some necessary preparations, advanced by a different route towards that part of the coast which might be designated the outskirts of Carrickfergus bay.

Before we proceed farther, it may be

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requisite to return for a time to Captain Summers; who, with his wife, daughter, Sophia Mortimer, Fairfield, and the young woman wounded by the exciseman, were landed from the turret by two of the insurgents left behind for that purpose. Mortimer, having also directed that a sufficient number of horses should be left on the margin of the lake, to convey them to Carrickfergus, they, on landing, found every thing ready for their departure; and mounting, without delay, set forward on their journey. On reaching a small village, a covered cart was procured, for the accommodation of the females; after which they again advanced, and at a more rapid rate, with every prospect of completing their journey before the evening was very far advanced.

Such, however, did not prove to be the case. The party had continued to advance for some time in perfect silence, each fully occupied by reflections on their different situations; when, on approaching the vi-

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cinity of Castleward, (in which direction their road lay), they suddenly encountered the van-guard of a large military force; and, after being questioned, were detained, in order to be taken before the commandant, who was still at a distance in the rear. Captain Summers having, whilst waiting his arrival, inquired the name of the officer commanding, learned, with pleasure, it was Major Dauntless, the uncle of Digby, and a particular friend of his own; to whom, in the present disturbed state of the country, he deemed he might, with equal propriety, surrender himself, as to a civil magistrate.

Major Dauntless having been informed of the detention of the party, rode forward, to examine them with as little delay as possible. Immediately recognising the veteran, he directly alighted; and, shaking him cordially by the hand, congratulated him on his escape from the turret. "We learned your situation," continued the major, "through

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one of the fellows left wounded behind, after their last night's desperate attack on our camp; and intelligence having reached us, after the execution of their chief, (Sir Henry Mortimer), that their whole remaining force had taken refuge in that stronghold, I am at this moment advancing to attack it; and was in hopes I should have had the pleasure of rescuing you, my old friend, from your very disagreeable situation. Notwithstanding I am disappointed in that respect, it affords me equal joy to be able to inform you, the rascally accusation which was trumped up against you by that blackguard excise-man has been proved false, from the confession of a relation of his; who, having thought proper to disregard the proclamation respecting staying at home after sunset, paid rather dearly for his walk; but could not die in peace, (as he phrased it), without making known the villany of his kinsman."

Captain Summers, on learning the fate of

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Sir Henry, was too much shocked, on Sophia's account, to pay much attention to the latter part of the major's intelligence, notwithstanding he perfectly understood him. Suppressing his emotion, however, as much as possible, he thanked him for his agreeable tidings respecting the clearing up of his character; and answered such questions only respecting the removal of the insurgents from the turret as he found unavoidable, from the manner in which they were proposed. Major Dauntless, on being assured they were gone from thence, said, " In that case, it will be unnecessary to proceed thither with the force under my command. I will despatch a party, sufficient to guard against any possibility of re-occupancy on their part; of which, however, I believe there will be little need; as, from the direction taken, they, in all probability, made for the ships of their allies in the bay. Should that be the case, they have doubtlessly, before this, been intercepted by General Trueshot; who, acting on

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information this morning received, is long ere this with a considerable force in that quarter.

If the communication respecting the death of Sir Henry had been disagreeable to Captain Summers, the latter information relative to the probable fate of his son was doubly so; nay, for the instant, almost overpowering. Recovering himself, after a time, the veteran, still hoping Mortimer had effected an embarkation before any obstacle could be thrown in his way, consented to accompany Major Dauntless, who determined on rejoining General Trueshot as speedily as possible. The task of communicating to Miss Mortimer the fate of her father Captain Summers resolved to defer until he might be better able to endure a sight of the distress that must attend the disclosure. He, however, apprised Fairfield of the fact, (who felt inexpressibly shocked at the suddenness of the proceeding), adding an admonitory hint against saying any thing on the subject for

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a time, to which he promised to attend; and the party, shortly afterwards, again moved forward, uncertain as to what might now be their ultimate destination.

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

The man that unmoved can depart,
In far distant climates to roam,
Gives proof of a baseness of heart,
Disgraces his kindred and home!

F. H.

MORTIMER and his partisans, after leaving the tower, proceeded immediately towards the sea-coast, as, notwithstanding the distance they had to travel was thereby greatly increased, they hoped by so doing to avoid the possibility of encountering their enemies in any very considerable number. It may well be supposed, the whole party, and Mortimer in particular, were deeply penetrated with a sense of Sir Henry's situation; but as any farther effort on their parts, reduced as they

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now were, was proved by recent experience to be a mere waste of their own lives, the idea was abandoned, although it is but fair to acknowledge, that, with the remotest probability of success, hazard would have been to them but a secondary consideration. Thus circumstanced, Mortimer had but one line of duty to pursue; willingly would he have sacrificed his own to have ensured a continuance of existence to his parent; but that being out of the question, his last commands he felt himself bound to obey, and to secure in the speediest possible manner the safety of that still faithful few, who had nobly rejected impunity when purchased by the blood of their chieftain.

They continued to advance unmolested; and, on attaining the summit of a rising ground that commanded the bay, perceived the three frigates at anchor, with their boats lowered down and laying manned alongside. It speedily became evident their approach was also noticed; as, directly their colours

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became visible, the boats put off towards the land, approaching the shore in three divisions, one of which was armed, in order, if necessary, to cover the embarkation of the insurgents.

The advanced guard having, by this time, reached the beach, proceeded straightway to make preparations for their departure, one of the most painful being the destruction of their horses, which, if abandoned, must inevitably fall into the enemy's hands, there being neither time nor conveniences to remove them. Truly might the hearts of the warriors be said to ache as they dismounted, and threw the slackened rein on the neck of the charger; who, little expecting the reward awaiting him for his services, with a suppressed whinnying and outstretched neck seemed half-inclined to follow his rider, as he turned, with his carbine in his hand, to step a few paces ere he turned its fatal muzzle on the companion of his dangers, the sharer of his toils! At that moment might be seen

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stealing in silence over the bearded cheek of the soldier the large round tear he fain would conceal from his companions, by bending yet farther over the stock of his piece, and tremulous was at that instant the hand which even extremity of peril heretofore served but to render irresistibly vigorous. The orders received, however, could not be disputed; and stern as were the dictates of duty, that duty was performed. The more determined might be seen glancing desperately along the barrel, in mercy to render the shot more fatal—the pang of less continuance; whilst the equally brave, but milder natured warrior, seemed to turn his head away as he loosed the deadly bullet, with feelings as reluctant as 'twere aimed against himself. Turning on the instant, their carbines were discharged, the soldiers betook themselves in silence to the boats, and had already advanced some distance on their way to the ships when the main body of their companions reached the place where a similar task awaited them;

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a task which their situation rendered as unavoidable as it was, in the truest sense of the word, distressing.

Mortimer, who, with his wife, accompanied the main body, on arriving at the spot could not behold unmoved the scene of destruction before him, to which the repose of every surrounding object was strongly contrasted. It was about noon-day; an unclouded summer's sun threw over all that peculiar appearance of sleepy radiance (if the expression be allowable), which commonly pertains to a landscape of the kind, where a wide tract of level beach forms the principal feature, unvaried save by undulated barren sand hills, and huge masses of black weed-grown rocks that frown in the distance. The azure expanse above, unchequered by clouds of any kind, lay faithfully pictured on the unruffled surface of the dark-blue waters, whose whispering ripples, as they curled upon the sand, seemed to mark their boundary with a transient and faintly distinguishable line of

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silvery light. All, in fact, was peace; yet dwelt there something that was mournful o'er the whole, to men, who in that solitude beheld the last loved features of their country and their home.

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

Never, by Heavens! shall so base a thought,
So vile an impulse, as regard to self,
Prompt me to sacrifice my honour—more!
For a few hours of then disgraced existence.
F. H.

THE followers of Mortimer, with the procrastination that ever attends the performance of disagreeable duties, delayed the destruction of their horses to the last minute, and sauntered about the beach in groups, waiting the return of the boats employed in conveying their companions to the ships. The chiliarch having alighted and seen his wife placed in a boat (whose service had not been required by the advance), walked to some distance up the beach, and having attained the summit of one of the sandy elevations in

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the vicinity, stood for some time absorbed in reflection. The probable fate of his father hung a weight upon his spirits he found it impossible to dispel, whilst the thoughts of leaving for ever a land to which he had been so recently restored gave birth to sensations which, though not equally poignant, were highly disagreeable: nay, as he surveyed the surrounding scenery, a something seemed to whisper to his heart that his eyes for the last time rested on objects for which (although he had so long been exiled) he found he cherished an affection which, even to himself, was unaccountable.

Whilst thus occupied, he was startled by a report of musketry at no great distance, and at the same instant heard three or four bullets whistle closely past. Turning, he beheld a large body of troops, whose approach had been concealed by the rising ground behind him, already close at hand, and rapidly advancing in a direction that would effectually prevent (unless they were immediately checked) the junction of their rear-guard, under the com-

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mand of Major Allensdale, with the main body, the former being still at some distance in the rear.

Although Mortimer could form no estimate as to the probable number of their adversaries, who continued in successive masses to present themselves to view as they surmounted the hills in the back ground, he determined to hazard all for the deliverance of the Major and his party, resolving to make an immediate charge on that portion of the royalists who had already gained the beach, before they could be reinforced by such numbers as would render the attempt unavailing. Hastening, therefore, towards the main body, Mortimer leaped into his saddle, and led them by the shortest possible route towards the enemy: an attack on whom had already been made by Major Allensdale and his gallant associates.

So simultaneous was the onset of both the insurgent parties, that the small portion of royalists already on the shore were unable for a moment to withstand it, but were literally ridden over before they could attempt a

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defence. A junction being effected, Mortimer and his followers found little difficulty in regaining the place of embarkation; but the greater number of boats being at a considerable distance from the shore, their escape still continued doubtful. In the meantime their enemies approached rapidly, and the insurgents lost ground fast, notwithstanding a vigorous resistance, falling at the same time in very great numbers. A division of the royalists having now arrived within a short distance rushed on to the charge, and, although the undertaking was desperate, against a body of horse, were for a time successful. Mortimer perceiving their only chance of escape depended on gaining a few minutes' time in order that the boats might arrive, suddenly seized the banner of his party from its bearer, and brandishing it in one hand, his falchion in the other, threw himself into the very thickest of the enemy; bearing down all before him, and seconded by a sudden effort of his partisans, who, with

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terror-striking acclaim, rushed furiously onward at the bidding of their chief.

Then, indeed, might the struggle be described as desperate. Surrounded by four times their number, the remaining handful of insurgents were, from time to time, distinguished through the smoke dealing death on their foes, as with resistless ardour they followed the bearer of their now ball-tattered banner. Nothing, indeed, seemed capable of checking the advance of that extraordinary man. Vainly were the choicest troops selected to oppose him; he still rushed on uninjured, exciting his followers to advance, the shrill clear tones of his voice being distinctly perceptible even above the thunder of the fight. Such an effect had the heroic conduct of their leader on the insurgents, that their efforts to repel the enemy became what might be termed almost convulsive, the excitation awakened in them amounting to absolute phrensy. Fruitlessly were they unhorsed:—disengaged from their saddles, they

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continued on foot the same desperate career; wounds were despised, numbers disregarded; with frantic ferocity they followed in the track of their partisans; and even when smitten by death's relentless hand, they fell with a smile of exultation, a last faint shout of triumph, if the strenuous blow wherein was concentrated their whole remaining strength sufficed to exterminate the foe at whom it was directed. At length, in spite of their numbers, the royalists for the moment were obliged to give back, and at the same instant the boats appearing within a few yards of the beach ensured to the ensurgents the means of immediate escape.

Mortimer, who, even in the midst of incredible exertion, had continued to preserve a perfect self-possession, directly perceived his object was attained. Turning, therefore, to his followers, he exclaimed, "To the boats, brave friends!" but as he spoke a musket-bullet, grazing along his breast, shattered his left arm, straightway releasing the remnants of their banner from his grasp, its fall being

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on the instant hailed by a deafening shout from the royalists. Major Allensdale, who had throughout the day gallantly seconded the efforts of his leader, turned to him in alarm, conceiving he was mortally wounded. The unaltered countenance of Mortimer, and the firm seat he retained in his saddle, convinced Allensdale such was not the case, particularly when the chiliarch, without noticing the wound, said to him: "Major, we have no time to lose; they are returning to the charge: those colours are, however, worth preserving; up with them at once, and let us go!" Allensdale complied with the directions given him; and in the succeeding moment separated from his leader, both making towards the strand, with about an equal number of followers, in different directions, in order to divide the attention of their now victorious pursuers.

The party with Mortimer at their head having repeatedly turned and momentarily checked the advancing foe, succeeded at length in gaining the boats in greater numbers

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than could have been expected. Our hero, who was the last that quitted the shore, was also fortunate enough to reach one in the midst of a shower of balls, so numerous as absolutely to whiten the water in falling around him. Already were the oars set against the ground to push the boats from the land, when Mortimer, chancing to cast his eyes to the right, perceived Major Allensdale entirely deserted and surrounded by enemies, still making desperate efforts to defend their colours. Springing on his feet, the chiliarch pointed with his sword to the spot, exclaiming, "Can we see that? 'twere worse than cowardice to thus desert him! Follow, brave friends!" (continued Mortimer, jumping at the same time up to his neck in water, and struggling towards the land, the boat having in the instant moved), "Follow, brave friends; life on such terms were hardly earned, indeed!"

The progress of Mortimer towards the shore, at first but slow, became rapid in proportion as the depth of water decreased;

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reaching, at length, the spot where Allensdale still stood, his efforts, from the multiplicity of his wounds, becoming every instant fainter, he threw himself between him and his antagonists, striking desperately on either side, and disposing of an enemy at every blow. Gleamed on the instant the fire of an hundred muskets, through the smoke occasioned by which might, however, still be distinguished the flash of that steel which for the moment appeared to set even fate at defiance. "By heavens! that's nobly done," said General Trueshot, who, from an eminence, beheld Mortimer, in the following second, again making towards a boat which darted in shore to his rescue, the remnants of the flag of the insurgents clenched in the same hand as his sword, and with the apparently lifeless body of Allensdale supported on his arm. Broke forth on the instant the united fire of hundreds, yet still he held his course. The boat arrives—his hand is on her bow:—rush through the spray the more determined of his foes, renewing their fire as they advance:

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he staggers—quits his hold of Allensdale—aims one last desperate blow at the foremost of his pursuers, which the giddiness of dissolution renders wide of its mark,—falls forward on the instant,—and expires without a groan.

What shriek was that which, heard above the tumult of the fight, seemed uttered by the demon of despair? A momentary struggle was observed to take place in the stern of a boat as Mortimer fell; a female, in spite of every effort made at restraint, disengaged herself from the hold of those surrounding her,—regardless of the fire which was still kept up at the boat, she rushed towards the body,—and, having determined at a glance he was indeed no more,—hers was that shriek as she precipitated herself beside him, the expiring, frantic, and heart-broken wife of Mortimer!

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his father and his God."

GRAY.

DIGBY Dauntless, who was among the foremost of the royalists, and against whom the expiring effort of Mortimer had been directed, (having rushed forward at the instant he fell, not with any intention of injuring, but rather with a hope of yet saving his life), became penetrated with the deepest anguish on recognizing in the unhappy female that lay dead at his feet the youngest daughter of of his venerable friend, Captain Summers. Raising her in his arms, he carried her to the shore, and having likewise had the body of

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Mortimer conveyed thither, (all signs of life being extinct in both), he placed them on a litter, formed of such materials as could be most readily obtained, resolving, with the permission of his commanding officer, to remove them to a place where they might be decently interred, and the rites of burial administered.

The frigates in the bay, immediately the remains of the insurgents reached them, stood out to sea; and the royalists, having fully effected their object, prepared straightway to return to their former encampment. The victory achieved had, however, cost them dear, owing to the desperate resistance made by their antagonists; so much so, in fact, that, when the immense disparity in numbers was considered, it could scarcely be believed. The scene of action was, however, but little altered in appearance after their departure, the wounded having been removed, and the lifeless borne away on the shoulders of their comrades. That part of the beach, indeed, which the flowing tide still left uncovered

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was trampled and disturbed by the foot-marks of man and horse. Here and there lay broken arms of various descriptions; the outstretched war-horse, over whom the waters seemed gradually to steal; the fight's stern relics, and the wreck of battle. Silence, however, had resumed its reign, uninterrupted save by the distant whistle of the curlew, and as calmly slept the sunbeam on the surface of the waters, as nothing had for ages interrupted its repose.

It was evening as the royalists approached their former encampment, which they found already occupied by their partisans under the command of Major Dauntless. In spite of the efforts of Captain Summers to conceal from Miss Mortimer the fate of her father, she had by some means become acquainted with it, and, on their arrival, to the astonishment of the veteran, requested permission to see him. With feelings of inexpressible anguish, Captain Summers was under the necessity of informing her it would be impossible to do so; the body having been interred

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immediately after execution; and whilst he vainly attempted to soothe her anguish, the unhappy parent scarcely imagined that within a few brief minutes he was himself destined to feel how coldly falls on the afflicted heart the studied forms of verbal consolation.

Captain Summers and his family were soon made acquainted with the fate of Mortimer and his wife, by the younger Dauntless; and, notwithstanding the utmost caution was used in making it known, the effect produced, as might have been expected, was truly distressing. Miss Mortimer, whose feelings had already been wrought to the highest, did not, for some time, appear to understand what had happened; or rather was so entirely absorbed, by reflection on the fate of the father, as to be incapable of attending to any thing besides. Of the wife and daughter of the veteran little need be said; their grief was of that description which surpasses the power of language to portray: but, the first dread paroxysm past, Captain Summers possessed

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sufficient control over his passions to regain at least the outward semblance of composure; and endeavoured, thenceforward, by example as well as precept, to inculcate in those around him the necessity of resignation, beneath even sorrows such as theirs.

After a night of great internal anguish, Captain Summers, in the course of the succeeding day, followed the remains of his daughter and Mortimer to the grave. The place selected was a small country churchyard, at some distance from the camp of the royalists; and in which, but a few hours before, Sir Henry had been interred. No pomp marked the ceremony: together they laid them, in silence, by his father. What, though the thunder of the musket was not heard? as well pleased lay the warrior as a thousand swelled the gale; and, if a trophy were wanting o'er his grave, still it had graced the noblest urn to boast an arm as vigorous, or a heart as brave!

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

"Adieu! dear, amiable youth,
Your heart can ne'er be wanting;
May honour, fortitude, and truth,
Erect your brow undaunting.
In plough-man's phrase, God send you speed
Still daily to grow wiser;
And may you better reck the rede,
Than e'er did the adviser."

BURNS.

LITTLE more remains to be related which can be in the slightest degree interesting, social life having but few features capable of being sketched with advantage by either the painter or historian. Something, however, it may be necessary to add respecting the remaining characters. Suffice it, then, to say, that Captain Summers, after some trouble, succeeded in proving himself in no manner implicated with the insurgents; and,

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with a character as unsullied as it was respected, returned once more to the enjoyment of home. Miss Mortimer, who, from that period, he, in the truest sense of the word, adopted, continued long to lament the fate of her kindred, and largely participated in the sorrow which might truly be said to render theirs a family of mourners. Time, however, beneath whose deadening influence fades despair itself, conquered, by degrees, the poignancy of their anguish; which every succeeding day necessarily rendered less acute by giving birth to a fresh train of duties, cares, and enjoyments.

Fairfield, shortly after the death of Mortimer, went to England, and was unhesitatingly acknowledged by his father; who did not long survive the discovery of his duplicity, or rather guilt. A very considerable property which he possessed fell, of course, to Edward, his sole heir; who, immediately after his death, returned to Ireland, resolving, if possible, to purchase a part of the estates of Mortimer, which had been confis-

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cated, and, it was supposed, would shortly be sold. In this object he succeeded, the lands in the vicinity of Castleward becoming his; and he, leaving the ruins undisturbed, selected a spot at no great distance from the cottage of Captain Summers, and erected thereon a mansion, which, if wanting the splendour of a palace, was yet replete with all the conveniences of a home.

The licence usually granted to narratives of this description must now be made use of in passing over a space of above three years, at the end of which period Digby Dauntless (who had by that time risen considerably in his profession) solicited and obtained the consent of the veteran, to an union taking place between him and his only remaining daughter. Edward Fairfield, whose attentions to, and affection for Sophia Mortimer had been increased rather than diminished, by discovering her not to be his sister, was also at length a successful suitor; and obtained a promise she would become his wife at the same time that Dauntless and Miss

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Summers were united. This accordingly took place; joy might again be said to revisit scenes, to which it long had been a stranger; and the remaining days of the parties concerned passed on, perhaps, with as great a proportion of happiness as is consistent with the wayward vicissitudes of a pilgrimage through life: neither scathed by excess of misfortune, nor wholly devoid of those trivial calamities which, from nature, form a portion of the heritage of man.

Reader, the moment of our separation has arrived: should you, in the foregoing pages, have found a means wherewith to beguile the languor of a tedious hour, my labour will not have been entirely thrown away; admitting you even find it difficult to extract a moral from the scenes I have described. Something of the kind I have, however, had in view; whether such design has been rendered sufficiently obvious, you only can determine. The lines of the Scottish bard, quoted at the commencement of the chapter, express, infinitely better than I could

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hope to do, the sentiments with which I resign my pen; to no part of which do I more fervently subscribe, than to the wish contained in the concluding couplet;—or, in other words, that your profit, from experience, may be greater far than mine.

THE END.

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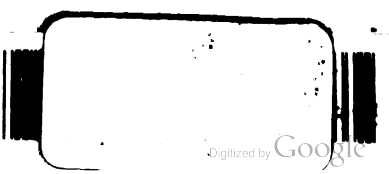
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